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Art. 1.—GREEK POETRY IN ENGLISH VERSE.

1. *Ancient Gems in Modern Settings; being versions of the Greek Anthology by various writers.* Edited by G. B. Grundy. Oxford: Blackwell, 1913.
2. *The Iliad of Homer.* By A. S. Way. Two vols. London: Sampson Low, 1886, 1888.
3. *The Odyssey of Homer.* Two vols. By A. S. Way. London: Macmillan, Third edition, 1904.
4. *The Odyssey in English Verse.* By J. W. Mackail. Three vols. London: Murray, 1903-1910.
5. *Homer's Odyssey.* By H. B. Cotterill. One vol. London: George G. Harrap & Co., 1911.
6. *The Athenian Drama.* By Gilbert Murray, J. S. Phillimore, and G. C. Warr. Three vols. London: Allen, 1900-1902.
7. *The Agamemnon of Æschylus.* By Walter Headlam. Cambridge: University Press, 1910.
8. *The House of Atreus, Æschylus' Suppliant Maidens, Persians, etc.* By E. D. A. Morshead. London: Macmillan, 1908.
9. *Sophocles in English Verse.* By A. S. Way. London: Macmillan, 1914.
10. *Sophocles' Œdipus, King of Thebes.* By Gilbert Murray. London: Allen, 1911.
11. *The Trojan Women of Euripides. The Iphigeneia in Tauris.* By Gilbert Murray. London: Allen, 1905, 1910.
12. *The Plays of Aristophanes: Text, Translation, and Commentary.* By B. B. Rogers. Five vols. London: Bell, 1902-1910.

Is translation to be regarded chiefly as an art, an exercise, or an amusement? The last it certainly is, for every one with any taste for letters knows how it 'tickles the senses' with a more than Epicurean pleasure to hit on a happy rendering of some finely fashioned phrase, while age, which dulls most delights, has often found in this playing with words a form of recreation, which brings relief without weariness, and entertainment without exhaustion. As an exercise, on the other hand, every schoolboy knows its use; and, so long as speech remains the distinction of our race, that training in its fit employment which comes from the transference of thought from one language to another can never, assuredly, be put aside. But, when it comes to translation as an 'art,' then the question becomes by no means simple. That there should be such an art no one denies; but what its nature is no one knows. Translators lay down principles in their prefaces; professional critics have elaborated rules; and reviewers sometimes claim to understand the just method; but, after all, nothing final is achieved. Horace's Odes have all been rendered a hundred times, and yet what rendering of any of them really lives upon the lips? And with Homer it is the same. Translations come and disappear. They have their day and are superseded. Keats, no doubt, 'On First Looking into Chapman's Homer' felt

'like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken,'

but to-day, no one except curious students looks into Chapman's Homer at all; and of modern versions of classical authors it is, perhaps, doubtful whether any will win the full approval of another century. Here and there, beyond question, some fortunate fragment will survive; and of such work as Mr Cory's rendering of the famous epigram on Heraclitus it may justly be said in his own words:

'And Death he taketh all away, but this he cannot take.'

But, on the whole, translations are not less mortal than their writers. Renderings of prose authors may sometimes, perhaps, hope for a longer span; for, where the

matter of an author is of chief importance, a clear and accurate version by a competent scholar may well supply all needs. But where style enters into the question it is otherwise. No translation of Thucydides to-day holds the field, and certainly none of Demosthenes, whose combination of simplicity with strength, and of self-restraint with passion, seems to elude reproduction. And who, at the opposite pole of oratory, has ever given us a version that really makes us hear the long majestic roll, the swelling rhythm and the stately cadences of Cicero? Who has produced a rendering of Tacitus that plants, as he does, its incisive phrases on the very core of memory, or so dealt with Seneca's artificial rhetoric that it does not lose almost half of its effect? These great writers of prose seem, indeed, to mock our efforts at imitation; and their translators clothe themselves, as it were, in the lion's skin but speak too often with another voice.

Before touching on the question of poetical versions—of which a large list forms the particular subject of this article—it may, perhaps, be relevant to consider for a moment a fact so strange. For strange indeed it is. Not only does there appear to be nothing in the nature of things which should prevent the conveying of the exact meaning of words from one language to another in such a way that in their new dress they should lose nothing of their old power, but we have in English at least one translation—the English Bible—which is the supreme model of all excellence. How has this, humanly speaking, come about? How is it that amid innumerable failures this is the one full success? Assuredly for two chief reasons, one that is in a way accidental, the other essential and of abiding importance. When the Authorised Version was made our English tongue was for the particular purpose at its best. For other ends it has since become more ductile and more convenient; it can achieve much now which, perhaps, it could not have achieved then; but to express great things greatly, to set upon truth its proper seal of simplicity, to touch the heart, as it ever must be touched, by words that are pure and without alloy—for these and other like ends the honest homely speech of the Elizabethan period has never been surpassed either in its strength or in its sweetness. Take one out of instances innumerable:

'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.'

Given the Greek original, no writer of to-day, his mind perpetually distracted by the complex variety of modern terminology, could without utmost effort attain to an effect so perfect, to this wedding of thought and word in unmarred union and harmony. To the creators of the Authorised Version, on the other hand, the language they employed was native; it was the good home-spun stuff of daily use, and in that fact—like all the goodly company of Elizabethan translators—they had by accident of time a great advantage. But there was something more needed, something which no accident can supply and without which even the translators of the Bible, gifted as they were, could never have produced a living version; and with that something they were fully endowed. For the Bible was part and parcel of themselves. It is hard for us to-day, confused and almost crushed by a mass of books, to grasp what the Bible was to our forefathers in the days of the Reformation. It was to them 'the one book' in a sense which is for us now almost impossible. 'Mine eyes prevent the night watches that I might be occupied in thy word' could well, one imagines, have been the motto of its translators; and it is, one cannot doubt, in this close, intimate, and living study that the excellence of their version has its source. That version appears indeed to be so easy, natural, and unlaboured that we almost think of it as produced without effort. But perhaps no opinion could be more untrue. Let any one who has written anything examine the three verses just quoted and reflect how they came to be what they are. Can he dream that they were set down as they stand by some student sitting with a Greek text before him on his desk? Or does this finish indicate only 'the labour of the file'? Assuredly not. This writer was doubtless a scholar and doubtless took pains—such work is never produced otherwise—nor did he want the help of preceding versions; but ultimately the rendering came far less from the

intellect than from the heart. The thought those verses expressed had entered into his soul; he had pondered it in long hours of meditation; it had become part of his own being, and when at last he finds expression for it, the thought is not translated but transformed. The spirit that the Greek word once held has been, as it were, emancipated, set free from its old envelopment, and re-clothed in a new body on purpose to a new life.

What has been thus briefly indicated with regard to the English Bible seems, with reasonable modification, to apply more generally. No one can wear the 'mantle of a great writer, unless he catches also some portion of his 'spirit.' To translate Demosthenes a man must become Demosthenes, stand with him on the bema, feel with him, and glow with that emotion which turns a mere sentence into a thunderbolt; just as to translate Tacitus he must realise what it meant, what gall and bitterness it was for the son-in-law of Agricola to have lived under Domitian. And this is just where most of our versions fail. They are scholarly, interesting, accurate, clever, and what you will; but they lack, as it were, a vitality of their own. The author does not *seem* to be speaking with his own lips; there is no illusion of reality; and yet to create this illusion is as much the virtue of a translator as it is that of an actor to appear to be, not himself, but Hamlet, say, or Othello. Where, indeed, a translation is intended to go with the text, then, perhaps, its chief excellence is that it should be exact and faithful, for then the translator is above all a guide; but where it is intended to take the place of the original, to create the same impression, and stir like feelings by its own independent power, then, unless the writer partakes of the spirit of his author and can so breathe once more into his words the breath of life, his work may gratify the intellect but it will never quicken the pulse and make the heart beat higher.

Although to enter on the consideration of a large number of translations is to venture on an 'illimitable ocean' of controversy, in which conflicting views—for hardly two people render the same words in the same way—are so tossed up and down in almost infinite chaos that the perplexed critic

'With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies,'

yet, perhaps, such general remarks as have been made may afford some guiding clue; while happily, amid all their variety, these volumes do possess one clear point in common. For with the exception of Mr Rogers' work, which forms part of a full and admirable commentary, none of these versions has for its chief aim to make clear the exact and literal meaning of the text. Indeed they are all, with one slight exception, in verse; and for the purposes of close and accurate interpretation prose is beyond question the preferable instrument. For the forms of verse limit the possibilities of rendering; and the stricter they are the looser must be the version, so that at times a poetic rendering must become in fact a paraphrase. The fact is obvious; and consequently the aim of any one who uses verse must be, not so much to be literal, as to convey the same impression to the mind, to produce the same emotional effect, as the original. Otherwise, as Horace said long ago, the 'word-for-word interpreter' will soon find that he has got 'into a tight place' (*in artum*). At any rate, in the case of Prof. Phillimore, who sets at the head of his work the command of Browning 'to be literal at any cost,' the result is that after Antigone (O.C. 81) has addressed to her father these very curious words:

'you may now speak out
In peace, for none but I alone's about,'

Ædipus begins thus to address the Eumenides:

'Dread-visaged Ladies, whenas your retreat
Proves in this land my first unbending seat,
O cross me not,'

for he tells them then in this 'first unbending seat' (the Greek simply means 'the place where I first sat down') it was doomed that he should remain:

'Settled a prize for them that domiciled me,
And curse upon my senders, who exiled me;'

and so, taking his place 'on this unaddiced awful floor,' he asks to stop there,

'Unless you find me still too little worth,
Lackeying the highest torment known on earth,'

and ends with the words :

'Pity this wretched phantom that they call
 Œdipus, how unlike the original!'

And assuredly the last four words of the rendering seem to echo in the ears. For either this is 'unlike' Sophocles or Sophocles would never have survived. No actor could deliver and no audience tolerate such lines. And then look at the last two in Greek :

οἰκτεῖρατ' ἀνδρὸς Οἰδίπου τόδ' ἄθλιον
 εἶδωλον· οὐ γὰρ ἐὴ τόδ' ἀρχαῖον δέμας.

They are strong, pathetic, admirable, and they befit the speaker. Before the play ends, that crippled form, whose stiffening limbs can scarcely be 'unbent,' is to dominate the stage, and pass away in more than mortal grandeur ; and Sophocles, with unerring art, prepares for what is to come by recalling what has been. Each of the two concluding words is epic and dignified. Like Milton's 'nor seemed Less than archangel ruined' they conjure up the mighty past, but for the sake of a rhyme we must have in their place 'how unlike the original.'

Of the difficulties, indeed, which rhyme presents to the literal translator Prof. Phillimore is not unconscious, but he has a theory that the rhymed couplet gives 'the Sophoclean pitch,' and so he defies the difficulties and adopts it. But in the choruses he is still bolder. He is not content with easy measures or 'to give the lyrics of Sophocles the air of an irresponsible canticle modelled on some jingle from "Hymns Ancient and Modern,"' and seeks 'to produce such words as might conveniently be chanted to the poet's music,' and so for the famous *Εὐίππου, ξένε . . .*, which the poet is said to have recited to the jury when charged with having lost his wits, we have this rendering :

'Rest here, friend : for the Land of Horses
 Knows no better abode in all the region,
 The white mound o' Colonus, where
 Nightingales of a choice repair,
 With sweet melody murmur'd soft in
 Fresh green copses abounding ;
 The flushed ivy she keeps aloft in,
 Thick-set bosky surrounding
 Haunts o' the God where the berries are legion !

Never a wintry wind dishevels
 Bacchus' close, never hot sun forces
 These shy swards where he loves to lead the revels,
 Nymphs to nurse and to tend his courses.'

But it may justly be said that this rendering, though close and in some ways good, is yet by no means what it certainly should be—great poetry. For, though the translator quotes 'the great Erasmus' to show that 'antiquity played the fool in this sort of choruses in which eloquence is debased by an excessive affectation of novelty,' he forgets that, exquisite Latinist as he was, Erasmus was far less famous as a Greek scholar; and a lyric which commended itself irresistibly and at once to Athenian hearers can scarcely be either 'debased eloquence' or indifferent poetry. Moreover those who set themselves to reproduce what they do not admire can hardly expect that their copy will win credit, while in addition Prof. Phillimore seeks to attain the unattainable. He seeks at once to be literal and also to employ a highly elaborate form of verse—he has eleven double rhymes in thirteen lines—and the two things are incompatible. To reproduce such a lyric, the thought and feeling of the poet ought to have been absorbed, as it were, into the writer's very being, have stirred his sympathy and imagination, until it broke forth again in an almost spontaneous outburst. Such a rendering might have been loose, it might have been technically faulty, but at least it would have been alive. As it is we marvel at the ingenious manipulation of words and the dexterity of rhyming, but catch only a feeble breath of inspiration.

Nor in spite of conspicuous merits is it, perhaps, wholly otherwise with Mr Way's 'Iliad' and Mr Mackail's 'Odyssey.' As pieces of literary craftsmanship they are excellent; they are full of happy phrases and shrewd turns, but it would be hard to say that the Homeric spirit lives again in them. Indeed, if it be in any way true that really to reproduce poetry, the translator must become himself the poet, Mr Way, who versifies Homer, Æschylus, Euripides, Quintus Smyrnæus, and several others, must have an almost incredible power of self-adaptation. To have at once the spirit of Æschylus and the spirit of Euripides, is as if one could combine the

temper of an Isaiah with that of Mr Bernard Shaw; and the very facility of versifying which induces the attempt is fatal to its true accomplishment. For the best work rarely goes along with fluency. Great poems seldom come with ease. There goes to their making not only 'the precious life-blood of a master spirit' but also, for the most part, a vast amount of labour; nor can they be reproduced without it. Take, for instance, the first two lines of the 'Iliad':

Μῆνιν, ἄειδε, θεά, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος
οὐλομένην, ἣ μυρ' Ἀχαιοῖς ἄλγε' ἔθηκεν.

Their simplicity is obvious, and one can imagine with what ease Mr Pope wrote:

'Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, Heavenly Goddess, sing,'

or how, when he had once got his metre, these lines flowed from Mr Way's pen:

'The wrath of Achilles the Peleus-begotten, O Song-queen, sing,
Fell wrath, that dealt the Achæans woes past numbering.'

But in fact Homer's lines are always very hard to copy. Virgil knew it, and, when taunted with sometimes borrowing them, made a quiet remark about 'robbing Hercules of his club,' while Horace not only asserts his incapacity, but, when he did try to give the beginning of the 'Odyssey,' produced only this:

'Dic mihi, Musa, virum captæ post funera Troiæ
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.'

For indeed for the building up of the Homeric epic there is need not only of a divine poet but of long centuries of other preparation. Think only of the words Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος or the majestic οὐλομένην which follows them. A whole series of bards must have shaped and fashioned such material, slowly fitting it for the mould in which it is to be placed, just as the mould itself—that 'stateliest measure'—must be the result of unnumbered experiments. Homer, whoever he was, could not have been Homer had he not received from the past this great inheritance. But the English translator has no like advantage. For

the Homeric hexameter our language offers him only blank verse. Milton, whose first words ('Of man's first disobedience . . .') mark that he has Homer in his mind, stamps that metre as, in his supreme judgment, the one proper vehicle for epic poetry. But to write blank verse well is the hardest of tasks, and translators have ever avoided it. They have ceaselessly sought for some other medium, and have not found it. Ballad metre quickly wearies; the rhymed couplet by its very shape and conciseness repudiates the flow of narrative, while the hexameter, though easy to write, often throws the English accent completely out of place; and in this dilemma Mr Way has had practically to invent a metre for himself, which at times runs easily, but not unfrequently puts a severe strain upon the reader. For instance, in the two lines just quoted one may readily catch the movement of the first line, which is an anapestic hexameter, thus:

'The wrath | of Achill | es the Pel | eus-begott | en, O Song-
queen, sing,'

but to catch the beat of the second will probably puzzle many. And though it is hard to pick a specimen from many thousands of lines, the following passage (2. 84), on which special pains have clearly been taken, may, perhaps, fairly illustrate Mr Way's style:

'So spake he, and back from the council of princes he led the
way.
And the sceptre-swaying kings to the shepherd of folk gave ear:
And they rose and followed, and swiftly the throng of the
folk drew near.
As forth the countless-thronging tribes of the brown bees
pour,
From the cleft of a rock fast streaming and streaming ever-
more,
Clustering, rising, and wheeling around the flowers of spring,
Here are they, there are they, murmuring myriads hovering;
So came they, many a nation, forth from the ships and the
camp,
In front of the sandy beach, with multitudinous tramp,
To the folk motestead; and speeding them on like a spread-
ing flame
Went Rumour among them, the herald of Zeus, and throng-
ing they came.'

There is much here, assuredly, that interests, that is excellent and even brilliant, but the metre is too strange and, at times, too perplexing to admit of what continuous narrative most demands—easy reading. A page or two pleases; a particular passage such as:

‘Then shouted the Argives aloud, with a sound as of breakers
that roar

When the south wind hurleth the waves on the cliffs of an
iron-bound shore,

When the crags of the headland are lashed evermore by the
surge mad-leaping

‘Neath the scourge of the winds, as from this side and that
side their wings come sweeping,’

may excite marvel; but to read on brings a sense of fatigue, and to recite a long passage—let any one try a few lines—would be almost impossible. Whereas Milton’s verse clings of itself to the memory, these artificial lines do not. They need a perpetual effort to catch and retain the proper beat, which is often violently opposed to the natural accent, while the least mistake throws the movement out of gear. The Greek rhapsodists could repeat the whole ‘*Iliad*’; but could any one do the same with this translation, which will please the student as a piece of literary art, but lacks the power of great poetry to stamp itself strongly upon the memory?

But if the ‘*Iliad*’ is difficult to render, the ‘*Odyssey*’ is, perhaps, far more so.* The movement of the one carries the reader on of itself; the other is quieter, deals often with more homely themes, and depends more largely on a certain incommunicable charm of language and of rhythm. The narrative is easy, simple, equable, proceeding always with a smooth flow; and to reproduce these qualities is difficult. Simplicity is apt to sink into the commonplace, and smoothness to lapse into monotony, while to talk gracefully about the pigs of Eumæus is far harder than to talk grandly about the prowess of Achilles.

* When this remark was made Mr Way’s ‘*Odyssey*’ had escaped my attention, and he at any rate seems to handle it with more ease and effect than the ‘*Iliad*,’ while the fact that his work has gone through three editions shows its popularity. In order therefore to illustrate its character I have added in notes Mr Way’s rendering of passages quoted from Mr Mackail.

And let any one take the famous episode about Nausicaa. 'Papa dear, would you let me have a good big wagon? I want to take all our dirty clothes and wash them'—that is how the lady speaks according to the late Mr S. Butler; and his rendering is at once very close to the Greek and on the verge of vulgarity. And when Odysseus rises from his lair 'all naked as he was,' the situation is perilously near comedy or worse. To treat such a theme with epic dignity needs not only a great artist but that he should have to hand a fit instrument. And that Homer had in a peculiar degree. Not only does the Homeric hexameter possess rare flexibility, but the vocabulary ready to the poet's hand was one capable both of expressing great things nobly and also of stating common things beautifully. Take, for instance, the lines (6. 41-46):

ἡ μὲν ἄρ' ὥς εἰποῦσ' ἀπέβη γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη
 Οὐλυμπονδ', ὅθι φασὶ θεῶν ἔδος ἀσφαλὲς αἰεὶ
 ἔμμεναι· οὔτ' ἀνέμοισι τινάσσεται οὔτε ποτ' ὄμβρῳ
 δεύεται, οὔτε χιῶν ἐπιπίλνεται, ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰθρῇ
 πέπταται ἀνέφελος, λευκὴ δ' ἐπιδέδρομεν αἴγλη.

They have been often imitated, but this is what Mr Mackail gives:

'So saying, Athena to Olympus passed,
 The grey-eyed goddess: where they say, set fast
 For ever is the gods' unchanging seat,
 Wet with no rain and shaken with no blast,

'And by no snow-flake touched; but very bright
 It stretches cloudless, and a splendour white
 Broods over all its borders, and therein
 The blessed gods live ever in delight.' *

But it is obvious at once that the translator is deserted by his instrument. The quatrain he has chosen, with its

* 'So when she had ended her say went Pallas Athene hasting
 To the heights of Olympus away, where shineth the home ever-
 lasting,

Where never the rough winds blow, no drenching rain falls there,
 Nor the drifting pall of the snow, but the heavens are cloudlessly fair
 With eternal summer-glow and with radiance filling the air:
 There amid bliss unbroken the high gods dwell evermore.—WAY.

slow movement, its heavy, and in the end monotonous triple rhyme—for such rhymes as ‘hand,’ ‘stand,’ ‘land,’ or ‘right,’ ‘tight,’ ‘bright,’ continually recur—may be suitable for a short poem or possibly a hymn, but is incapable of the varied music of the hexameter. Its formality wearies in a long poem, and when a lighter touch is needed it becomes impossible. Hear these verses (6. 57–59):

‘Papa dear, will you let me have to-day
A high-wheeled waggon yoked, to take away
The goodly clothes and wash them in the stream,
For in the house all lying soiled are they,’*

and then look at the Greek:

πάππα φίλ', οὐκ ἂν δὴ μοι ἐφοπλίσσειας ἀπήνην
ὑψηλὴν εὐκυκλον, ἵνα κλυτὰ εἶματ' ἄγωμαι
εἰς πόταμον πλυνέουσα, τὰ μοι ῥερυπώμενα κείται.

Not only has Homer an irrecoverable advantage in his metre, but also in his vocabulary, which was created at a time when common things had not yet been vulgarised, when you did not ‘send dirty linen to the laundry,’ but the washing of it in

‘the lovely river’s flow,
Where never-failing water brims the pools,
Bright and abundant gushing from below,’

suggests images of beauty, and seems labour fitted for a princess, while a waggon is still a thing to marvel at—as we shall perhaps find when we have only ‘lorries’—and has ready for it such epithets as εὐκυκλος, εὐτροχος, εὐξέστος.

Not unfrequently, however, Mr Mackail does make even his heavy metre musical, as in the following fragment (19. 518):—

‘Even as when the maid of Pandarus
The greenwood nightingale melodious,
Amid the thickening leafage sits and sings
When the young spring is waving over us:

* ‘Father, dear father, and couldst thou not get me ready the car
High-borne with shapely wheels? I am fain to take to the river
My beautiful garments to wash them therein, for that soiled they
are.’

'And she with many a note and hurrying trill
Pours forth her liquid voice, lamenting still
Her own son Itylus, King Zethus' child,
Whom long ago her folly made her kill. . . .*

As regards metres, however, although to express any judgment on such an issue is to risk anathemas, it may perhaps seem that Mr Cotterill has done not unwisely in choosing the English hexameter for his translation of the 'Odyssey.' Lord Derby, no doubt, has denounced its use as 'a pestilent heresy,' and Tennyson gibes at it as 'a most burlesque barbarous experiment'; but none the less its movement is naturally congenial to our English speech. It has about it a sort of attractive and familiar beat; and any one who first reads aloud a passage of Homer and then translates it will often find that the metre insists on repeating itself in his rendering. There is something 'catchy' about it, and even a prosy critic, when he has read for a while Mr Cotterill's excellent version, finds that his words of themselves insensibly glide into rhythm. And it is just this ready adaptability to ordinary speech that makes the English hexameter so dangerous. It is so easy to be tunefully, or at least rhythmically commonplace; and Homer is never commonplace. In the 'Odyssey' he constantly talks about common things, and that in a simple natural way, but he is always dignified; and on the whole Mr Cotterill shows like qualities. Take, for instance, these lines about Nausicaa (6. 85-109), some of which it would be fatally easy to vulgarise:

'Now when at last they arrived at the beautiful stream
of the river,
Here the perennial basins they found where waters
abundant
Welled up brightly enough for the cleansing of dirtiest
raiment.
So their mules they unloosed from under the yoke of
the wagon,

* 'As the daughter of Pandareus, the brown bright nightingale,
Trilleth her lovely song in the flush of the new-born spring.
In the tree, as she sitteth mid twilight of leaves thick-clustering,
And with wavering change upon change is her echoing song-flood
poured,
As she mourneth her darling, her Itylus, slain by her hand with
the sword.'—WAY.

- Letting them wander at will on the bank of the eddying river,
 Browsing on clover as sweet as the honey, and then from the carriage
 Bearing within their arms to the deep dark water the garments,
 Cast them in trenches and trod them in rivalry one with another.
93. So, when the raiment was washed and was thoroughly cleansed of the dirt-stains,
94. All on the shore of the ocean in order they spread on the shingle
95. Where it is washed by the tides of the sea as they sweep to the dry land.
 There did they bathe and anointing themselves with the oil of the olive
 Set them adown to the mid-day meal on the bank of the river,
 Leaving the garments to dry on the beach in the glare of the sunlight.
 Now when in food they had fully delighted, both she and her maidens,
 Casting aside their scarfs with a ball they betook them to playing,
 White-armed Nausicaa with the choral melody leading.
 E'en as ascending a height moves Artemis, darter of arrows,
 Either on Taygetus long-ridged or on huge Erymanthus,
 Taking delight in the chase of the boar and of timorous roe-deer,
 Whilst all round her the daughters of Zeus who beareth the ægis,
 Nymphs of the woodland-play, and Leto sees it rejoicing;
 Even as over the rest uplifting her brows and her forehead
 Easily known in her beauty she stands, though fair be the others,
 Thus shone forth in her beauty the maiden amidst her attendants.'

The extract is rather a long one, but Mr Cotterill cannot be judged in fragments. Indeed it is his conspicuous merit that he is 'above all easy and fluent'—the criticism is Dr Leaf's—so that the story glides along, as it were, with an equable and pleasing current. His

hexameters want indeed the majestic sweep of Homer or Virgil; but, if any one will look at the first six words of the 'Iliad,' or, say, at the closing lines of the first Georgic, he will at once see that a non-inflecting language is incapable of similar effects. There are too many monosyllables in it, so that, for instance, in the piece just quoted, lines 93-95 are good enough, but metrically they are inferior to the Greek

αἱ δὲ λοεσσάμεναι καὶ χρυσάμεναι λίπ' ἐλαίῳ
 δαῖπνον ἔπειθ' εἶλοντο παρ' ὄχθρσιν ποτάμοιο.
 εἴματα δ' ἠελίοιο μένον τερσήμενάι αὐγῇ,

simply because forty-four words seem crowded and jostled in three lines, whereas nineteen can expatiate and be at ease.

Whatever the merits or demerits of his metre, Mr Cotterill, like Mr Mackail, in addition to being always accurate, has the striking merit of being plain, straightforward, and wholly free from preciosity. For there is no greater fault in translation than that eccentricity of style which mistakes affectation for art and deviation from the normal for a sign of distinction. Some twenty years back it led to strange vagaries in certain literary circles, but to-day 'Wardour-street English' is happily out of fashion; and the late Prof. Warr's rendering of 'The Orestean Trilogy,' in spite of its author's fine scholarship, survives chiefly as a curiosity—and all the greater one, since by an odd fancy, while turning the dialogue into verse, he adopts for the choruses 'the method of modulated prose,' which he himself describes as 'somewhat difficult,' though he might justly have used a stronger phrase. For, indeed, to write finely modulated prose seems to be the rarest of all arts. The translators of the Bible possessed it to the full—witness the Dirge in Ecclesiastes or the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah—and wrote prose so perfect in its movement that, though it eludes all formal measurement, a misplaced or altered word jars at once upon the ear. Nowadays we are too busy and too hurried to ponder over the exact balance of a sentence, yet surely no one who recalls that choric passage of the Agamemnon (681, τίς ποτ' ὠνόμαζεν . . .) in which philosophic reflection, poetic imagery, masculine vigour, and fine felicity of

expression are all equally united, will approve either of the rhythm or the style of this version :—

‘Surely ’twas a soothsay of fate, by whatsoever wizardry of demon tongues she was luckily clept Helena,—that froward queen of strife and bride of the spear. A snare hight she, and a snare she set for ships and warriors and warraid burgh, whenas from forth her dainty curtains she sailed with the soughing of giant Zephyrus.’

Assuredly every one will prefer the simpler and happier style of Mr Morshead :

‘Say, from whose lips the presage fell?
Who read the future all too well,
And named her, in her natal hour,
Helen, the bride with war for dower?
’Twas one of the Invisible,
Guiding his tongue with prescient power.
On fleet, and host, and citadel,
War, sprung from her, and death did lour.
When from the bride-bed’s fine-spun veil
She to the zephyr spread her sail.’

But in fact such words as,

ἐπὶ πρεπόντως
ἑλένας, ἑλάνδρος, ἐλέτολις
ἐκ τῶν ἀβροπῆνων
προκαλυμμάτων ἐπλευσε
Ζεφύρου γίγαντος αὔρα,

need genius to reproduce them. Or can the play on words—the best, perhaps, and most apt in literature—ever be reproduced? Can such words as ἀβρόπηνα προκαλύματα, which in their own shape and feature match what they describe, find a counterpart in our ruder tongue? Who, at any rate, can put up with Browning’s :

‘ . . . Helena. Since—mark the suture—
Ship’s Hell, Man’s Hell, City’s Hell,
From the delicately pompous curtains that pavilion well,
Forth, by favour of the gale
Of earth-born Zephuros did she sail.’

For surely this is neither poetry nor translation. The parenthesis ‘mark the suture’—the poet calling attention to his own wit!—is in itself fatal; ‘pompous’ is

not in the Greek and destroys the picture, while the words 'by favour of' mar the contrast between Helen's silken ease and the rude 'earth-born' (or 'giant') breeze that now speeds her on.

Yet, though the difficulty of translating Æschylus is immense, though even Mr Morshead's admirable version, which deserves fuller illustration than space has here permitted, lacks the inspired audacity the poet's grandeur demands, the 'Agamemnon' has found in Walter Headlam one who is not unequal to his task. That fine scholar, whose early death was a supreme loss to classical learning, had, as his Greek compositions show, absorbed, as it were, the very soul of Greek poetry. In him it lives and breathes again, while a Greek play is to him above all something that must be felt. And yet he is no loose translator, for he knows the value of accuracy and has the courage to set his rendering opposite the text; but he has the rare gift to combine scholarship with spirit, and in that wonderful scene—rivalled but not surpassed by the sleep-walking scene in 'Macbeth'—where, as she is about to enter the palace, the spirit of prophecy comes, for the last time, upon Cassandra, he can find such utterance as this:

'Oh, oh, oh, my pain . . . again comes on me
The agony of clear vision, racks me first
With dizzying whirl . . . anguish . . .

There, see now
Those yonder, seated at the House . . . young forms
Like phantoms in a dream . . . children, as 'twere,
Slain by their own kindred . . . their hands filled
With flesh, familiar meat . . . aye, they shew now
Visible,—the inward parts, a rueful burden,
Tasted of by their father!

For these things
Vengeance is plotted by a faint soft Lion,
Wallowing the while in bed—forsooth to keep it
Warm and safe against the Master's coming!
My master—the slave's yoke must be endured.

High admiral, proud vanquisher of Troy,
He dreams not, he,
After the fawning speeches long drawn out
By lecherous hound's false tongue, what act it is
With smiling Ate's treachery she designs
For deed in cursed hour!

That is a passage which Mrs Siddons might have de-claimed, and moreover its rugged strength and abruptness is exactly Æschylus. The translator conveys the exact force of the original, and that is what Prof. Murray, who has the same power as Mr Headlam, does not always do. He too writes for the stage, but in his desire to be vigorous he not unfrequently exaggerates, so that when he handles Sophocles he sometimes fails to please. Indeed the serene and flawless simplicity of the poet does not wholly suit him. He likes, for instance, to render οὗτος σύ (O.T. 532) by 'How now, assassin?' *κακοῦργον* (705) by 'hellish,' or *προῦφηνεν λέγων* (790) by 'like a flame His voice flashed answers,' as if these devices really gave emphasis, and in dealing with Euripides he does the same thing constantly. Then in 'The Trojan Women' he thinks to make Cassandra more effective by rendering *κτενῶ γὰρ αὐτὸν* (359) into 'I shall kill him, I | Shall kill him,' or turns *οἶκων τ' Ἀτρεως ἀνάστασιν* into 'And all the House of Atreus down, down, down . . .,' and a simple *ἄταρ* into 'Fore God' (411) or 'By the Gods' (416); while when the herald (419) bids Cassandra follow him to Agamemnon's tent, the words

ἔπον δέ μοι

πρὸς ναῦς, καλὸν νύμφευμα τῷ στρατηλάτῃ,

become

'Walk at my side

In peace! . . . And heaven content him of his bride!'

And in these cases the translator is clearly 'playing to the gallery,' just as elsewhere he is too fond of tickling the ears of a generation that loves jingles it cannot understand, as will be plain to any one who looks at this (*Hippolytus* 525):

<p>Ἔρως, Ἔρως ὁ κατ' ὀμμάτων στάζεις πόθον, εἰσάγων γλυκεῖαν ψυχᾷς χάριν οὓς ἐπιστρατεύσῃ, μή μοι ποτε συν κακῷ φανείης, μηδ' ἄρρυθμος ἔλθοις.</p>	<p>'Erôs, Erôs, who blindest, tear by tear, Men's eyes with hunger; thou swift Foe that pliest Deep in our hearts joy like an edged spear; Come not to me with Evil haunting near, Wrath on the wind, nor jarring of the clear Wing's music as thou fliest!</p>
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οὔτε γὰρ πῦρος οὔτ'
 ἄστρον ὑπέρτερον βέλος,
 οἷον τὸ τῆς Ἀφροδίτας
 ἦσιν ἐκ χειρὶν
 Ἔρωσ, ὁ Διὸς παῖς.

There is no shaft that burneth,
 not in fire,
 Not in wild stars, far off and
 flinging fear,
 As in thy hands the shaft of
 All Desire,
 Erôs, Child of the Highest.'

Surely never was a more marked contrast. Here Euripides is splendidly simple, while the English is mere perplexity and affectation. None the less, although it may sometimes be said that Euripides—scarcely to his own benefit—has become Gilbert Murray, it may far often be said with truth that the translator has brought Euripides to life again. He thinks with him, feels with him; and you catch, as it were, one heart-beat. Take, for example, this speech of Andromache ('Troades,' 749), where she bids farewell to Astyanax, who is to be flung from the walls of Troy:

'Weepest thou?

Nay, why, my little one? Thou canst not know.
 And Father will not come; he will not come;
 Not once, the great spear flashing, and the tomb
 Riven to set thee free! Not one of all
 His brethren, nor the might of Ilion's wall.

How shall it be? One horrible spring . . . deep, deep
 Down. And thy neck . . . Ah, God, so cometh sleep! . . .
 And none to pity thee!—Thou little thing
 That curlest in my arms, what sweet scents cling
 All round thy neck! . . . Belovèd; can it be
 All nothing that this bosom cradled thee
 And fostered; all the weary nights, wherethrough
 I watched upon thy sickness, till I grew
 Wasted with watching. Kiss me. This one time;
 Not ever again. Put up thine arms and climb
 About my neck: now, kiss me; lips to lips. . . .'

It is in parts strikingly different from the Greek, as any one who will look at such lines as:

λυγρὸν δὲ πήδημ' ἐς τράχην ὑφ' ὀφθιν
 πεισὼν ἀνοίκτως πνεῦμ' ἀπορρήξεις σέθεν,

and compare them with the English, will at once see.

The Greek is more formal, more suited to the tragic mask and to declamation on a vast theatre. The English is fitted to the modern stage, to an audience that can study every feature, and is unused to a stiff and almost conventional mode of speech. And yet it is, surely, a just interpretation of the original; it conveys, in different circumstances, a like impression; the thought of Euripides moves in it; and one imagines that, had he been alive to-day, it is in some such manner that he would have spoken. And it is the same with Prof. Murray almost all through. He does not always 'translate' in the old sense of the word. Set side by side with the text, his version often surprises, and will even vex scholars of the old school; yet his work is never dull and, above all, never dead. It is a modern Euripides, no doubt, who speaks to us, but it is a real one. The old ἀπὸ ἀρχαίων ἔκδοσις Ἰδαίου Εὐριπίδου is, indeed, no longer needed, for in these versions—especially in the 'Hippolytus'—you do, with some variations of guise and dress, both see and hear the actual poet; and, though it may be disputed what a perfect translation should be, Prof. Murray has at least proved that it must be alive.

Moreover he has done one thing which was sadly needed; he has brought out the meaning of the chorus. A generation ago boys were taught that, in the development of the drama, Æschylus found the chorus existing and used it to the full; that Sophocles made it less important; and that in Euripides it was only an obsolete survival, whose utterances are 'irrelevant,' 'improbable,' or 'out of place.' But Prof. Murray is too intelligent to accept the theory that a great dramatist, however hampered by convention, would spoil his plays by inventing odes that are without purpose. In his admirable handbook, 'Euripides and his Age,' speaking of the chorus, he expresses his belief that the poet 'got the greatest and highest value out of it.' He sees, for example, how 'the Salamis chorus in "The Trojan Women" immediately following the child's death' is effective as a relief, 'a bringing in as it were, the ideal world to heal the wounds of the real.' And similarly in the 'Hippolytus,' after Phædra has rushed off to kill herself, the chorus (732), instead of making what might be called 'relevant remarks'—'I can think,' he writes,

'of no relevant remark that would not be absurd bathos'—simply breaks out into a cry for escape, even as 'a winged bird' to some 'cavern in the hill-tops,' or, it may be, to that 'strand of the Daughters of the Sunset,'

'Where a sound of living waters never ceaseth
In God's quiet garden by the sea,
And Earth, the ancient Life-giver, increaseth
Joy among the meadows, like a tree';

and thus—for the human heart has everywhere like feelings—Euripides stands beside the Psalmist:

'Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me,
And horror hath overwhelmed me.
And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove!
For then would I fly away, and be at rest.
Lo, then I would wander far off,
And remain in the wilderness.'

Or again turn to the 'Bacchæ,' that weird but 'most glorious play,' as Macaulay terms it, and to the chorus (862, ἀρ ἐν παννυχίοις χοροίς . . .) that intervenes between the sentence which Dionysus has just pronounced upon Pentheus and the grim horrors which are to follow, and listen to the opening lines:

'Will they ever come to me, ever again,
The long, long dances,
On through the dark till the dim stars wane?
Shall I feel the dew on my throat, and the stream
Of wind in my hair? Shall our white feet gleam
In the dim expanses?
Oh, feet of the fawn to the greenwood fled,
Alone in the grass and the loveliness;
Leap of the hunted, no more in dread,
Beyond the snares and the deadly press' . . .

and then 'Other Maidens' in strange contrast begin to chant:

'O Strength of God, slow art thou and still,
Yet fairest never!
On them that worship the Ruthless Will,
On them that dream, doth his judgment wait';

while lastly 'the Leader'—for so Prof. Murray divides the Ode—ends with:

'Happy he, on the weary sea
Who hath fled the tempest and won the haven.
Happy whoso hath risen, free,
Above his striving. For strangely graven
Is the orb of life, that one and another
In gold and power may outpass his brother.
And men in their millions float and flow
And seethe with a million hopes as leaven;
And they win their Will, as they miss their Will,
And the hopes are dead or are pined for still;
But whoe'er can know,
As the long days go,
That To Live is happy, hath found his Heaven!'

What does it all mean? This cry of longing for the dance, that changes to a dirge, and ends in philosophic musing? Each must interpret it for himself—and arguments about the 'Bacchæ' fill volumes—finding in it such references as he will to the Bacchanals, to the stubbornness of Pentheus, or the like, but along with all this Prof. Murray (Int. lx-lxii) finds also something profoundly personal. In these, his latest words, those who have ears to hear can catch the poet's own heart-beat. He has left the throng; he has escaped 'like a fawn fled to the forest'; he is beyond the reach of hate; he no longer dwells among men 'who honour the Ruthless Will' (*τιμῶντες ἀγνωμοσύναν*) and on whom God's 'judgment' has fallen; he has found his 'haven,' the 'mystic Joy' which comes to the 'purified' and the 'god-intoxicated.' At least it is somehow thus that his translator judges; and whether his judgment be wrong or right does not here matter. But what does matter is that to him every one of the poet's words has meaning, speaks to him, appeals to him, touches him, stirs his emotions and so produces, what no mere word-conjuring can produce—a good translation that goes to the heart because it comes from the heart.

From Euripides, however, to Aristophanes is, despite of Browning, a far cry; and, when Prof. Murray gives a version of 'The Frogs,' he must be content to illustrate the saying 'Non omnia possumus omnes.' In poetry, at

least, no one can win the title given to Philemon Holland of 'A Translator Generall'; nor perhaps is it wholly congruous for a Regius Professor to essay the sometimes rude task of dealing with Aristophanes. When Dionysus, for instance, as he rows Charon's boat, cries out to the Frogs (221):

ἐγὼ δέ γ' ἀλγεῖν ἄρχομαι
τὸν ὄρρον, ὦ κοῦξ, κοῦξ.

one feels somehow that the rendering

'Peace, musical sisters,
I'm covered with blisters,'

throws a false veil of academic refinement over the honest, if outspoken, vigour of the Greek, while such a phrase as 'What an entrancing smell of roasted pig,' marks a familiarity with High Tables rather than the cookshop, and the 'O what a jolly whiff of pork!' which Mr Rogers gives, is far better and more real. And then too—for the same point continually recurs—Mr Rogers has made Aristophanes a life's study. His noble volumes, whose only defect is that they are too costly to be in everybody's hands, provide not only a translation but also a critical and an explanatory commentary, the latter being not of the heavy, overladen, Teutonic type, but one which aims at getting to the heart of the poet's meaning. And it is because he has these qualities and is not a mere literary adventurer, making a brave display of phrases, that he has been able successfully to perform what is the hardest task for a translator—to set face to face with the text a version which is at once poetical and accurate. How great that difficulty is has been already remarked. If any one will look at this:

χωρῶμεν ἐς πολυρρόδους λει-	'Now haste we to the roses
μῶνας ἀνθεμόδεις,	And the meadows full of posies,
τὸν ἡμέτερον τρόπον,	Now haste we to the meadows
τὸν καλλιχορώτατον,	In our own old way,
παίζοντες, ὃν ὄλβιαι	In choral dances blending,
Μοῖραι ξυνάγουσιν.	In dances never ending,
	Which only for the holy,
	The Destinies array.

μόνοις γὰρ ἡμῖν ἥλιος καὶ
 φέγγος ἱλαρόν ἐστιν,
 ὅσοι μεμνήμεθ' ἐν-
 σέβῃ τε διήγομεν
 τρόπον περὶ τοὺς ξένους
 καὶ τοὺς ἰδιώτας
 (Frogs, 449-459.)

O happy mystic chorus,
 The blessed sunshine o'er us
 On us alone is smiling
 In its soft sweet light :
 On us who strove for ever
 With holy pure endeavour,
 Alike by friend and stranger
 To guide our steps aright.'
 (Rogers),

and then compare this :

'Then on mid the meadows deep Where thickest the rose-buds creep And the dewdrops are pearliest : A jubilant step advance In our own, our eternal dance, Till its joy the Glad Fates entrance Who threaded it earliest.	For ours is the sunshine bright, Yea, ours is the joy of light All pure, without danger : For we thine Elect have been, Thy secrets our eyes have seen, And our hearts we have guarded clean Toward kinsman and stranger' (Murray),
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he will at once see how the presence of the Greek text fetters a translator and doubles the difficulties of his task. But Mr Rogers wears his fetters not only easily but with a grace that seems to turn them into ornaments. At least here is the Hoopoe's Serenade to the Nightingale from that inimitable Comedy, 'The Birds' (209-222):

'Awake, my mate!
 Shake off thy slumbers, and clear and strong
 Let loose the floods of thy glorious song.
 The sacred dirge of thy mouth divine
 For sore-wept Itys, thy child and mine;
 Thy tender trillings his name prolong
 With the liquid note of thy tawny throat;
 Through the leafy curls of the woodbine sweet
 The pure sound mounts to the heavenly seat,
 And Phœbus, lord of the golden hair,
 As he lists to thy wild plaint echoing there,
 Draws answering strains from his ivoried lyre,
 Till he stirs the dance of the heavenly choir,
 And calls from the blessed lips on high
 Of immortal Gods, a divine reply
 To the tones of the witching melody.'

Before such work criticism is dumb; and all discussion as to what good translation should be is silenced by a lyric that Milton might have penned. And in a very different style this *Parabasis* from the same play (685 *seq.*), which must afford a final instance of its author's skill, reproduces in a manner that can hardly be surpassed at once the sense, the spirit, and the metrical movement of the original:—

'Ye men who are dimly existing below, who perish and fade
as the leaf,
Pale, woebegone, shadowlike, spiritless folk, life feeble and
wingless and brief,
Frail castings in clay, who are gone in a day, like a dream
full of sorrow and sighing,
Come listen with care to the Birds of the air, the ageless,
the deathless, who flying
In the joy and the freshness of Ether, are wont to muse
upon wisdom undying.
We will tell you of things transcendental; of Springs and
of Rivers the mighty upheaval;
The nature of Birds; and the birth of the Gods; and of
Chaos and Darkness primeval.
When this ye shall know, let old Prodicus go, and be hanged
without hope of reprieveal.
There was Chaos at first, and Darkness, and Night, and
Tartarus vasty and dismal;
But the Earth was not there, nor the Sky, nor the Air, till
at length in the bosom abysmal
Of Darkness an egg, from the whirlwind conceived, was laid
by the sable-plumed Night.
And out of that egg, as the Seasons revolved, sprang Love,
the entrancing, the bright,
Love brilliant and bold with his pinions of gold, like a
whirlwind, refulgent and sparkling!
Love hatched us, commingling in Tartarus wide, with Chaos,
the murky, the darkling,
And brought us above, as the firstlings of love, and first to
the light we ascended.
There never was race of Immortals at all till Love had the
universe blended;
Then all things commingling together in love, there arose
the fair Earth, and the Sky,
And the limitless Sea; and the race of the Gods, the Blessed,
who never shall die. . . .'

Perhaps, however, a translator of Aristophanes has in one respect a comparatively simple task. In the Greek tragedians, as in many other poets, there is often more felt than is expressed. Ideas that float half unconsciously on the mind are only dimly shadowed forth. They have no clear-cut shape, but are present, as it were, after a ghostly fashion, and the images they suggest will vary with the particular character or mood of each exponent. For though the so-called 'subliminal' soul is rather an uncertain thing, and though the maxim,

'Der hat es wirklich als Poët
Noch nicht sehr weit getrieben,
In dessen Werken nichts mehr steht
Als er hineingeschrieben,'

is not always true, yet no one can read Æschylus, Sophocles, or Euripides without feeling that there is often in their words an underlying something which evades an exact comprehension, and on which no one can lay such sure hold as to reconstitute it with exactly the same effect. But in Aristophanes it is otherwise. He is neither mystic nor visionary. His imagination is rich, varied, and brilliant, but he never ventures into those realms of the spirit where language fails, and if it 'half reveals' yet also 'half conceals' the thought within. What he thinks he expresses, so that the art of reproducing him needs no spiritual insight, but becomes almost wholly an art of words.

What is true of Aristophanes is true also of the Greek Anthology. There is nothing deep or mysterious about the Greek epigrammatists. They deal only with simple themes—life and death, love and merrymaking, or the like—and with simple thoughts. Except in rare instances, such as the *Ἐπιτύμβιον* of Plato's:

'Ἀστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν Ἐφῶς,
νῦν δὲ θανῶν λάμπεις Ἐσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.

'Thou wert the morning star among the living
Ere thy fair light had fled;
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus giving
New splendour to the dead' (Shelley),

they present no conspicuous novelty of ideas. Their whole merit is that of form and expression, so that,

together with their shortness, they offer an almost irresistible temptation to every one who has any knack of rhyming and a taste for small literary ventures. But they are not so easy to imitate as they appear. For the best of them are not only finished and compact, but also remarkable for a total absence of ornament, so that even Shelley's rendering, which has just been quoted, seems to lack the chastened and almost austere purity of the original, while Dr Grundy, whose version is as follows :

'Erstwhile the star of dawn, thy light on living men was shed ;
But now in death an evening star, thou'rt light among the dead,'

shows how hard it is to adopt 'the most simple style,' and adhere 'as closely as possible to literal translation' without at least some loss of distinction and poetic quality. But a good Greek epigram, however undecorated, never ceases to be poetry and a work of art. Even the inscription over the Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ is not, for all its plainness, what a Roman inscription would be, merely monumental. It is not merely powerful, but it also pleases. It stirs the heart, but it also touches the artistic sense, and one lingers over the last four words—*τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι*—as over something that delights because it cannot be bettered. Art has here reached its highest by complete self-effacement ; and just as, in spite of unnumbered attempts, this particular epigram has never been successfully rendered, so, if all others were equally severe in their beauty, the translator might well despair. But happily for them even Simonides relaxes, and in this epigram the 'art' is apparent :

Εἰ τὸ καλῶς θνήσκειν ἀρετῆς μέρος ἐστὶ μέγιστον,
ἡμῖν ἐκ πάντων τοῦτ' ἀπένειμε Τύχη·
"Ελλάδι γὰρ σπεύδοντες ἐλευθερίαν περιθεῖναι
κείμεθ' ἀγηράντῳ χρώμενοι εὐλογίῃ,

and Mr Headlam, seizing the opportunity, is not unequal to it :

'If the best merit be to lose life well,
To us beyond all else that fortune came :
In war, to give Greece liberty, we fell,
Heirs of all time's imperishable fame,'

while if any one wishes to contrast true art with tricky art, let him contrast the Thermopylæ epigram with the second couplet of another by the same author, 'On those who fell at the Eurymedon':

ἀντὶ δ' ἀκοντοδόκων ἀνδρῶν μνημεῖα θανόντων
ἄψυχ' εὐψύχων ἄδε κέκευθε κόνις.

'No one,' writes Dr Grundy, 'has yet succeeded in reproducing these lines.' And it may well be so, for there is nothing in them but an artificial play on the words 'spirit-less' (i.e. dead) and 'spirited,' which even if it could be 'reproduced' would not be worth the effort.

To enter, however, on a discussion of epigrams and their translation would be to take up, at the end of an article, a long task, and also one which is here superfluous. For the subject has been treated some four years back (July 1911) by Dr Grundy in this Review, and moreover it is one in which there are 'as many judgments as men.' If there are no fixed laws according to which translations should be judged—and every writer on the subject must feel that he is at best 'tamquam bombyx bombyzans in vacuo'—most certainly there is no rule by which sentence can be passed upon an epigram. Each rendering has to be judged on its own merits; it has to hit its own mark, and the final test of success is that it should please, that the reader should say, 'That is how I should have put it myself.' But, to enable a reader to do this, the text should go with the rendering; and it is a defect of Dr Grundy's excellent collection that, whereas he gives a whole page to each tiny version, he has not added the original. For the *Anthologia Græca* is not in every one's hands; and, since an epigram is chiefly a piece of literary cleverness, not having the text we lose the pleasure that comes from a sort of artistic competition. Here, for instance, is a bit by Lucilius:

Ἦ τὸ φιλεῖν περίγραφον, Ἔρως, ἔλον, ἢ τὸ φιλεῖσθαι
πρὸςθες, ἢ ἢ λύσας τὸν πόθον, ἢ κεράσας,

and here it is rendered by R. Garnett:

'Eros, I pray thee to remove
Or else divide my pain;
Either forbid me more to love,
Or make me loved again.'

Surely it is a pleasure—is it not?—to sit, as it were, in judgment and then award the palm to the translator. But, if Dr Grundy grudges us this added delight, many at least of the pieces which he has brought together will delight every one sufficiently by themselves, while, after all, criticism is a poor thing and it is better simply to admire and enjoy such work as this :

ON THE STATUE OF OLYMPIAN JOVE.

'Did Jove descend, and thus unveil
His form before the sculptor's eyes?
Or Pheidias' self Olympus scale
To view the monarch of the skies?'

(R. Graves.)

Or this, which is from Dionysius, but might have been Heine's :

'Hail, thou who hast the roses, thou hast the rose's grace!
But sellest thou the roses, or e'en thine own fair face?'

or finally this 'Epitaph' by Paulus Silentarius :

'My name and country were—no matter what!
Noble my race—who cares though it were not?
The fame I won in life—is all forgot!
Now here I lie—and no one cares a jot!'

T. E. PAGE

Art. 2.—ITALY AND THE ADRIATIC. ✓

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2. *The Republic of Ragusa*. By Luigi Villari. London: Dent, 1904. ✓
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And other works.

THE present war has brought the Adriatic Sea and the various problems connected with it once more into public notice. A long arm of the Mediterranean, piercing its way almost into the heart of Central Europe, the Adriatic divides the Italian from the Balkan peninsula, taps the rich inland districts both south and north of the Alps, and provides a valuable waterway for the trade of Italy, Germany, Austria and Switzerland with the Near and Middle East and the Mediterranean basin. Many races have dwelt on its shores and fought for the mastery of its waters; and to-day, after a period of peace, several nations are again struggling for the control of this sea and the traffic to which it gives life—old nations with great traditions and young nations full of ambitious dreams of future greatness.

The character and general conditions of the two shores are very different. The western coast is an almost uniform line of sandy beach with broad stretches of shallows, broken at only two points—the promontory of Ancona and that of the Gargano—and with few natural harbours. At the northern and southern ends are wide plains spreading far inland before they reach mountain barriers, whereas in the middle section the rugged

Apennines are always near the sea and sometimes reach its shores. At the head of the gulf is a flat marshy district formed by the alluvial deltas of many rivers flowing down from the Alps. The eastern coast, on the other hand, is indented and cut up into innumerable bays and inlets, some as deep as Norwegian fjords and others so large as almost to form inland seas, while a chain, in many points a series of chains, of rocky islands runs parallel to the mainland from the southernmost point of Istria to Ragusa. Steep, stony mountains reach down to the water's edge almost the whole way and rise up again on the islands. The soil is not very fertile, for the Karst formation is bare and stony; the cypress, the olive, the vine and patches of juniper, never in large quantities, are often the only relief to long stretches of sterile coast. But in a few favoured spots there are tracts of good land, and especially in southern Dalmatia the climate is mild and the vegetation luxuriant and semi-tropical. Inland the stony Karst belt stretches wide, but beyond are broad fertile plains watered by mighty rivers, lands whose peoples have for ever been striving to reach the sea. Yet, in spite of these differences there is, even geographically, a connexion between the two shores, for both the Apennines and the Karst are offshoots of the Alps; and Dalmatia has, as Edward Freeman wrote, 'not a little the air of a thread, a finger, a branch cast off from the western peninsula.' Historically the connexion is even closer.

The eastern shore throughout the ages has received its civilisation from the west; and its periods of greatest prosperity have been those during which it was under the rule of a western Government, whereas from the east it received hordes of barbarians who came to devastate and destroy. Only in quite recent times have there been peoples coming down to the Adriatic from the east endowed with civilisation, albeit inferior to that of the west. The Greeks created a chain of colonies on the Apulian coast, but occupied only a few points along the eastern shore and some islands, such as Melitta (Meleda), Bracchya (Brazza), Issa (Lissa), Kerkyra Melaina (Curzola), Tragyrion (Traù), Epidauron (Ragusa Vecchia), and in Albania Epidamnos (Alessio) and a few other places. But they never settled there as they did in

Southern Italy, and they contributed but little to the civilisation of the country.

The Romans achieved far more. Their first enterprise was the invasion of Istria and Dalmatia, with the object of putting an end to the piracy of the Liburnii, a section of the Illyrians, who from the safe harbours of the Quarnero and the Sinus Rhizonicus (Bocche di Cattaro) rendered the navigation of the Adriatic unsafe for peaceful merchantmen. But many wars had to be waged before the Illyrians were reduced to complete subjection; and the conquest of the country was not finally achieved until the year A.D. 12. From that time until the fifth century the Adriatic continued to be a Roman lake; and the splendour and importance of the Roman settlements on both shores may be gauged by the magnificent remains at Pola, Spalato, the favourite residence of the Dalmatian emperor Diocletian, Salona, the capital of Roman Dalmatia, Ancona, and elsewhere. The Romans created a number of first-class ports on both shores—Pola, Salona, Durazzo, Brindisi, Rimini, Ravenna, Aquileia; the first four were selected because of their natural advantages, while the three latter were protected by lagoons, marshes and woods, which rendered them safe from hostile attacks.

When the barbarian hordes, emerging from north-eastern Europe, began to pour into Italy, the eastern shore of the Adriatic, generally known as Illyria, suffered much from their depredations; and Dalmatia, conquered by Odovakar in 481, was added to the Gothic kingdom of Italy, a circumstance which again emphasises the character of that province as an outpost of the west in the eastern world. The importance of the Adriatic is attested by the fact that Theodoric established his capital at Ravenna, then an Adriatic port, although now the sea has receded from it. In the sixth century Illyria was reconquered by the Byzantine Greeks, then overrun by Huns, Bulgarians and Slavs, liberated by Narses in 552 and annexed to the Exarchate of Ravenna. Later it was erected into a separate exarchate; but, after the death of the Emperor Maurice, the Slavs became masters of the greater part of the country. Many Roman colonies survived, but they were oases of civilisation in a sea of barbarism. These colonies, when the Empire was

divided into 'themes,' were erected into the 'theme' of Dalmatia and Dyrrhachium, but they were reduced to mere fragments. The Romans had never thoroughly Latinised the country as they had other parts of their Empire; and the Slavs were able to occupy the whole of Illyria except the above-mentioned coast towns. Yet such was the influence of Roman civilisation that, in spite of all subsequent Slavonic incursions, Latin and subsequently Italian remained, until quite recent times, the language of the people all down the coast, save to some extent at Ragusa, where Slavonic also was spoken at an early date. Constantine Porphyrogenitus speaks of these colonists as Romans, distinguishing them from the *Ῥωμαῖοι* or Byzantine Greeks. Besides the Latins on the coast there were some shepherds in the mountains, descended from the Latin colonists or from Latinised Illyrians and known later as the Maurovlachs or Morlachs.

Of the Southern Slavs who occupied the rest of Illyria the two chief tribes were the Serblii or Serbs and the Chrobatians or Croatians. The latter occupied a territory bounded by the rivers Save, Kulpa, Arsia and Cetina, and were governed by a number of independent chiefs, known as Zhupans, and later by a king. The Serbs, who came from what is now Galicia, settled in the country to the south of the Croatians, comprising roughly the present kingdom of Serbia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Dalmatia south of the Cetina, Montenegro and parts of Northern Albania. Charlemagne succeeded in dominating the Adriatic lands, but not completely. Lombardy, the marches of Treviso, Friuli and Carinthia, Istria, Northern Dalmatia and a part of Croatia were incorporated in his empire, while the Eastern Roman Empire still held Venice and most of the Dalmatian coast. Early in the 10th century another nation appeared on the Adriatic—the Magyars, who, driven westwards by the Bulgars, occupied the great Danubian plain and strove to reach the sea. By the 12th century, under King Coloman, they had reduced Croatia to subjection (the native dynasty having become extinct), and established a hegemony over that country, which in a modified form has survived to this day.

While the interior of Illyria was definitely colonised by the Slavs, some of them forming independent States

and others remaining under the rule of other Powers, the series of towns and islands all down the coast preserved their Latin character under the rule of the Eastern Empire. But Imperial influence gradually waned, and at an early date these communities constituted themselves into city-states of the Italian type, with statutes and laws based on Roman principles modified by contact with the Slavs and other local conditions. As they grew prosperous and powerful, they acquired territory and developed their trade both across the sea and with the interior, until, with the exception of Ragusa, they were finally absorbed by the Venetian republic. Their conditions and history were in many respects similar to those of the city-states of Italy at the same period. In Italy, as in Illyria, there was a Latin civilisation overwhelmed by barbarian invasions; Italy, like Illyria, was reclaimed to Latin culture by Greek arms; and the Byzantine Greeks, constantly at war with the barbarians, ruled over both. In both countries city-republics arose on or near the sites of Roman cities, and modelled their institutions and laws on those of ancient Rome. But here the resemblance ends. In Italy the barbarian hordes never settled in such large numbers as wholly to absorb the Latins, whereas the Slavs on the eastern shore far outnumbered the Latin fringe, and the land, save for that fringe, soon became prevalently Slavonic. In Italy Latins and barbarians soon amalgamated, while in Illyria Latins and Slavs remained distinct and separate, the former developing into civilised communities, essentially urban, maritime and commercial, while the latter remained untutored mountaineers and rustics. Furthermore, the Latins were no less colonists from other lands than the Slavs, whereas the native Illyrian stock, of whom no visible trace survives, except perhaps among the Albanians, may have been merged in the Slavs and helped to swell their numbers.

With the 10th century begins the predominance of Venice in the Adriatic. The doge Pietro Orseolo, about the year 998, succeeded in subjugating the Narenta pirates and some of the Croatian tribes; and with the help of the Byzantines he occupied Zara, Spalato, Traù, Ossero, Curzola and other points, assuming the title of

Duke of Dalmatia. For the help which the doge Vitale Falier (1084-1096) afforded to the Emperor Alexius against the Normans, who had established themselves in Apulia and gained a footing on the opposite shore in Albania, the Venetians were granted dominion over Istria and Dalmatia and received many privileges. Venice had to wage ceaseless war against the Slavs, the Hungarians, the Empire, her own revolted subjects, and later against the Turks, for the mastery of the Adriatic; and some of her possessions were more than once wrested from her, but for many centuries she remained the predominant Power on both shores. The Fourth Crusade gave her the occasion to reconquer the rebellious Zara and re-establish her rule on the Illyrian coast. By the beginning of the 15th century the Republic was at the zenith of its glory; besides extensive possessions on the mainland of Italy, along the Illyrian shore and in the Levant, it had put an end to the Patriarchate of Aquileia, and in 1420 acquired the whole north-eastern corner of the Venetian plain and the head of the Adriatic, including suzerainty over the Counts of Gorizia. Istria, an Imperial marquisate over which Venice had exercised authority since the reign of Pietro Candiano II (932-939), also became a Venetian possession from Muggia southward, while the interior remained under the Empire. In Dalmatia only the tiny republic of Ragusa maintained its independence under the protection of several Powers, nearly all the rest of the country being Venetian; and in Albania too there were Venetian settlements at Dulcigno, Scutari, Alessio, Durazzo, Valona, etc. On the opposite Apulian shore Venice at one time also had a footing, but her dominion there was short-lived. Her most dangerous rivals, the Genoese, having been finally defeated, the Adriatic practically became a Venetian lake; for the other States bordering on its shores, except Ragusa, had neither war fleets nor merchant navy to speak of.

An event destined to acquire great significance in view of future developments was the first appearance of the House of Habsburg on the Adriatic coast. The city of Trieste had been a Roman colony established by Vespasian and later a municipium. Under Byzantine rule it had formed part of the exarchate of Ravenna;

in 803 it was attached to the marquisate of Friuli created by Charlemagne, and afterwards to the duchy of Bavaria. Although separated from Italy, it had preserved its Italian character, and was a member of the Lombard league against Frederick Barbarossa. From the end of the 12th century it had been a tributary of Venice, but its allegiance was somewhat lax, and, protected by the Patriarchs of Aquileia, it was frequently in revolt against the Dominante. In 1382 it voluntarily gave itself over to the Habsburgs, who were already lords of Duino and part of Istria; but it continued to retain its own statutes until 1550, and even after that date it remained a tributary state under Austrian overlords rather than a direct dependency. The Habsburgs gained a further foothold on the Adriatic when, after the battle of Mohács in 1526, they inherited the dominions of the Hungarian Crown, including the Croatian littoral, although for some centuries they attached but little importance to sea power. The Turks, who first reached the Adriatic shore in the 15th century, when the Ottoman armies overran Bosnia, Herzegovina, and parts of Croatia and Dalmatia, definitely established themselves in those countries and in Albania; but they had no naval base on that sea, and, though their galleys frequently raided its waters, it never had for them the same importance as it had for other Powers.

Throughout the 16th and 17th centuries the Venetians continued to be masters of the Adriatic; and, if their power steadily declined, this was chiefly due to the declining importance of the Adriatic itself as a commercial highway in consequence of the discovery of other trade routes. In the 17th century Austria, opposed in the north by the rising power of Prussia and in the west by France, first began to turn her attention towards the south and east of Europe. After the relief of Vienna in 1683 and the rolling back of the tide of Ottoman conquest, Austria occupied the territories which the Turks evacuated; and, by means of fortunate marriages, the Imperial house had acquired important possessions also in North Italy. The Habsburgs now awoke to the possibilities of their southern seaboard. In 1717 Charles VI, in spite of the Venetian claim that the Adriatic belonged to the Republic, declared it free to

the navigation of all States, and in 1723 he proclaimed Trieste and Fiume free ports. Soon afterwards the Levant Company was created in Vienna. In 1776 Fiume was incorporated in Croatia, but three years later it was erected by Maria Teresa into a *corpus separatum* directly dependent on Hungary, and in that condition it has remained, with occasional interruptions, to this day. With the fall of the Venetian Republic and the peace of Campoformio (1797), Venice and all its possessions were handed over to Austria, the rest of the Italian coast being divided between the Papal States and the Kingdom of Naples, both destined soon to fall a prey to Napoleon's ambitions. The end of Venetian rule, which, with its many defects, was on the whole efficient and honest, was whole-heartedly deplored by its former subjects in Illyria. A body of Dalmatians offered to defend the Republic by force of arms, but their services were dispensed with. With sorrowing and tears the banner of St Mark was handed over to the new Austrian authorities; at Zara it was taken to the Duomo, and, after the *De Profundis* had been sung over it, it was kissed by the citizens and buried; at Perasto, in the Bocche di Cattaro, it was placed after a solemn funeral service under the altar and preserved as a sacred relic.

By the Peace of Pressburg (1805) France acquired Venetia and all the eastern shore, which was erected into the Kingdom of Illyria. The territory was now well governed, provided with roads, schools and other public utilities. French domination, however, which was also extended to the Republic of Ragusa, was short-lived; and in 1811, after the defeat of the French fleet off Lissa by the English, the latter occupied several of the Dalmatian islands and the Bocche di Cattaro except the town of Cattaro, which was seized by the Montenegrins. In 1814 the Austrians regained the whole of the littoral, expelling the Montenegrins from Cattaro, and thus became masters of the Adriatic from the Po to the Bocche; and, as the other Italian states were largely under the influence of the Austrian Empire, Austria came to be practically the only Adriatic Power. It is important to remember that by the terms of the Treaty of Vienna (1815) Trieste, Istria and Trento, as fiefs of the defunct Holy Roman

Empire, were incorporated in the Germanic Confederation and entitled to send delegates to the Diet of Frankfort. During the war of 1848 a Sardinian squadron entered the Adriatic with the object of blockading Trieste, but it was recalled on the remonstrances of the Frankfort Government, although at the Diet the delegates of that town and of Istria and Trento had protested against the inclusion of those districts in the Empire, as opposed to the wishes of the inhabitants. The Austrian Government did not wholly neglect the material well-being of Trieste, which received a considerable impulse in 1833 when the Austrian Lloyd was founded, first as an insurance company and then as a shipping concern subsidised by the State.

From 1815 to 1848 all Austria's maritime provinces retained their Italian character. Even the Imperial navy was predominantly Italian, being in fact known as the *I. R. Veneta Marina*. But the episode of the *Bandiera* brothers, Austrian naval officers who, under the influence of Mazzini, deserted the Imperial service and organised a revolutionary expedition to Calabria in the name of United Italy, led to an overhauling of the navy, which was reorganised on German lines after 1848. But even after the first revolutionary war the north-eastern littoral remained prevalently Italian; and Italian was the official language at Trieste as at Venice, at Cattaro as at Milan. The Slav population was primitive and ignorant; and their only vestiges of culture had been acquired by means of Italian influences. With the war of 1859 Austria lost Lombardy; and, although after the creation of the Italian kingdom in 1861 she lost all authority over the western shore of the Adriatic south of the Po and ceased to be the only naval Power in that sea, she still predominated. In 1866 Italy missed a priceless opportunity of completing her unity and settling the Adriatic question once for all in her own favour. But her generals failed to take advantage of their initial successes; and Custoza, which should have been a decisive victory, became a partial defeat, while the incompetence of Admiral Persano brought about the naval disaster at Lissa, although the Italians had all the elements of success. The outcome was that Italy acquired Venetia in a way galling to her pride, but failed to obtain the eastern possessions of the

Venetian republic and those other adjoining territories which, although they had not always belonged to Venice, were still prevalently Italian in population and character. The consequences of these events are felt to this day, for they placed Italy from the start in a position of inferiority in regard to Austria and led to the growth of influences hostile to her in the lands which by right were hers.

Let us now examine the present situation of the Adriatic and the lands bordering on it. On the western shore geographical conditions are, as we have seen, unfavourable to naval or commercial development. The only natural ports are Venice and Brindisi. The former has been much improved by artificial means, and its trade has grown from 404,000 tons in 1880 to 3,000,000 in 1912; when the new works now begun are completed its development will no doubt be even more rapid. As a naval base it is also a place of considerable strength. Brindisi, both from its geographical position far from the rich markets of central Europe and its natural conditions, is much less favourably situated, although it has developed to some extent as a point of departure for steamers sailing for Greece, Constantinople, Egypt, etc. Between these two ports there are only Ancona, comparatively small and artificial, and Bari, which is also artificial but has made much progress in recent years. Joachim Murat, King of Naples, found Bari at the beginning of the 19th century, in spite of its splendid past under the Normans, a wretched fishing village clustering round its famous Norman churches and the Hohenstaufen castle; he laid the foundations of the new Bari, which has now grown into a handsome modern town of 100,000 inhabitants, with many industries and a good harbour, which, however, needs to be enlarged. It has a considerable trade with the Levant, especially with Albania, and has an especial attraction for the Christians of the East in its patron saint St Nicholas, an object of veneration to the Orthodox no less than to the Catholics.

But, if the western coast thus labours under many natural drawbacks, in other respects it enjoys advantages over the opposite shore. In the first place, the whole Italian peninsula is inhabited by a people of a single race, speaking one language and under the same civilised

Government. The soil at the head of the Gulf and for about a third of the way down, as well as a great deal of that of Apulia, is extremely fertile; and even in the mountainous central zone of the Marches and the Abruzzi there are some very productive districts. A line of railway follows the coast from the Austrian frontier to the extreme heel of Italy, with many branches connecting with the rest of the country and north and central Europe. The Venetian and Lombard plains, besides having a highly developed agriculture, are also to a large extent industrialised; and even in the less progressive South industries are arising.

On the Illyrian shore we find an entirely different situation. Trieste, Pola, Fiume, Sebenico, Spalato, Gravosa, Cattaro, and Valona possess admirable, well-protected natural harbours, all except the last provided with important artificial improvements; Sebenico, Pola and Cattaro are first-rate naval bases, while the others are well adapted for commercial purposes. Railway facilities are less satisfactory, for, while Trieste and Fiume are connected with the interior by several lines and Pola by one, the other ports have only local lines, some of them narrow-gauge, and a large part of the country, including all Albania, is wholly without railways. The trade of Trieste is over 4,000,000 tons per annum, and that of Fiume has also grown rapidly, while that of the other ports is insignificant. But the chief difference between the two shores lies in their political conditions. The eastern coast, unlike that of Italy, is divided between several Governments of varying degrees of civilisation; the territory from the Italian frontier to the Bocche di Cattaro is under a single State, whose rule varies in its different provinces, but is not really popular with any of its subjects and is bitterly disliked by some. Nor are the inhabitants all of one race. Italians, Slavs, Magyars, Germans and Albanians are scattered along the coast and struggle for the mastery of the land and the waters. The districts of Gorizia and Gradisca, Trieste and Istria are united under a single Austrian governor, but have separate local assemblies or diets, which do not enjoy any real autonomy. Dalmatia is another Austrian province with its own governor and diet. Croatia-Slavonia is an autonomous province dependent on Hungary,

with a Hungarian Governor and a local parliament; while Fiume, as we have seen, is a *corpus separatum*, also with a Hungarian governor and represented in the parliament of Budapest. Bosnia and Herzegovina are provinces administered jointly by the Austrian and Hungarian Governments, with a local assembly but very little autonomy.

— We have seen that until 1859 and even down to 1866 Austria was to a large extent an Italian Power, while Italian was the official language of the Adriatic provinces. But after the creation of the Italian kingdom she not only lost possession of Lombardy and Venetia, but ceased to have any direct influence in the rest of the country. Sadowa deprived her of all control over Germany, where her place was taken by Prussia; and her German subjects were reduced to less than half of the population even of Cisleithania. The Constitution of 1867 gave ever-increasing importance to numbers, while the 'Ausgleich' concluded with Hungary in the same year made the Magyars supreme in Transleithania. In Austria proper the Slavs came to exercise more and more influence, while the Italians were reduced to a negligible quantity, and were, moreover, distrusted as disloyal to the Empire and in sympathy with their free brethren in the Italian kingdom. The Imperial and Royal Government therefore adopted a policy favourable to the Slavs, whom it feared because they were numerous; and, as a reward for their loyalty, it let them loose on the Italians. The main principle of that Government has always been to set one race against another, and thus to procure an 'equilibrium of discontent' among its various ill-assorted peoples. Its policy in the Adriatic provinces has been to promote disputes not only between Italians and Slavs, but also between the two branches of the Southern Slavs themselves, viz. the Serbs and the Croats. These two communities are practically one people, but they are divided by religion, the former being Orthodox and the latter Catholic. The object of Austrian statesmen was to develop a strong Catholic South Slavonic movement, wholly under the auspices of the Monarchy, as a bulwark against Italian irredentism, pan-Slavism encouraged by Orthodox Russia, and the Serb movement which derived its inspiration from the free Serbs of Serbia and

Montenegro. They hoped thus to establish a firm basis for the mastery of the Adriatic and all the Near East.

The division of the population in the Illyrian lands is as follows. At Trieste, out of a total of 220,000 inhabitants, about three-fourths are Italians, and the rest (save for a few thousand imported Germans), Slovenes, most of them also recent importations of the Government to fill the public offices and swamp the elections. In Gorizia-Gradisca Italians and Slovenes are almost equally matched. In Istria rather more than one-third are Italians, almost all on the west coast, and the rest Slavs (Slovenes in the north and west and Croats in the south-east). The whole of Croatia-Slavonia is Slav (two-thirds Croats and one-third Serbs), save at Fiume, where about half the people are Italians. In Dalmatia the enormous majority are Croats and Serbs, and about five to ten per cent. Italians;* the latter are all in the coast towns, but Zara is the only purely Italian town. Everywhere, however, the Italians represent the educated, cultured, propertied class, most of the intellectuals, the landlords, the business and professional men being Italians; and the character of the civilisation of the towns is essentially Italian, even where the Slavs are in a majority. The Slavs, until comparatively recent times, were mere ignorant boors, and even now the small educated class speak Italian as well as their own language. But during the last half century they have achieved much progress since the founding by Louis Gay of the 'Illyrian' movement. The universities of Agram and Belgrade and the South Slavonic Academy in the former city, the pioneer work of Monsignor Strossmayer, Gladstone's friend, the society of St Cyril and St Methodius, the numerous schools scattered all over the South Slavonic lands, the capital provided by the other Slav peoples, especially the Czechs and the Russians, have awakened in this people a national conscience. Naturally they have tended to emancipate themselves from Italian influence and to gain a footing

* In Austria-Hungary, as in the Balkans, it is very difficult to establish the exact proportions of the various nationalities, as there are large numbers of persons of uncertain origin, while many proclaim themselves now members of one race and now of another, according to the political exigencies of the moment.

in the coast towns; but unfortunately the Austrian Government, for purposes of its own, not only encouraged this movement but utilised it as an instrument against the Italian element. The result has been that Italian civilisation in Dalmatia is almost stamped out, while in Trieste, Istria and Gorizia the Italians, persecuted by the authorities, harried by the police, deprived of innumerable rights, and ever threatened by the advancing tide of Slovenes and Serbo-Croats, have to fight desperately for their schools, their language, their very national existence. In Croatia-Slavonia, on the other hand, it is the Slavs who are oppressed; the Hungarian Government having failed to Magyarise the population, coerces it by means of incredible electoral corruption and violence, retards its development, and exploits the country for the exclusive benefit of Hungary. Bosnia and Herzegovina, until the annexation in 1908, were ruled despotically by an Austro-Hungarian administration, but a limited form of autonomy has lately been granted; although the Government has introduced many material improvements, politically it satisfies none of the three elements of the population—Orthodox Serbs, Mohammedans and Catholics, all of Serbo-Croatian stock.

The policy of promoting discord between Serbs and Croats succeeded admirably until some fifteen years ago, all the favours being reserved for the Austrophil Catholic Croats, whereas the Serbs were regarded as disloyal and treated almost as rebels. Two possible solutions of the Southern Slav question, which so intimately concern the Adriatic, were contemplated. According to one view, the Slovene parts of Carinthia and Styria, Carniola, the Littoral,* Croatia-Slavonia, Dalmatia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, and perhaps even Serbia and Montenegro, were to be welded into a single State under the Habsburg crown, forming the third partner in the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. The Mágyars strongly opposed 'trialism,' as this movement is called, because its realisation would reduce their relative importance in the Monarchy and also deprive them of their outlet to the

* The term 'Littoral' is here used for the German *Küstenland*, and comprises Gorizia-Gradisca, Trieste and Istria. Italians call this territory *Venezia Giulia*.

sea; while the Italians were no less hostile, for they saw that it would result in the sweeping away of every trace of *Italianità* on the coast. At Vienna trialism had many influential supporters, including, it is said, the late Archduke Franz Ferdinand, but it was not regarded with favour in all official circles. The other movement was for a Greater Serbia, to comprise all the Southern Slavs under the ægis of Belgrade and independently of Austria. Frankly hostile to the existing order of things in the Dual Monarchy, its adherents advocated eventual rebellion and even war. The Serbs had no particular sympathy for the Italians, but, as they attached less importance to Trieste and Istria than did the Croats and Slovenes and were strongly anti-Austrian, they were not averse to an understanding with Italy.

About the year 1900 a new movement arose for a union between the Serbs and the Croats, which came to a head in 1905, much to the alarm of Austria, in whose eyes no crime is greater than that of 'bringing together those whom it has elected to keep asunder.' The carefully built-up edifice of Serbo-Croat rivalry, of hostility between Italians and Slavs, Magyars and Slavs, and the exploitation of Bosnia-Herzegovina for the benefit of Germans and Hungarians, which established a perfect if unstable equilibrium, threatened to collapse; and a new and more dangerous form of irredentism loomed up on the political horizon. Among the attempts to ward it off the Agram trial and the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina must be counted. But, so long as Serbia was weak and small, the situation was not critical, for the struggling kingdom could not exercise a very powerful attraction for peoples who, however discontented they might be with the alien and unsympathetic Government under which they lived, realised that it was fairly efficient and honest. The Balkan wars and the consequent triumph and aggrandisement of Serbia brought the crisis to a head and welded the union of the Southern Slavs. This was one of the chief reasons for Austria's attack on Serbia in July 1914. But the outbreak of the war has served to consolidate this union and to strengthen the opposition of all the inhabitants of the Adriatic coast to Austrian rule. A significant symptom is that many of the leading anti-Italian agitators of the

Littoral and Dalmatia have had to take refuge in Italy; the other Slav leaders are mostly in prison. South of Dalmatia we have the small state of Montenegro, with its very limited seaboard and its one port of Antivari; then the wild Albanian shore. Serbia's aspiration for a seaboard is an article of faith in that country; and during the first Balkan war she nearly realised it. But Austria, who did not intend to see her last opening for intrigue and influence in the Balkans closed, willed otherwise. She insisted on the creation of the Albanian State; and the other Powers, including Italy who, in spite of her rivalry with Austria, feared a Serbian port on the Adriatic as a possible opening for Russia, supported her. Thus Albania came into the world, but the new-born State possesses no real vitality.

In conclusion, we have now on the eastern shore of the Adriatic four peoples struggling for mastery. The Italians have tradition and culture on their side, but form a numerical majority only in the northern territories; they are in close sympathy with the Italians of Italy and fight to uphold Italian influence even where they are in a minority. The Southern Slavs, who may now be regarded as one people, aspire to union under a single national Government with a considerable seaboard. The Magyars are a wholly inland people, and, as they can only retain their access to the coast by riding roughshod over a wide tract of non-Magyar lands, they would seem destined to a more restricted field of action. The Germans, who have their natural seaboard in the North, aspire also to a window on the Adriatic and look upon Trieste as their own heritage regardless of the wishes of its inhabitants, who are determined to be Italians. It would seem, if one dare forecast the future, that the Adriatic will eventually be divided between the Italians and the Southern Slavs; the former, in virtue of their superior civilisation and their greater aptitude for the sea, deserve to have the predominance, but there is no reason why they should not come to an understanding with the Slavs, having in the main the same interests and the same enemies. The dividing line between their respective spheres is not easy to find; and the extremists on both sides are apt to claim too much. Trieste cannot be other than an

Italian city, but it would be difficult to make Dalmatia an Italian province once more. The task would not be impossible, but, by occupying the whole of it or even the northern part as far as the Narenta, Italy would risk creating a new irredentism within her own gates, a movement in favour of the union of Dalmatia with the Slavs beyond the border. Perhaps the frontier might be that indicated by Dante, viz. the Quarnero, 'che Italia chiude e i suoi termini bagna.'

But an agreement between the two peoples should not be limited to a question of frontiers. The Adriatic is bound to be a waterway for peaceful traffic and a means of uniting the various peoples dwelling on its shores. It would seem as though Italy's mission on this sea were to extend her civilisation and culture even to nations of a different race, and to radiate into the rising Balkan States the benefits of her own older tradition and longer experience. Those countries have great potential wealth and untouched resources. Italian capital and Italian technical skill will help to develop them; Italian industry will furnish them with much of the products which they formerly drew from Austria-Hungary; while Italy herself offers them a good market for a large part of their raw materials. The Danube-Adriatic railways, which will undoubtedly be built some day, will thus revive the old trade routes whereby in the Middle Ages the silks, woollen stuffs and other manufactured goods of Lombardy, Venice and Florence were exchanged by way of Dalmatia with the hides and minerals produced by the Serbia of Urosh and Dushan. There is, in fact, every reason for the cordial co-operation of the Italians and the Southern Slavs; and, now that Italy has entered the lists by declaring war against Austria, comradeship on the stricken field should weld this friendship still more closely.

Art. 3.—THE TRUSTEES' REPORT ON THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Report and Minutes of Evidence of the Committee of Trustees of the National Gallery. (Cd. 7878-9.) London: Wyman, 1915.

No apology is needed even at this time for dealing with the Report just published on the retention of important pictures in this country, and other matters connected with the National Art Collections, including the resources and administration of our National Gallery. The Committee of Trustees of the National Gallery, appointed for the purpose of considering and reporting upon these questions, have devoted a substantial part of the Report to recommendations for an increased annual grant available for purchases. Owing to the war these recommendations have, of course, become academic. Not only is there no question of any increase, but the Treasury has decided that for the current year even the ordinary grant of 5,000*l.* shall be withdrawn. However much the decision may be regretted, in view of the opportunities likely to occur of adding important works as a result of the war, and in particular in filling, at a reasonable cost, the considerable *lacunæ* that still exist, it cannot be denied that there is justification for this course. In the struggle for national self-preservation in which we are engaged we must be prepared to sacrifice even Art. At least as important, however, as the recommendations involving financial obligations is the large portion of the Report devoted to administration and kindred subjects, to which effect can be given without any additional cost to the nation. It is much to be hoped that time will be found for the careful and sympathetic consideration of these proposals. Indeed this work might well devolve upon the many keen and active individuals who are unable for one reason or another to take any other part in national service. If action is taken in regard to so much of the Report as does not depend upon finance, and the consequent and very necessary reforms are inaugurated without delay, there will be greater hope of satisfying the Treasury in happier days of the reasonableness of the financial demands.

Turning to the Report itself, it is somewhat disquieting to find that not since the year 1853 have the matters there dealt with been considered and reported upon in any full and systematic manner. Yet, since that date, the National Gallery itself has grown out of all knowledge, while the National Gallery of British Art has also come into existence.

For some years prior to the year 1913 attention had been drawn publicly in the Press and elsewhere to the need for a careful investigation, not only into the exodus of great masterpieces from this country, which had been constantly assuming the gravest proportions, but also into many questions connected with the development and administration of our great Art Collections. In 1903 the formation of the National Art-Collections Fund, and the success which attended its earliest efforts, drew the attention of art-lovers throughout the country to the vital interests of the nation in the retention and proper use of its great riches of works of art. In 1911 the present writer published 'The Nation and its Art Treasures,' in which he endeavoured to state briefly some of the most urgent problems that had arisen, and to collect and put forward for consideration various suggestions for dealing with them in the interests of the nation at large. At the end of 1911 the Trustees of the National Gallery appointed a committee of four of their number, consisting of Lord Curzon of Kedleston (Chairman), Lord D'Abernon, Mr R. H. Benson, and Sir Charles Holroyd, the Director, with the writer as Honorary Secretary. The work undertaken by the Committee consisted in the accumulation of a large amount of evidence, not only on the main question under consideration, but on the many side-issues, which, as soon as investigation began, were found to be involved. A large amount of evidence was taken and was of the most representative character, including as it did the evidence of the President of the Royal Academy, of the Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, of the heads of Departments at the British Museum, of the Keepers of the Tate Gallery and of the Wallace Collection, of the Director of the National Portrait Gallery, of the then Director of the National Gallery of Ireland, of leading writers and authorities upon Art, and of experts

directly concerned with the purchase or valuation of pictures.

It is impossible to give within the limits of a short article a complete conspectus of the problems considered and dealt with in a report which, with the evidence and Appendices, covers some 170 closely printed pages; but, while those interested in our National Art Collections must be referred to the Report itself, some idea of the magnitude and importance of the questions involved, and the courses recommended for their solution, may be attempted.

In an introductory paragraph the Committee's Report, which has been approved and adopted by the whole Board of Trustees, points out that the problem is one, not merely of finance or opportunity or policy, but of administration and organisation; and that more scientific and effective co-ordination might be a material factor in producing better results for our National Collections. It proceeds (Part I) to show that the National Gallery, though representative, is by no means as completely so as is often believed, and that there remain a number of important masters either quite unrepresented or inadequately represented on its walls.

The recent enormous rise in the value of works of art, amounting in some cases to many hundreds per cent., is so well known that it may be a matter of surprise to many to learn that, while the prices to be paid for pictures have risen, the amount granted by the Government for their purchase has actually fallen. Yet such is the case. From 1865 to 1889 the average Parliamentary Grant for purchases for the National Gallery (including both ordinary and extraordinary grants) amounted to some 13,000*l.* per annum. From 1892 to 1901 it fell to under 7,000*l.*, and from 1902 to 1911 rose only to some 9,000*l.* Yet during this period the expenditure of the State on all other matters has, as is well known, enormously increased. It is also somewhat surprising to note that, since the formation of the Gallery, the total Government contributions towards the purchase of pictures have amounted to less than 720,000*l.*; and that, of the 2,863 pictures of which the Collection consists, only 606 have been purchased out of Government money. Where then, it may be asked, have the

remaining funds and pictures come from? The answer is, from private contributions by individuals, from the income from patriotic bequests and legacies, and from the contributions of the National Art-Collections Fund, which last alone amount to more than 120,000*l*. The present position is, therefore, that, while the Parliamentary Grants are less than at a much earlier period, the market price of purchases is incomparably higher, and the purchasing power of the Trustees is consequently reduced in both ways. Further, while the Government is contributing a smaller sum, the generosity of private persons is becoming more and more marked; and in consequence the Government is doing less, and private effort more, than their fair share.

Part II of the Report deals with suggestions for reform. These include the consideration of proposals for restricting the rights of owners to export their pictures, the increase of financial resources for the acquisition of pictures, and the question of raising further money, available for purchases, by taxation. As to restrictions on the rights of owners, whether on the lines of the Italian legislation or otherwise, the Committee will have none of it, and condemn such proposals without hesitation, as being costly, inquisitorial and ineffective. They reject also the suggestion that a large capital sum should be set aside by Parliament for the acquisition of a limited number of masterpieces, though only on the ground that there is no prospect of Parliament considering such a project with favour. The Committee recommend, however, that the Annual Ordinary Purchase Grant shall be raised from the 5,000*l*. of which it at present consists (having been 10,000*l*. from 1865 to 1888) to 25,000*l*.

The Report then proceeds to consider whether such increased grant should be raised by any form of financial expedient, and to consider the advisability of special taxation. The proposal of a tax of, say, 10 per cent. on the gross proceeds of the sale of works of art by auction is recommended; the tax to be collected and paid to the Treasury by the auctioneer, with the corollary that the proceeds of such tax be added to the grant available for purchase by the various National Museums and Galleries, in proportion as the proceeds are derived from the sale

of pictures on the one hand or other works of art on the other. In support of this recommendation it is pointed out that it is fair to tax public sales while exempting private sales, because in the former case the vendor obtains great advantage in the much wider market open to him, for which it is not unreasonable that he should pay something; and secondly, because the system of taxing public auctions, while exempting private sales, has been for many years successfully and effectively carried out in other countries. The evidence placed before the Committee testifies to a strong consensus of opinion that the charges made by auctioneers in England are very large, varying, as they do, from $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on pictures to $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on engravings and other objects, while the services rendered and the responsibilities incurred by them are far less than those customary in France. A tax of 10 per cent., it is calculated, would produce at least 25,000*l.* per annum.

Dealing then with additional assistance from private sources, the Report goes on to emphasise how much has already been done in this direction. It will be a surprise to many to learn that more than three quarters of the pictures in the National Gallery have been secured out of private resources, as against only one quarter purchased out of public money. The Committee rightly draw special attention to the extraordinary efforts made by the National Art-Collections Fund during the ten years of its existence, and advocate that efforts should be made to increase the membership, and consequently the resources, of this body, by conferring additional privileges upon its members beyond those already secured; and in particular by giving the right of free entry on paying days to the National Collections on production of a card of membership—a privilege already enjoyed by the Amis du Louvre, the corresponding Society in France.

The Report then proceeds to deal with methods of obtaining the refusal of Old Masters. This most difficult problem is treated fully and frankly; and the Committee come to the conclusion that it is not desirable to draw up an official or public Register of works of art in this country, or to legislate in order to compel their owners to grant rights of pre-emption or option to the nation,

or otherwise to restrict the free enjoyment and disposition of such works. In fact, they are against compulsion. They hold rather that the Trustees and Director should undertake the task of approaching confidentially owners of collections containing pictures which they consider either essential or highly desirable for the nation, and to endeavour by private negotiation to obtain the offer of the refusal of such pictures for the nation. They also recommend that in the case of the sale of a masterpiece to the nation, the proceeds of the sale should be exempted from aggregation for the purpose of Estate Duty on the death of the seller, in itself a substantial benefit. In the same sense they suggest that the Finance Acts of 1894, 1896, and 1910, in so far as they exempted works of art from Death Duties, should be revised, with a view to obtaining for the nation certain advantages in return for the exemptions granted.

Part III of the Report deals exclusively with the position of the National Gallery in relation to the other National Collections, and in particular with the collection of pictures at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The relation of the National Gallery to the other Collections raises, of course, the large and difficult question of co-ordination between them, as opposed to the existing overlapping and consequent possibility of competition. Emphasis is laid upon the special position of the Victoria and Albert Museum in regard to pictures, both oil-paintings and water-colours. The Committee of Trustees of the National Gallery admit that, short of an entire rearrangement of the National Collections, it is impossible to arrive at a completely logical or satisfactory plan, so as to avoid or to meet all the difficulties involved, and that the obstacles are too great to admit of any revolutionary reform; but they sketch out the lines of a policy upon which it might be desirable to proceed, and assert roundly that it is the want of system in these matters that has been responsible for much of the existing confusion. The Committee, therefore, counsel that, as already recommended by the Committee of the Victoria and Albert Museum, the oil-paintings in the Museum be transferred to the Trustees of the National Gallery, or placed at their disposal by an extended policy of loans; and that only such oil-paintings be retained at

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South Kensington as may be required for the illustration of decorative art.

Passing to the question of water-colours, they are of opinion that the British Museum, which collects unfinished sketches and drawings, and solely with a view to illustrating the methods of artists in their sketches, should continue to do so, while the Victoria and Albert Museum should retain such water-colours as are required for its particular purposes; but that an attempt should be made to co-ordinate the National Collection of water-colours as such, and to provide for a permanent exhibition of this most characteristic branch of British Art, by the erection of a Gallery specially devoted to the purpose. In order to provide against the danger from which many specimens of this delicate and fugitive medium have already suffered, they further advise that the majority of the water-colours should be stored under a print-room system, with temporary exhibitions of selected pictures, varied from time to time, always on view. Consequently, they suggest that, with a view to the formation of such a Gallery, the duty of purchasing water-colours for the nation should devolve for the future upon the Trustees of the Tate Gallery, out of funds to be provided for the purpose. Here, at last, is a considered scheme, based upon the admitted interests and requirements of both institutions, framed in the special interests of the objects themselves, and not hitherto adopted only because of the haphazard manner in which the Collections have been brought together and arranged.

On the absence of any Gallery of Modern Foreign pictures and sculpture, the Report is deservedly severe. While some pictures of modern Continental Schools, the work of artists either still living or only recently dead, have, as the Report points out, already attained to the rank of classics, and whereas in some foreign Galleries, a deliberate and well-considered attempt is made to do justice, e.g. to modern British Art, we in this country appear to possess neither policy nor method. The fact is that the nation is at present suffering in two ways. No public funds are considered to be available for the purchase of modern foreign pictures; and at the same time, private persons are deterred from contributing funds, or modern pictures, to the National

Collections, owing to there being no obviously suitable place in which they can be exhibited. At the same time, the Government hesitate to provide a suitable building so long as there is no substantial collection to be housed. The dilemma is obvious—no Gallery because no Collection; no Collection because no Gallery.

The Committee suggest that, failing an independent site elsewhere, part of the vacant space at the Tate Gallery should be used for the erection of a Gallery, at least as a temporary measure, and that to it should be moved such modern foreign pictures as are available from the National Gallery and Victoria and Albert Museum. In view of the hopelessness, in present circumstances, of expecting the Government to undertake this task for some years to come, the nation must look to some public-spirited and wealthy lover of the Arts to undertake this great service to his country. The name of Sir Henry Tate in the Tate Gallery has completely triumphed over the official title, 'The National Gallery of British Art,' in the minds of most of us; by whose name will this long-needed new Gallery be known? It seems incredible that the opportunity can remain open much longer. It is to be hoped, too, that the generous bequest of Sir Hugh Lane may give the necessary stimulus to the provision of a suitable building.

The position of the Tate Gallery is unfortunately inseparably bound up with the question of the Chantrey Bequest. It is not always realised that the Tate Gallery is administered by the same body of Trustees as the National Gallery, of which it forms a part. Sir Henry Tate's gift devoted the Gallery to British Art, without qualification of date; and the Report points out that the practice, by which the Gallery has been consecrated to modern British Art only, is the result of convenience rather than of any preconceived plan. Hitherto, with the exception of Turner, British pictures painted by artists born before 1790 have been hung in the National Gallery, and those by artists born after that date in the Tate. The Committee recommend a change in this arrangement, with a view to the gradual conversion of the Tate Gallery from a place exclusively devoted to *modern* British Art into a true gallery of British Art, subject always to the proviso that the finest examples

should continue, as now, to be hung in the National Gallery. They point out that the relation of the two Galleries would thus become very much like those of the Luxembourg and the Louvre, the younger gallery becoming a feeder for the older one, sending up to it, from time to time, such pictures as have attained to the higher standard of the Old Masters. The movement would, of course, be reciprocal, the National Gallery thereby obtaining relief and space by sending to the Tate Gallery the minor works of the older Masters, and the Tate Gallery thus becoming in fact, as well as in name, a National Gallery of British Art. At the same time the National Gallery, by eliminating a number of works of secondary importance, would gain much needed and valuable space for the better exhibition of its masterpieces.

Such a scheme inevitably involves the consideration of where to find the necessary new space that would be required at the Tate Gallery, and leads to a consideration of the problem of the Chantrey Bequest. The Committee point out that practically no action has been taken upon the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords, which in 1904 suggested a reform in the constitution of the purchasing body responsible for purchases under the Chantrey Bequest. The Committee of Trustees of the National Gallery show greater courage than their predecessors, and, as a result of the evidence called before them, accept the view that many of the Chantrey pictures are of inferior merit, and are a discredit to the walls of the Tate Gallery; and that the low standard set up by these paintings makes it impossible to invite distinguished artists to offer their pictures for the honour of being represented there. A double standard of admission is thus set up, the Trustees sometimes refusing pictures superior in artistic merit to those which are forced upon them under the Chantrey Bequest. The Committee state that the proposed conversion of the Tate Gallery into a representative Gallery of British Art is incapable of attainment, so long as the Chantrey pictures are hung indiscriminately on the walls of the Gallery. They recommend that, failing a solution by agreement, legislation be undertaken to place the Chantrey Bequest on a sound footing, and to vest its administration in the Trustees of the National Gallery;

and that, with a view to such legislation, the Trustees of the National Gallery should notify those responsible for the administration of the Chantrey Bequest that they are not in future prepared to accept pictures or sculpture in the selection of which they have had no voice, but for which, irrespective of merit, they are nevertheless expected to provide accommodation. Finally, they are of the opinion that, failing such legislation, the Trustees should withdraw from permanent exhibition such Chantrey pictures as are unworthy, either by placing them in the cellars, or lending them to provincial Galleries.

The last part of the Report deals with administrative reforms, especially with the separation of the administration of the National and Tate Galleries. The present system, by which the Keeper of the Tate Gallery is a subordinate of the Director, and has no official place at the meetings of the Board, which he does not even attend, is far from satisfactory. Moreover, the Tate Gallery has no income of its own; and meetings of the Trustees are never held there. Two alternatives were considered—the total or the partial separation of the administration of the two Galleries; and the Committee, while admitting that under the present system the smaller and younger institution does not get fair play, report in favour of the separation of the administration being partial. They point out that the connexion between the two Galleries must always be a close one, especially as they have already recommended the voluntary exchange of contents, which will, in future, always be going on between them. In these circumstances, they recommend that the administration of the Tate Gallery should be transferred to a new Board of Trustees, to be constituted partly by the Trustees of the National Gallery from their own number, partly from other persons appointed for their special interest in, or knowledge of, modern art; that the Keeper of the Tate Gallery be appointed its Director; and that the meetings of the Board be held at the Tate Gallery. As a consequence, they also consider that, unless the income from the Chantrey Bequest can be placed at the disposal of the new Board, an annual grant should be made to it by the Government.

Important questions are dealt with in connexion with these administrative reforms in regard to the storage, loan, interchange and sale of pictures. The Report advocates strongly an extension of the principle of storage; and the reasons in its favour are cogent. At present, considerations of wall-space dominate the situation. Consequently, the Trustees are often unable to accept a gift or legacy, for want of space, because a sufficient existing representation of the painter already exists, because of the unsuitability of the pictures offered for public exhibition, or because of the secondary rank of the artist. Practically all pictures so refused are permanently lost to the nation. On the other hand, if the principle of storage is accepted, more space is provided for the proper exhibition of the pictures. Others also can be accepted which are of real interest to students and are valuable for the history of Art, but which would, at present, be refused on any of the above grounds. The cost of storage is small and ample space exists in the basements. The pictures exhibited under these conditions could be lent to provincial and other Galleries if desired, and would be in considerable demand for this purpose. On the other hand, as the Committee point out, there would not, under such a system, be the slightest depreciation of the high standard of quality which the Trustees have hitherto endeavoured to maintain, a standard which is perhaps the outstanding feature of the National Gallery Collection. Indeed no single picture that is not in every respect worthy of exhibition would be hung upon the walls of the National Gallery. On the contrary, the standard would be actually raised by withdrawing into storage some of the least good pictures at present exhibited.

In regard to loans, the Committee recommend that the existing provisions, which are governed by the National Gallery Loan Act (1856), should be applied on a greatly extended scale, and be made applicable even to our Colonies and over-seas Dominions. They further suggest that powers of interchange both with the Galleries in the United Kingdom and abroad be simultaneously obtained. The Report lays stress on the fact that many Continental Galleries are lamentably deficient in works by English masters, in which we are very rich,

and illustrates this by the case of Turner, as regards both his oil-paintings and his drawings. On the other hand, foreign Galleries are often as generously supplied with works of their own schools, in which we are seriously lacking. An exchange of superfluities by way of mutual loans for urgent needs would obviously be to the advantage of both countries. What do Frenchmen who cannot come to England know of the work of Turner or Gainsborough? Gainsborough is represented in the Louvre by a still-life picture of doubtful authenticity. We could well spare one or two examples of both these great English painters in exchange for, say, some fine French portraits and genre pictures of the 18th century in which we are found wanting.

What the Report terms the important but complex question of the relation of the Director of the National Gallery to the Trustees is dealt with briefly at the end of the Report; but in Appendix 26 is set out Lord Rosebery's Treasury Minute of 1894, in which the system of an autocratic Director, established on the advice of a select Committee in 1855, was abolished in favour of the system now existing, under which the Board, and not the Director, is responsible for all purchases made. The public will also be able to read for the first time the Trustees' own Resolutions of 1902, placing still further restrictions upon the methods of purchase, together with Lord Carlisle's Memorandum on the subject, criticising the Resolutions of 1902, and advocating a return to the conditions existing prior to the Rosebery Minute. The Report itself points out that a considerable body of outside opinion was in favour of reverting to the older system that prevailed from 1855 to 1894, under which the Director enjoyed almost autonomous powers; and that the Committee themselves were divided in opinion on the matter, two being in favour and two against any change.

ROBERT C. WITT.

Art. 4.—IÑES DE CASTRO AND PEDRO OF PORTUGAL. ✓

THE 14th century was the time of Froissart and the Chroniclers. It was the Golden Age of story-telling. To us, who read those stories now, the picture that remains is one of a shadowy plain, half-hidden by drifting mists. The sunshine is bright on the mountain-tops, which rise here and there, crowned by palaces, with castles and fair gardens on their slopes. There in clear light people move. Knights ride out to battle, or go hunting with falcons and hounds. They revel and sing. There are tournaments and much feasting. All these things the writers of the old books loved, naïvely, as children love fairy tales. In that spirit they write their histories of the things which seem important in their eyes, uncritically, redundantly, for the pleasure of the telling. Therefore they are the most human of all historians, though they concern themselves so little with humanity in the wide sense.

It is one of these old true tales of theirs which I should like to tell again, the story of Doña Iñes de Castro, called 'Coello de Garza,' her life, her death, and the events which followed after, as they are related in the book of Fernando Lopes, Grand Chronicler of the Kingdom of Portugal in the latter half of the 14th century. It happened in the reign of Alphonso IV. This king succeeded his father Dinis on the throne of Portugal in the year 1325. A gentle-natured creature Dinis had been, delighting in poetry and music, and comfortable, pleasant things. He had made his palace a centre for the Troubadours, whose day was over in the countries whose glory they had been. In Portugal they found an Indian summer; for the verses written at the court of Dinis have for the last time the real touch of the old singers of Provence.

The King wrote many of the best of them himself. But his wife, his kingdom and his son were vexatious interruptions to his scheme of life. The Queen, the sainted Isabel of Aragon, disapproved of it actively. She disliked her husband's court and all its ways. Finally she built for herself a convent in the valley below the town of Coimbra, and adjoining it a house, in which she could

take refuge sometimes from him and his Troubadours. There she followed her own ways and led her own life austere, practising her charities and happy among her nuns. She would have been horrified undoubtedly if she could have foreseen that an irony of fortune would make her house the retreat of Iñes de Castro. She died in 1336, ten years later than her husband, for Dinis had ended his cheerful life in 1325. He was mourned by his subjects. His death broke up a circle and ended an era. His minstrels wandered away and found no other home among the courts of Europe. Portugal, under her new King, heard the blasts of trumpets oftener than the music of lutes.

When once King Alphonso had gathered up the reins of government, he drove with a strong hand to the end. Before he came to the throne the Moors had been expelled from Portugal itself, but there was no security that they might not pour across her borders again at any moment, like the sudden waves of an ebbing tide. They were constantly invading Castile. Alphonso, who loved fighting, joyfully sped away to the rescue on these occasions, and he never returned defeated. But it was not until the year 1340 that the work was done. In that year his subjects saw him ride home, carrying the brazen trumpet of Abu Hassam, the leader of the Moors, and heard that he had fought a great battle at Tarifa, and that the enemy were scattered and flying. They never again invaded Castile in any numbers.

The King came back to Portugal and proceeded to try to set his own house in order. It is at this point that his interference in the affairs of Iñes de Castro begins; and, to make it understood, her story must be told from its beginning, long before the King plunges into the midst of it. He played a brutal part in it, but Alphonso was no cultivator of the finer feelings. He differed in this from his father and his son, as well as from his countrymen. King Dinis' delight in poetry and life's gaieties, and the passionate gloomy sentimentality which we shall presently see in King Pedro, were qualities thoroughly Portuguese. This is the reason why the tragedy of Iñes de Castro and Pedro has rooted itself so deeply in the nation's memory, and become encrusted with so much tradition. In these emotions King Alphonso had no

share. The murder of Iñes was an outbreak of his natural instincts, which were brutal. It failed of its end, and makes a blot on a fair record. But in spite of it Alphonso was no devil; and, as we are to think of him mostly in connexion with this, his ugliest action, it is well also to remember the words in which the old Chronicler sums him up—'Rey muito honesto,' he says, 'a very upright king.'

In the year 1335 Iñes de Castro left her native Castile and came over the mountains into Portugal. At that time Alphonso IV had been ten years king. Under his rule the narrow kingdom of the west was holding her own among her neighbours, keeping her borders clear, building up her defences in ingenious ways, not only against the open enemy but also the seeming friend. The Christian princes of Spain reposed in each other no undue confidence. Nevertheless the Royal Houses intermarried most bewilderingly, and apparently fixed as high hopes upon the political results of these alliances as if experience had not shown them that brothers-in-law fought each other quite as gaily as anybody else. King Alphonso was particularly fond of spinning these matrimonial webs; and the occasion of the coming of Iñes to his kingdom was the marriage of the Prince Pedro, heir to the throne, to Donna Costanza, daughter of Juan Manuel, Duke of Villena in the kingdom of Castile. To this lady, Iñes was cousin, a daughter herself to the great Spanish house of Castro, many times allied to kings. Her father, Dom Pedro Fernandez de Castro, surnamed the Warrior, owner of many sounding titles in the Spanish tongue, which translate poorly into their English equivalents, Captain General of Frontaria, and Grand Chamberlain to the King of Castile, held his territories among the Galician hills. Her two brothers we shall hear more of later, when they were high in favour at the court of Portugal, swaggering through audience chambers, protected momentarily by their sister's power from the anger of a nation whose blood was as hot and haughty as their own. Iñes came down from her father's mountain-castle in the train of her cousin; and so it happened that both women saw Pedro for the first time on the same day. The fates of the three were not separated again.

The marriage of Pedro with the Castilian Princess was characteristically complicated. Costanza had been repudiated just before by her husband the King of Castile, in order that he might marry instead of her Pedro's own sister the Princess of Portugal. Pedro himself had been affianced to another Castilian, Princess Branca, who had been brought up at the Portuguese Court and always destined to be his wife. The poor thing was half-idiotic, and died soon after in some nunnery, when the coming of her supplanter Costanza forced her away from the place which had always been her home.

Such were the arrangements made by King Alphonso for the marriage of his eldest son, and such the foundations for the rejoicings with which he welcomed the bride, little thinking that she brought along with her, in her cousin the Lady Iñes, the destruction of his hopes and of his kingdom's peace.

Pedro was very young at the time of his marriage with Costanza, young, gay, and very certain of himself, a poet like his grandfather King Dinis, a soldier like Alphonso his father. Iñes, when she came to Portugal, was a creature to draw all men's eyes. 'Coello de Garza' they called her, or 'The Heron-necked.' Her hair was long and golden. Four hundred years after her death, when Junot's soldiers tore off the marble top of the tomb in which she lies by Pedro's side in the royal abbey of Alcobaça, they found among her bones the thick strands of the marvellous yellow hair which the old books tell of.

How soon they loved each other after they met it is not possible to say. Donna Theresa Lourenço, a country-woman of his own, held Pedro's affections before the coming of the Castilian women to the kingdom; and probably in the early stages of his acquaintance with Iñes he divided his allegiance between the two. Theresa Lourenço was the mother of Pedro's famous son King John I, Master of Aviz. But her influence waned as his love for Iñes grew. Nor do we know how long after their understanding began Pedro left her in his father's palace, in attendance on his wife. After a time certainly he took her away. She stayed perhaps in several places, but the one associated with her in the people's belief, and round which the stories of her life have clung, is the

house built by Isabella the Queen, close to the convent of Santa Clara, under the shadow of Coimbra itself.

Coimbra is a town crowded on a hill above the river Mondego. The twisted narrow streets climbed to it from the green valley below. In more than one angle of the way, the horse-shoe arch and the Moorish masonry give that strange touch of the East which, for us, adds such charm to the towns of Spain, and to the men of Pedro's day must have been so unspeakably hateful. From that palace and the town beneath it, full of the noise and dust of much coming and going, it is no more than a step to the shelter of the valley, where the grey walls of Queen Isabel's convent rise on the bank of the smooth and broad Mondego. Thither went Iñes to the Queen's little palace probably, a house now no longer standing. Very close to where it was is the place shown to-day as the spot where she lived. It is a garden of a rather tangled sort, overgrown with trees and hanging creepers and watered by two little streams associated by tradition with her story. 'Fuente dos Amores,' the Fountain of Love, is the one by which they say she used to sit and wait for Pedro to come to her from his hunting at the day's end. Inevitably the other spring, under an overhanging cliff, darkened by the boughs of yew above it, is made the scene of her life's end, on that fatal day when Pedro's hunting kept him from her too long. 'Fuente dos Lagrimas,' Fountain of Tears, is its name; but it does not concern us at present except as completing the picture of Iñes' garden.

From this cool and pleasant place, full of noises of trickling water, Coimbra town is clearly to be seen, glaring white and yellow through dust and sunshine, and winking with many windows like rows of enemies' eyes staring down upon Iñes. At first the eyes were more inquisitive than angry, except perhaps those with which the Princess Costanza saw her husband ride clattering down the hill, the gay lover of her cousin. There was a fine arrogance about Pedro always, a haughty recklessness, a certainty of his power, pathetic to think of because in the end it failed. Therefore he laughed at prudence, and told his lady to believe that when the Infante loved her she need not to be afraid of anyone else's hate. While Costanza lived this word was

true; Iñes was the Prince's plaything and it was worth nobody's while to incur his anger by injuring her. Nevertheless, the Chronicle of Fernando Lopes, which is the record of most of the events of the life of Pedro, King of Portugal, and Iñes de Castro, tells of a curious incident which took place about this time which seems to show that she was not an utterly unimportant influence even then, and that the Court was not quite easy in its mind about her.

It happened between the years 1340 and 1345. The Princess Costanza had a son, and with the consent of King Alphonso invited Iñes to be the child's godmother. This office had great significance in the Middle Ages. When Iñes held the baby at the font, she was establishing between it and herself, and therefore between its father and herself, a kind of spiritual relationship which would prevent the sanction of the Church from being given to any other sort of alliance quite as effectually as if she had been of his kindred by blood. It would increase enormously the difficulties which would lie in the way of any future marriage between her and Pedro. It is easy to understand therefore why Pedro's father and his wife pressed his mistress to stand sponsor to his child. Probably it was not possible for Iñes to refuse. Lopes says that Pedro tried to stop it, but perhaps he left it till too late, for the thing happened. There were wise ones in Coimbra who said later that it was in punishment for the sin then committed that God allowed the assassination of Iñes and the early death of the little Prince.

If this incident was the appearance of a cloud above her life's horizon, it was not yet as big as a man's hand. Pedro was a man who carried the power of living in the present to a fine art, and could shut his eyes to events which were far more threatening than this first outward recognition of the importance of Iñes in people's estimation. He was a simple-minded creature and by no means ever a philosopher, but in his youth he was very gay of heart. He sang, he hunted, and he fought; he lavished upon Iñes the tenderness that was in him. What a deep fierce quality that was, he probably did not realise at that time. At first the world was fair and splendid, full of the things which make such men as himself perfectly content. Grim old Alphonso's court was a background

interesting enough. It was a strange mixture of savagery and culture; and Pedro had a touch of both. He fought with the zest of Alphonso himself, and came home to write verses which had at least an echo of the great days when the court of King Dinis had been one of the real centres of the poetry of Europe.

The subject was always the same 'la passion souveraine, aveugle, idolâtre, qui dédaigne tous les devoirs, qui se moque de l'enfer et du ciel, qui absorbe et possède l'âme entière.' Love was the deepest interest of these people, the only interest to which they cared to give literary expression; and it presented itself to them like that. In that spirit Pedro clutched his treasure and held it through the good days and the bad, so faithfully that there is still grip in the hands that are dead. The pity of it, for us who go over the ground again, is that we must pass so soon away from Pedro and Iñes together by their Fuente dos Amores, to the catastrophe of the Fuente dos Lagrimas and Pedro alone with his memories of the good years of which he had never wasted one.

In the year 1345 Pedro's wife, the Princess Costanza, died, after the birth of the child who afterwards reigned over Portugal as Ferdinand V. At first her death made no changes at the Court. The disappearance of this poor shadowy lady from the palace seemed as unimportant as her presence in it had been. Iñes de Castro lived on as before in her house by the Mondego river, with the three children she had borne to Pedro in the years through which their love had already lasted.

Costanza's son Ferdinand was Pedro's only legitimate heir, for the baby to whom Iñes had stood sponsor was dead. It became clearly necessary that the Prince should marry again, for the safety of the succession and his country's advantage. Therefore, when the time of mourning for the dead Princess was ended, King Alphonso proposed to his son one match after another. Pedro refused them all, curtly and without explanation; for the excuse which he made at first of his overwhelming grief for Costanza's loss can hardly have seemed very weighty to those who from their chamber-windows could see the wind tossing the tree-tops in Iñes de Castro's garden. But, as time went on, and Pedro

remained obstinate, Alphonso became impatient; and even while his resentment towards his son's attitude grew in his mind, there came from outside the first beginnings of the outcry against Iñes de Castro. Thenceforward the tide of circumstance was all against her.

We know so little of the historical Iñes that it is impossible to say how truthfully her enemies accused her, or what part she was really playing in the kingdom's affairs. Being, as she was, a Castilian and the Prince's mistress, she would be certainly held responsible for the discontents of the year 1355, whether she really were so or not. Portugal, at that time, was seeing more than she wished of her neighbours. Over the border in Castile, Pedro the Cruel was raging up and down his kingdom like the wild beast that he was; and numbers of people, flying from his reach, were taking refuge in Portugal. Among them were Iñes' two brothers, Fernando and Alvares Piro de Castro, powerful men at home, and here putting on none of the humility of guests and exiles, but openly enjoying the friendship of Prince Pedro. Between Fidalgo and Hidalgo, Portuguese and Spaniard, there could be no love. Jealousies quickly arose; and the King's attention was drawn to his son's Castilian companionships. ✓

All the trouble was fixed upon the De Castros. It was declared that the whole family were plotting the death of the little Prince Ferdinand, Pedro's son. There is absolutely no evidence for the truth of this accusation, but it marks an important stage in the events which led to the death of Iñes, for it involves for the first time a suspicion of a secret marriage between her and her lover. No minds were too dull to see the vistas of power which lay before the De Castros, if Iñes were Pedro's wife, and Costanza's son were dead. The only question upon the angry tongues now was whether the mischief was done, or whether it might still be stopped. That has also been a question for later times. Pedro did nothing to solve it while Iñes was alive. Years after her death he broke silence, and proclaimed her to have been made his wife by a secret marriage some years after Costanza died. The manner in which he made this known, and his reason for doing so, belong to a later part of the story. Believing, as we must, that he spoke ✓

the truth when he did speak at last, the point is to explain why he kept it hidden for so long.

The concealment is so much of a piece with Pedro's nature that it is not difficult to understand. The faithfulness to an idea, which is the magnificent quality of his lifelong devotion to Iñes, becomes now outrageously stupid when it is brought into his blundering efforts to carry her safely through the dangers which beset them both. Conscience, or her wishes, or dim notions of expediency, made him marry her; and at first it was safest to keep the marriage a secret. In that he must have staked upon his own knowledge of his father. He must have believed that he could protect his mistress from Alphonso's rage more easily than he could his wife. If the King still thought that there was hope of his son marrying according to his desires, he might be content to allow Pedro's passion a chance of wearing itself out. Alphonso would naturally expect it to do so. In his conception of life there was no tearing at heart-strings or lute-strings. But the situation developed, and the secret was known to too many people to be perfectly safe. The truth suspected contained dangers greater than the truth avowed.

But this Pedro could not see. He had chosen his path, and he stuck to it like a blinkered mule. Other people who were wiser tried to make him understand to what it was leading. His mother, the Queen Brites, went to him, and forced him to hear her views of the matter. This is the first time that she comes into this story, and it is with a pleasant and sensible humanity, refreshing where there is so much that is passionate and mad, and so very little that is reasonable. She warned Pedro of the King's rising anger, which both of them knew was a thing to be reckoned with. 'Acknowledge your marriage,' she said, 'and take your wife to a place of safety.' One cannot suppose that the Queen cared for Iñes, or that she had any motive in so speaking, except to shield Pedro from trouble. A woman of sense, even if she were not Queen of Portugal, must have wished to see the kingdom clear of this affair of the De Castros.

Pedro would have done better to trust to her affection and her wits than to his own broad shoulders. Her

untaken advice must have added much to his later grief. For untaken of course it was. 'He laughed at it,' says Fernando Lopes, who goes on to explain how the case presented itself to the Prince. He could not live without Iñes; he would not send her away; and obstinately he refused the suggestion that while she lived under his shadow any one would dare to harm her. 'It was this trust, joined to distrust, in the Infante,' says the Chronicler, 'which led to the death of the Beautiful One.'

The end was now very near. The King was at this time at Montemor-o-Velho, Pedro probably at Coimbra with Iñes, where nothing forced upon his attention the pressing danger in which he refused to believe. The De Castro brothers shared in his Fool's Paradise, and had not the prudence to withdraw themselves from the Court, which heartily hated them. Their enemies were in the highest places; and there were three especially, men who were constantly about the King, in a mood to stick at nothing which would rid them of the Castilians. These were Diego Pacheco, Lord of Ferreira, Pedro Coello, and Alvaro Gonzalez, the Meirinho Mor, or Grand Seneschal.

In the growing irritation of the King these men saw their opportunity. Their plot was not complicated. To strike at the brothers through the sister seemed the best way of uprooting the family for ever from the soil of Portugal, and also the safest for themselves, for the King's anger had reached a pitch which made it only necessary to convince him that Iñes was really the obstacle in the way of the Prince's marriage, and her assassins would have the King's support. But, furious as Alphonso was, he was not to be brought to the point at once. It would have suited the three nobles best if, when he had agreed that Iñes must die, he had left the business of her slaughtering to them. But he must needs ride with them to Coimbra, with who knows what qualms in his soul, and half hopes of finding another ending to their journey than the murder to which he had consented. It was a savage piece of work, even in those days, for a 'very upright King' to set his hand to; and we may do him the justice to believe that it was not with the wish to watch the violent death of the lady whom his son loved, the mother of his son's children, that the King

rode with the executioners. (By that word 'alcores' Camoens wrote of them two hundred years after.)

When they set out from Montemor-o-Velho on their journey to the Quinta by the Mondego river, Pedro was absent. He was gone a-hunting. Iñes therefore was alone with her children when Pacheco, Coello, Gonsalez, and the King dismounted at her door. She understood at once the reason of their coming. She went forward to meet them, says Fernando Lopes, trembling and with the face of a woman who advances to meet death.

Never before in the Chronicle of Lopes is the veil so lifted from the character of Iñes de Castro as in this sentence. By implication he has shown her as a woman of extreme quietness and gentleness. Storms raged round her for years, while she remained as still as the centre of a whirlpool. Her own desires are never spoken of in the description of the controversies about her destiny. She does not seem to have had any opinion to oppose to Pedro's blind certainties about her safety. She put all her strength and courage into making her reliance upon him absolutely unquestioning. This was the secret of the nature whose charm for Pedro was deep and enduring—so deep, that she was his life's fixed idea, so enduring that her loss unhinged his reason.

But, when the horror of death pursued her and found her unprotected, her only defender absent, she showed that her passiveness had had no illusions behind it, 'for she met the King trembling and with the face of a woman who goes to meet death.' She had her children with her, her two boys and her daughter; and the sight of them moved Alphonso. The frenzy of her fear made his resolve to destroy her seem revolting. After a long interview he mounted his horse and rode away, without giving any order to the three nobles. No doubt, as they stood aside watching the meeting between Iñes and the King, they prophesied with curses what would come of it. The success of their plans was dangerous, but failure would be desperate. Now that they had shown their hand the King's support was essential, or they were as good as doomed men. So they wrestled with Alphonso once more for Iñes' death and their own safety; and this time they prevailed. Savagely they effaced her pitifulness from his mind. The party had

not ridden far on their way back to Montemor before the three turned their horses' heads and galloped down again to Coimbra, armed now with the King's commands.

Iñes was in the garden when they came. She had thought the danger was gone when the sound of the King's cavalcade had died away. If ever it came back it would not be so horrible. Pedro would be there to stand between her and the unspeakable terror of death. As she stood thinking of these things, she heard the beat of hoofs returning. But the horses were not Pedro's. In this ghastly fashion death came to Iñes. Pacheco, Coello and Gonsalez strode into the garden. When she saw them coming she tottered away from Pedro's fountain and tried to hide herself among the trees which grew under an overhanging rock where another little stream flowed out. There they attacked her with their daggers, and there she died, as desolate as if there had been no one in the world who loved her.

A loud cry of impotent fury rang presently through the country. The Prince was in arms against the King. He had flown to the north; he had drawn adherents to him; the De Castro brothers were at his side, determined to avenge the outrage upon their House. So the Chronicler describes the situation which followed the murder of Iñes, making civil war tread close upon the heels of the catastrophe. We are not told how Pedro heard the news, whether some messenger was found who was bold enough to pursue him to his hunting, or whether, no one daring to tell him 'Iñes is dead,' he came home and, calling her as his custom was, received no answer.

King Alphonso had cut a knot with a sword, but he quickly found that he had tied a tighter one. There was no question of his son's marriage now, but only of the quelling of that son's rebellion. Pedro had gathered forces in the Douro provinces. He was raging, burning, ravaging there, with no great strength and no adequate plan. The quarrel, after all, was only his own; and without the backing of national indignation there was no hope of making tough old Alphonso rock upon his throne. Pedro accomplished something nevertheless, for many disaffected people joined his standard, and he was

strong enough at last to lay siege to Oporto. But there his rebellion suddenly collapsed. It may have been from a want of continuity in the schemes of a crazed brain, or because visibly his efforts were hopeless. In any case his violent mood passed for the moment, and an apparent peace was patched up between him and his father, six months after the death of Iñes.

Alphonso was ready to make concessions. Sickened and disgusted with the whole business and his own part in it, he consented to throw over the assassins to the extent of banishing them from Portugal, if Pedro would lay down his arms. To Castile, therefore, went the three knights; and on these terms the Prince relapsed into a sullen concentration of hatred, like a tiger which, having missed its spring, waits. It was not to be for very long. In 1356 the King died, a year or so after the death of Iñes. His disappearance fundamentally altered the situation. Pedro's arm was long and his memory longer. Instantly upon his accession came the conclusion of the bargain between him and his namesake Pedro the Cruel of Castile, a treaty which 'to the scandal of the world' drove four Spanish gentlemen who had taken refuge in Portugal back into the hands of the Castilian King, the Portuguese Pedro considering no price of honour too much to pay for his vengeance.

It must have been very quickly done, for Pacheco was the only one of the three knights who was warned in time to save himself. Gonsalez and Coello were caught and brought back to Lisbon, where Pedro was waiting for their coming with intense impatience. His plans for their reception were ready, and prepared with a wealth of horrible detail such as his mind now clutched at and feasted on. They were executed in the public square, and there he interviewed them first, moved to such fury by the sight of them that he struck Coello violently many times with the handle of his whip. Then he went in to breakfast, and while he ate, their hearts were torn out under his very eyes. They died with a flourish not devoid of magnificence. 'Lay your hand upon my left side,' said Coello to the executioner, 'and you will feel a heart there which is stronger than a bullock's, and truer than a horse.' Then with cold courage they met their end, perfect examples of the brave brutality of their age.

The fate of Pacheco was not so dreadful. When the order was brought that the Portuguese exiles were to be captured he was outside the town walls, hunting partridges. His return at nightfall being expected, the gates were closed and guarded so that no warning might reach him while he was in the open country. But a beggar happened to be there, who had often received kindness in the house of Pacheco, and now determined to save him. So he presented himself before the guard at the gate, and asked leave to go out to seek his living upon the highway. And they, knowing the wandering ways of the beggarmen, let him go by. When he had made his way to where Dom Pacheco was hunting, he found him with his esquires in a merry mood, and quite unsuspecting of any danger. Therefore he was able to draw the knight to one side, and tell him secretly how Gonsalez and Coello were taken already, and how the town gates were barred until his own return. 'If you would escape,' he said, 'put on these rags of mine, and go like me on foot as far as you may upon the road which leads hence towards the kingdom of Aragon, and hire yourself out to the first company of muleteers you meet upon the way, and continuing thus with them you may come in safety to Aragon.' Taking this advice, Pacheco did in fact escape. He crossed the frontier safely, and travelled to the borders of France, where Enrique of Trastamare received and sheltered him. Pedro never pursued him there. He lived peacefully until after the King's death, and his property in his own country was restored to him by Pedro's successor.

King Pedro entered upon the reign to which these events were the preface with reputation a little tarnished by his part in them. 'Much of his fair fame was lost thereby,' says Lopes, 'for the thing was held to be a great evil both in Portugal and Castile.' Nevertheless Pedro was not hated by the Portuguese, who seemed instinctively to make allowance for the violence of the storms which shook him and to understand the nature of the emotions which lay behind. These were in fact intensely characteristic of his race. Every peasant from the Minho to the Tagus saw his own temperament reflected in his King, and every honest man

in the country would probably have tried to rule it as Pedro did in his best moments. Even the deep strain of savage eccentricity which underlay the fire and force of his nature found its echo in his subjects; and the people condoned it easily.

Like all the Kings of his House, he was brought by the primitive conditions of the State into close personal contact with all classes of his subjects, as their leader in war, their judge in times of peace. He succeeded to a kingdom the foundations of whose national life were very newly laid, where security of property was hardly regarded even as an ideal, and where justice, when it was administered, seemed to be more the expression of an instinct than the regular application of a principle. That instinct, however, was strongly developed in Pedro, although it showed itself only spasmodically in gusts of violence. His method of dispensing justice could scarcely have been less judicial. Litigants appeared before him when he sat at table; and he generally ended the hearing by springing up, his countenance convulsed with rage, and rushing upon the offender to thrash him out of his presence, swinging his heavy whip. But the balance was lacking; and, even if he realised sometimes that justice was a great weapon in a king's hand he was never able to wield it steadily himself. Nevertheless he impressed himself upon the imagination of his subjects perhaps more effectively than if he had been more reasonable. He taught some lessons of civilisation to a nation much in need of them, as a ruler less savage and less emotional might never have been able to do.

His tormented spirit was never at rest after the death of Iñes. The townspeople of Lisbon were awakened sometimes in the middle of the night by blasts of horns and stamping of feet. Looking out of their windows they saw the King, dancing with his gentlemen through the silent streets, goaded to this intolerable gaiety by his own more intolerable thoughts, and the memories which at last he could no longer smother. For five years Iñes had lain in her obscure grave at Coimbra. After the vengeance taken upon her murderers it would seem that for all this time Pedro was trying to forget her. But just when silence might be supposed to have begun its work, and the memory of the dead to be fading, the

King suddenly started as if from a trance, and having once given up the effort to forget, applied himself with all his characteristic violence to the task of making all the world remember. He succeeded so well that he won for the lifeless body of Iñes de Castro a measure of fame which was never hers while she had breath.

In the year 1361 Pedro convoked his Cortes at Castanheda, and there in presence of all Estates of his Realm he swore upon the Holy Gospels that he had about six years before that time, being then Infante, taken for his lawful wife, according to the commands of Holy Church, Dona Iñes de Castro. To witness to the truth of this his oath he called Dom Gil, Bishop of Guarda, and one Estavão Lobato of his own household; and they swearing also upon the Holy Book, told the Assembly the truth of what they knew concerning the marriage of the King. When the Conde de Barcellos and Dom João Affonso had spoken to the same effect, the King caused to be read the dispensation which, before his marriage, he had obtained from Pope John XXII on the twelfth day of March in the ninth year of his Pontificate. All this testimony was set down by a notary, and at the King's command was to be seen by all persons desirous of seeing it; and it was then read in the presence of the Bishops of Lisbon, Porto and Viseu, the clergy and the people.

All this was very startling—old loves revived, old hatreds rekindled, sorrows which had seemed dead found to be not even sleeping; in short, all the old stir beginning again around that still and silent woman to whom death was denying, even as life had always denied, the gift of outward peace.

There was, of course, a furious amount of talking as soon as people had recovered a little from their stupefaction. Pedro's manifesto was searchingly criticised. It was noticed that the two chief witnesses, Lobato and the Bishop of Guarda, disagreed as to dates, for the Bishop said the marriage had taken place about seven years before, and Lobato about six. Therefore certain of those who heard this proclamation shook their heads, and, by reason of this discrepancy and the long silence of the King, doubted whether he had in truth lawfully wedded the Lady Iñes. Speech, silence, and the King's whole conduct seemed equally irrational; and those who tried

to string them on an intelligible thread of purpose might look for it in vain. The reasonable man who managed his affairs in this fashion must be either a fool or a knave. A fool if, having been in truth the husband of the lady whom he desired above all things to honour, he left a slur upon her name for five years needlessly; a knave, if by bribery of false witness he tried to impose upon the people a belief in such a story as that which was told them now.

What Pedro did is only to be explained upon the theory of a brain deranged, in a nature which had always felt more strongly than it had reasoned, and in which at last the force of feeling was no longer to be restrained. Looked at thus, the very weaknesses in the story almost become witnesses for its truth. A lie would have been better knit together. In any case Pedro had never in his life paused to listen to critics of himself. Having issued his proclamation, he swept along towards the fulfilment of the idea which now possessed him entirely. Portugal should ring from end to end with the name which was for ever sounding in his own ears, and its pride do humble homage to the memory of Iñes.

In the royal abbey of Alcobaça, the burial-place of his forefathers, the King caused a new tomb to be built, and upon it the effigy of Iñes carved in white marble and wearing the royal insignia. The magnificence of the resting-place must have satisfied even his ideals. No abbey in Europe in the Middle Ages was more splendid than Alcobaça. Kings and Queens were buried under its pavements, but for none of them had its gates been opened with such state and ceremony as was yielded to a Prince's mistress now. There was a distance of sixteen miles from the abbey to the town of Coimbra, where the body of Iñes had been buried in the Convent of Santa Clara. On the night when by the King's decree it was carried to Alcobaça, a torch-bearer was placed at every few paces along this road, so that the whole course of it was bright. The procession moved forward upon it among trooping shadows. Country people, peering from the shelter of dim woods at what was passing by them on the road whose familiar miles stretched that night like a ribbon of flame across the countryside, might well have thought that devils were walking. Even those

who knew what was being done have declared that they could hardly put a sense of reality into a spectacle so like a phantasm as this. It swept along in utter silence, the bier on which the body lay being followed by the King first, and after him by a train of the Fidalgos of the realm, Bishops, Abbots, nobles of all ranks, ladies, and young maidens whose birth was high enough to do honour to the Castilian. All these persons rode on horseback, wrapped in long black cloaks. Finally, the abbey gates opened and closed again behind the splendid train, and Pedro's vision was realised at last.

When the unwilling hands let fall the burnt-out torches whose flare had lit the second burial of Iñes, when the Fidalgos had hurried from her closed tomb and cast off their woe with their funeral robes, when the King's will was all accomplished and nothing more seemed left for him to do, the most unexpected of the triumphs of his strange personality began. He had been able to impose the mockery of mourning upon a nation, but he infused a reality into it as well. There is no doubt that, if Iñes had been left to lie in the peace of her unmarked grave, her story would have been little remembered. Her death had no lasting political consequences. Other men and women in history have loved each other as passionately as she and Pedro did, have died as tragically as she, and are forgotten. But Pedro's sombre pageant caught the imagination of the people, and from it the legends grew which kept her memory alive in tradition until they became a theme for poets and play-writers. The fancies which embroidered the facts at last were grim and gorgeous enough for any dramatist. It was told how, before the corpse of Iñes was put upon the bier, her bones were dressed in royal robes and set in a chair of state, and how the nobles filed past her and one after another kissed the skeleton hand and looked into the hollow eyes of the skull which had been her face. Perhaps the story rose from the chatter of astonished people who saw the fantastic burial procession set out in the glimmering of wax lights, or who gaped afterwards at the new white effigy in the abbey. Everyone knew something of the extravagance of the King's temper, for which even this climax would

not seem too much. Indeed the picture is so vivid that it almost seems as if it must be true, and its details supply themselves. We can almost hear the shuffle of reluctant feet compelled up to the ghastly object of their homage by the stern eyes of Pedro fixed upon each in turn. Finally, one comes to wish that the hands of truth-loving historians had never stripped away so fine a piece of romance. Even as a legend it is more expressive of its date and its hero than pages of description. What must the times have been, and what the man, of whom such doings could be rumoured?

The shadows of the Middle Ages lay thick upon the western edge of civilisation. Here there appears neither any lightening of the gloom with which a pagan world took leave of the departed, nor any sign of the restraint which dignified its old despair. And yet a whole lifetime before Pedro and Iñes met, Dante had loved Beatrice and lost her, and had written of the *Vita Nuova* and the love which knows neither time nor death. But beyond the Pyrenees men still followed the ways of their forefathers, and thought and acted as those old fierce fighters had done before them. Individually and as a nation they looked inwards, distracted by their own passions within their own borders. Pedro lived too soon to see the dawn of his country's greatness, or to find in it any outlet for the energies which he expended at last in emotions. Its foundations were only laid when the old line of kings had died away with his miserable son Ferdinand, the only surviving child of his marriage with Costanza. His blood, however, still ran in the veins of the new dynasty, for the famous John I was his son by Theresa Lourenço; and thus Prince Henry the Navigator was only one generation removed from him in direct descent. Under these rulers the Portuguese people became a great nation, and pushed forth to take their share and more than their share in the new worlds which were opening before all men's eyes, in realms both of sense and spirit, till they were recognised at last by all Europe as the powerful defenders of a great Empire, and guardians of more than half the sea-traffic of the world. The rivalry of Lisbon ruffled at last the serene security of Venice.

The winds which drove their ships towards unknown

horizons blew new pride into their hearts. A poet arose among them. Camoens wrote the 'Lusiad,' and filled it with the triumph of a young nation feeling its strength. He put into it every detail of past history which could add to the glory of the present. The new age set its feet reverently on the old, and gave all honour to the men who had fought for the making of Portugal, Alphonso, Pedro, and the rest of them. Ten stanzas in the poem are given to the story of Iñes, and at once and for ever they made an undisputed place in literature for her and her lover.

'It is a misfortune to write in an unknown tongue,' as a translator of the 'Lusiad' once remarked. It is especially true of Camoens' epic, which cannot be put very successfully into any other language. This is partly owing to its two-syllabled rhymes, which are a great beauty of Portuguese verse, but unreproducible in English. Outside its own country the 'Lusiad' has never enjoyed more than a 'succès d'estime,' but so much must be granted to it everywhere, and many passages deserve more; among them the verses about Pedro and Iñes. It is obvious at once what material lies at hand for the poet there; and Camoens did her memory the service of rescuing it from the dimness of a past which was divided already by a wide gap from the spirit of his own time. He tells the story simply and with dignity, and it gains by contrast with its context—the desperate struggles of long dead men, and Vasco da Gama's interminable exploits.

'Il y a peu d'endroits dans Virgile plus attendrissants et mieux écrits,' said Voltaire in an access of enthusiasm which is probably partly responsible for this passage being the best known and the most quoted in the 'Lusiad.' The legend thus became definitely national, and in process of time gathered a literature of its own. It was used again and again as the plot of tragedies, not by Portuguese writers only, but by Spanish, French and English as well. Its popularity endured through centuries. The traveller Murphy, who visited Lisbon in 1790, wrote as follows :

'There are two Theatres here for dramatic performances ; on Sunday they are much crowded. The music was excellent,

the dresses and scenery tolerable, the acting indifferent or rather bad. Of late years no females are allowed to perform on the stage, hence the men are obliged to assume the female garb. How provoking it was to see the tender, the beautiful Iñes de Castro represented by one of these brawny artificial wenches, especially in that affecting scene where she appears with her two infant children at the King's feet supplicating for mercy. Instead of the delicate faltering accents of the fair victim, he roared.'

Murphy may possibly have seen Ferreira's play of 'Castro,' written in the later half of the 16th century. It is the best of the native dramas, praised greatly by critics for following the lines of Sophocles and Euripides, and thus marking an epoch in the art of the Portuguese theatre. The arrangement whereby every event happens behind the scenes is indeed perfectly Sophoclean; but the good points of the play may fairly be put down to Ferreira's own perceptions, and not to his imitation of the forms of greater men, which really only landed him in a hopeless dreariness of action. The real interest is in the characters, especially in Iñes, a most human woman, absorbed in a limitless passion. 'What misfortune is this that broods over me?' she asks the Chorus. 'Thy death,' they answer. Her thoughts fly instantly to Pedro. 'Death to my Lord? Death to my Infante?' she asks, in an agony of fright. This is one of the flashes of feeling which every now and then break Ferreira's rolling periods, and are the good points of his play.

A hundred and fifty years later, another tragedy appeared with Iñes for its heroine. Its author was La Motte, one of the founders of the school of the 18th century classical drama in France. His 'Iñes' had a great success. He throws some light himself on what was thought of it at the time in an immense 'Discours sur la Tragédie' prefaced to one of its later editions. 'Un Auteur,' says he, 'n'est il pas bien excusable de s'en flatter après un succes tel que celui d'Iñes; peut-être après celui du Cid n'y en a-t-il point eu de si grand au Théâtre.' He was justified in his good conceit of himself. No tragedy except Voltaire's own was better liked. It contained a great innovation, matter for much self-congratulation:

'Les enfants que j'ai hasardé sur la scène, et les circonstances ou je les fais paraître ont paru une nouveauté sur notre Théâtre. Quelques spectateurs ont douté d'abord s'ils devaient rire ou s'attendrir; mais la doute n'a pas duré, et la nature a bientôt repris ses droits sur tous les cœurs. On a pleuré enfin.'

A modern audience might have found another solution for the doubt, and been as much bored by the appearance of Iñes's children as by that of the lady herself. Like the other women in the play, she is modelled upon a conventional Roman matron. When she is alone with Pedro, which happens rarely, she addresses him in such words as these:

'De vos seuls intérêts je me fis la victime.
Cent fois, dans vos transports et le fer à la main,
Je vous ai vu tout prêt à vous percer le sein;
C'est à ce seul péril que mon cœur a cédé.
Il falloit vous sauver, et j'ai tout hasardé.'

Small wonder that he leaves her saying:

'Quoi! barbare, osez-vous refuser mon secours?'

The Queen, Pedro's mother, finally puts her to death with poison. La Motte was not troubled with historical scruples—indeed no playwright could afford them who was bound to seek the strict dramatic unities in the dark confusions of Iñes de Castro's story—but this particular departure from accuracy was no doubt made to keep the character of King Alphonso free from all dishonour. He is the real hero of the play, possessing every quality of stern monarch and loving father, suffering terrible conflicts between duty and affection when he determines to punish Pedro for rebelling against his wishes. The fact is that the subject was quite unsuited to an 18th century French writer. Romantic from beginning to end, it was impossible to dish it up to suit the taste of a public which insisted upon feeling being subordinated to form, without robbing it of everything which makes it worth keeping.

Velez de Guevara, the great Spanish dramatist of the 16th century, is undoubtedly the writer who has made the most of Pedro and Iñes. His play 'Reinar despues

de morir' has been acted in quite modern days, and is a very fine tragedy. But its very title ('Reigning after Death') touches its weak point at once. Guevara evidently feels that what happened (or is said to have happened) to Iñes after her death, is more dramatic than her fate while she lived; but, like all his fellow playwrights, he found he could not embody that conviction in his play. In fact, though as a whole it is far the most beautiful work of imagination which has been written on this subject, the ending of it is perhaps the weakest of all the dramatic expedients that have ever been tried. Better La Motte and the Queen's poison, infinitely better Ferreira and death duly announced by messenger, than Guevara's horrible picture of Pedro bending over the murdered corpse and demanding a crown, which is promptly brought from behind the scene and placed by him upon the lady's head. The truth is that the story as the Chronicler left it is still the best to read. The lives of Pedro and Iñes cannot be confined within the rules of any stage or cramped to suit the taste of any literary period. They are essentially mediæval, essentially of their own race and country, but they belong to all ages and to all nations, because they sounded the depths of life which lie below the tides of time.

B. E. C. DUGDALE.

Art. 5.—FRENCH IDEALISM AND THE WAR. ✓

1. *La Crise Française. Faits, Causes, Solutions.* By André Chéradame. Paris: Librairie Plon, 1912.
2. *Cardinal Manning; The Decay of Idealism in France; The Institute of France.* By John Edward Courtenay Bodley. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1912.
3. *The New France.* By William Samuel Lilly. London: Chapman & Hall, 1913.
4. *Histoire de Deux Peuples: La France et l'Empire Allemand.* By Jacques Bainville. Paris: Nouvelle Librairie Nationale, 1915.

'FRENCH hearts were then as vagabond as were the regiments;' 'Les cœurs furent alors nomades comme les régiments.' It is thus that Balzac, in a brilliant formula, depicts the soul of Frenchmen during the Napoleonic *épopée*. The Republican armies were careering over the toppling thrones of Europe, planting, to the music of the Marseillaise, their banner inscribed with the mystic words: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. It was a romantic, almost Walkyrie dash; and, as the great adventure developed, they who shared the intoxication of its glory found themselves drifting from their moral moorings, and making light of the most consecrated values.

To those who know the France of 1914 and 1915 the state of mind of the France of Napoleon I will seem almost prehistoric. In 1914 and in 1915 the peoples of the planet have been watching with wondering admiration the grandiose spectacle of a nation in which 'hearts' are as disciplined as an army corps. Heirs of a very peculiar civilisation and of a very special tradition, inhabitants of a territory where the ideas of family and of society, and the conception of civic duty, have assumed special forms, the French are fighting for the defence of their homes and of the fairest realm beneath the sky; but they are fighting, above all, for the cause of the human race, because it is their everlasting glory frequently to be allowed to labour disinterestedly for humanity. To be doing this wittingly is in itself a distinction of noble birth. After the present War, in which the French will surely be the victors, the nations should erect a Pantheon of a new sort, a Pantheon of

Peoples, bearing the inscription : 'A la France, les Patries reconnaissantes.'

If militarist and aggressive Germany had not existed, it would have been infinitely desirable, in the interests of the national integrity of her neighbours, to invent it. The radicalism of France and the liberalism of England, the doctrinaire humanitarianism of both France and England—and I am speaking not so much of the influence of well-known political parties, as of certain tendencies characteristic of a whole class of reflex feelings and reactions peculiar to the civilisation of the French and the British—would have gangrened and disorganised the body-politic and society in both countries, and left them an easy prey to the methods of 'pacific penetration' peculiar to the Germans, if the German menace had not finally led even them to subordinate everything to the urgent problems of national defence.

During fourteen long months, the world has witnessed the peaceful citizens of the French Republic holding at bay the armies of an Empire that had been preparing war for more than forty-four years. Within eight weeks after the fatal 1st of August, 1914, it was evident to competent observers that a decisive battle in the history of the world had just been fought along the Marne, which made it probable that, for a generation at least, the Western World would eventually be free to live an unmolested life, safe at last against the chronic invasion of an unassimilable race. But competent observers are rare. In spite of the unambiguous evidence of the facts, notwithstanding even the testimony of those who, many months before the Great War, had told the world the full meaning of the unmistakable rebirth of French self-respect, public opinion outside of France still doubted the reality, not of French resiliency, but of French moral discipline and stability of character. Even to-day, so profound is the ignorance of the foreigner as to the temperament of Frenchmen, the nature of French society, and the organisation of the French State, that some of the friends of France dread, and all of her enemies count on, the nervous exhaustion of her people.

The foreigner, indeed, has uniformly been the victim of optical illusions whenever he has turned his gaze towards the plastic, too clear-cut, events of France. How should

it be otherwise in the case of a land where crisp formulas like 'Le Cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi,' and shibboleths like 'Panama,' 'Boulanger,' 'Dreyfus,' have assumed periodically the aspect of a portentous cometary menace in the pellucid atmosphere that, uniformly there, bathes everything? The same telegraphic wire that brought to foreign readers, on July 20, 1914, the knowledge of President Poincaré's arrival at St Petersburg, transmitted columns of scandalous news concerning the opening audience in Paris of a trial, in which the wife of an ex-prime Minister, M. Caillaux—who was at that very hour the 'Boss' of the most powerful political group in the French Chamber—was arraigned for the deliberate murder of a distinguished journalist, whose crime had been to criticise the French statesman for his conduct of the public affairs of his country. And the same newspapers that, on July 21, reported the fact that Count Berchtold had just submitted to Francis-Joseph at Ischl the text of a Note to be sent to Serbia, invited their readers, with display headlines, preferably to devote their attention to the incidents connected with the second audience of the same monstrous trial.

The tragic error of perspective, inevitably determined in the appreciations of the foreigner by such a case as the one just cited—and the case is not altogether uncharacteristic—would seem to illustrate a kind of misunderstanding to which France has always been foredoomed. In presence of the chronic proofs of an injustice so flagrant, a less sane people might easily have suffered from the mania of persecution. On the contrary the French have always preserved their urbanity; they, and almost they alone among the nations, have steadily and frankly looked at life as a whole, and at things as they are; they, and almost they alone, have cultivated one of the highest of the arts, the art of pleasant social intercourse, while maintaining the bourgeois virtues of the Latin family; and they have recklessly opened wide their arms, the while, to the foreigner, who fancied he was the confidant of their real secrets because no effort was ever made to conceal from him the squabbles of their Gallic politicians, though these were only the family quarrels of a nation, which is, after all, the most spiritually homogeneous on the planet.

That France should thus be the victim of evil report was inevitable. But it is one of the ironies of History that the real victims have not been France and the French, but the gullible peoples who have taken the surface-impressions of their agents, or of sciolistic and incompetent observers of French things, for an adequate account of French human nature. There are fine shades, and above all there is a deep background, in France, which most foreigners, above all the Germans, have failed to perceive. Whatever the mechanical perfection and methodical complexity of their admirable system of espionage, the Germans may always be counted on to misinterpret the facts they so abundantly and so meticulously assemble; and this consideration, indeed, has all along been one of the chief grounds for hope for other than German patriots. The Germans have no gift of psychologic insight. Their testimony as to 'states of mind' has usually been worthless.

This obtuseness, which is certainly a national trait, accounts for many things, but it accounts above all for the happy blundering of the Germans as to the real mentality of Frenchmen. For some years, the Paris correspondent of one of the great newspapers of Germany was the 'syndic' of the Foreign Parliamentary Press; it was through him that the leading correspondents of England, the United States, Italy, Russia and of the world, communicated with the President and the Bureaux of the French Chamber of Deputies. This German passed his entire time in the lobbies of the Palais Bourbon. He became the comrade of his colleagues of the Parisian and French Departmental Press. Installed there, at the very heart of French political life, he was the eavesdropper gazing over the shoulder of the deputies as they hobbled in shifting groups in the Hall of the 'Lost Steps.' Every rumour that circulated in that hothouse of political scandal, every scrap of information, every secret of State, known to anyone, became known to him. No Ambassador had surer access to the sources of a certain kind, and often a very valuable kind, of information. Following the great tradition of Bismarck, who, conservative and reactionary at home, was the champion in France of every form of Radicalism, thinking thereby to weaken

the secular enemy, this amiable, serviceable, well-informed German conspired openly and unremittingly to further the interests of the Socialist-Radical parties in France. He took sides with effrontery; he had decided that he knew the winning secret, and that it was, at all events, a patriotic duty to cultivate Socialist-Radicalism in France. What was the tenour of his reports to his Ambassador or to Berlin I can judge solely from what I know to have been his scorn of the 'Real France,' and his affiliations among the parties, led by the Caillaux and the Jaurès, who, whether they knew it or not, were playing into the hands of Germany. In any case, the important fact is that all that he saw, all that he learned, tended to the distortion of his judgment; and if Germany in 1914, as well as during the seven or eight previous years, so woefully miscalculated the consequences of her policy of aggression against France, it was due to the biassed reports of just such observers as the newspaper correspondent in question. Contemplated, during the last five years before the War, from the viewpoint of the janissaries of the Palais Bourbon, in fact, France could easily appear to be dashing headlong to the legendary dogs. Among the scores of German agents, official or other, whom I have known and watched in Paris, I have never seen one whose acquaintance with things French penetrated beneath the surface. All were the willing victims of their short-sightedness; and they regularly and unwittingly duped their compatriots who confided in them.

Nor were the friends of France much more far-sighted. The bias of pro-radicalism, from hatred of France, on the part of her enemies, was no more heinous a crime against Truth than was the prejudice of anti-radicalism, from so-called love of France, on the part of her 'friends.' In these circumstances it was inevitable that the real character of the French should be misjudged abroad; that the elevation of their moral ideas should be ignored; and that the ignorant and the misinformed should doubt their having any moral ideas at all.

Mr J. E. C. Bodley, who obtained much fame among reactionary Frenchmen some years ago, for a laborious study of the Third Republic, wrote, three years before

the Great War, a rambling essay entitled 'The Decay of Idealism in France':

'Paris,' he remarked, 'has lost its last bookshop which was the meeting-place of well-known Parisians. My old friend Achille Heymann has closed his "Librairie Achille" at the corner of the rue Laffitte and the Boulevard. . . . The last of the famous literary bookshops has not long survived its next neighbour, the historical restaurant of the Maison d'Or. The cosmopolitan rabble has driven from the Boulevards two of the most inspiring elements of idealism, fine literature and *la fine cuisine*.'

Idealism, in a word, though not dead in 1912, was really dying. It is a pity that Mr Bodley did not render the words '*la fine cuisine*' into simple English, and include 'good cooking' among the 'inspiring elements of idealism' which had been driven from the Boulevards by the 'cosmopolitan rabble.' Had he done so, he would have facilitated the task of any critic who might be tempted to take the trouble to observe that what Mr Bodley called in 1912 'the alleged renaissance of the French race' almost entirely escaped his vision—for a certain number of reasons, none of which would seem to be of much greater value and interest than his lamentations over the closing of Achille's bookshop and the shutting up of the Maison d'Or:

'Some of the writers of the copious literature which has accompanied this so-called re-birth of France,' says Mr Bodley, 'treat the revival of military pride, with its attitude of resistance to Germany, as though it were a movement of Idealism. . . . The awakening of the nation to a desire to avenge Sedan may be a sight to gladden the eyes of the friends of France: but that revival of creditable ambition is no more an idealistic movement than was the threatening of the French colonels in 1858 to avenge Waterloo.'

Convinced of the eclipse of French Idealism—and so sincerely convinced that, as has been seen, even what he calls the 'revival of military pride' appears to him only as one of those exceptions which are so often utilised to prove a rule—Mr Bodley largely accounts for this alleged change in the mentality of Frenchmen by the prolonged moral dejection caused by the defeat of France in 1870.

If the present writer had not himself declared in a book* that appeared some eighteen months before the Great War—and at a time when he had at his disposal only such facts as were within the potential purview of Mr Bodley, or of any other observer—that France was then floating on the high tide of an idealistic resurrection, which showed that the France of Vercingetorix and St Louis, of Joan of Arc, of the soldiers of Jemmappes and of Valmy, and of Gambetta, was still alive, he would consider it almost an impertinence, at all events an unpardonable breach of taste, to say now, in the autumn of 1915, what he feels bound to say. But, really, it almost passes belief that a man whose opportunities to acquaint himself with the French spirit have been so exceptional should have failed so tragically, in the years just preceding the publication of the Essay referred to, to note the many unmistakable signs of the presence in the French soul of not merely undiminished, but positively replenished, sources of Idealism, which were bound to bring forth, whenever the opportunity arose, just those splendid fruits of moral energy which the world is now witnessing.

It is quite true that the generation of Frenchmen that grew to manhood after the war of 1870, haunted by the memory of the Terrible Year, and of the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, little by little lost its hope of a speedy *revanche*; and that the literature and the art and even the 'mœurs' of Frenchmen betrayed the moral distress of these citizens of a dismembered nation. But, if France as a whole ceased to believe in the magic of certain of its old formulas, it was because it had learned, from rude experience, that resonant rhetorical utterance is a luxury which may be tolerable in a discourse at the Academy, and even in the Parliament of a nation whose European prestige remains uncontested, but which is out of place in the Assembly of a self-respecting democracy upon which has fallen the dread responsibility of the reorganisation of an entire society so mutilated and so tormented as was that of France. Mr Bodley expresses his surprise that, throughout the prolonged debate on the separation of the Church from the State

* 'Problems of Power,' Constable, 1913; especially, Book II, caps. 1-4.

in France, he found not a single speech scintillating with any of the great traditional ideas, philosophic or social, which a similar debate a generation before would have engendered; and again he concludes that there is a 'Decay of Idealism' in France. A year before the appearance of Mr Bodley's Essay, a particularly keen observer of French facts, Mr Laurence Jerrold, remarked in a book, 'The Real France,' the perusal of which would have possibly prevented Mr Bodley from blundering so needlessly, that the Third Republic was 'perhaps at the beginning of a great revolution; it may be making up its mind to inoculate the idealism of its politics with the realism of its life.' It was, no doubt, just this 'realism' of French life, and the beginnings of the realism of French politics, during the decade before the Great War, that deceived Mr Bodley; moreover, Achille was closed, and so too was the Maison d'Or! But it was this same 'realism,' one may almost say this sinister tense realism, which more perspicacious observers recognised as the mark of a *recueillement*, a period of grave and silent meditation, out of which was sure to spring a new French world, in which there would be no place for the parrot-like ideology of those elder Academic phrasemongers who, from Rousseau to Napoleon III, had so often exposed France to irremediable disaster.

France had recovered her place in the world. The pessimism of a generation that had inherited the humiliations of the Franco-Prussian War had gradually given place to a new hope. Men no longer chattered grandiloquently of *revanche*; but little by little, in every French heart, the firm conviction had taken root that some time and somehow the future held in store for them redress of all their wrongs. Indeed, never in history, I believe, has a nation displayed a moral fortitude more sublime than that manifested by the French people in their refusal to forget what they, one and all, regarded as essential. And this refusal to forget was an assurance of moral unity long before the invasion of her northern Departments in 1914 determined, by a reflex action, that condition of 'sacred union' which nothing can now shatter until German *völkisch* has been punished by the Rhadamanthine verdict of the Nations. Such loyalty to a national ideal, such Idealism in a word, was a state

of mind honestly beyond the range of intelligence and sensibility of vast bodies of human beings outside of France, and notably of all Germans.

'What has a policy of partial understanding and of business profit to do with the Treaty of Frankfort?' said Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, the German Foreign Minister, to a French journalist, M. Bourdon; 'cannot France cherish her hopes in her heart, without refusing to participate in the general life of the time; and, above all, when economic problems are paramount, are historical quarrels to dominate the necessary development of nations?'

For upwards of forty years, the great majority of Frenchmen were communing silently in the inner recesses of their hearts; tending the Vestal fires; biding their time, not to make war, but for the dawn of that day of 'Immanent Justice' which their tireless idealism, and unwearying idealism alone, revealed to their illuminated vision on no distant horizon. That a German intelligence should have failed to read the signs of the times was not surprising, and it is at all events a happy circumstance. But that any foreigner long familiar with France should have ignored those signs, shows an unfortunate lack of intuition.

In 1910, in 1911 and in 1912, the world was ringing with the rumours of 'the crisis in France.' '*La Crise Française*' was, indeed, the title of a book by one of the most careful and competent observers of political, economic and social facts of our time, M. André Chéradame. This writer undertook, in 1912, in the most scientific and methodical fashion, to discover the exact situation of France from a political, social, moral and military point of view; to determine the causes of that situation; and finally to indicate the practical solutions, if practical solutions were possible. His enquiry—which remains, it should be said, the most complete, disinterested, and accurate survey of the state of France just prior to the Great War—revealed an immense mass of evidence as to the existence in France of widespread anarchy, and an obvious breakdown in the administrative machinery of the State. But it revealed, at the same time, 'a certain, considerable, and very rapid improvement in public opinion.' M. Chéradame's conclusions were identical,

in fact, with those of the present writer, who, making his observations at the same time, and dealing with the same facts, remarked :

'In France at this moment there is a widespread craving for positive reform; a growing insistence that something must be done to purify French political and administrative life; a resolve to effect certain radical changes, however drastic, and at whatever sacrifice of persons, in the relations of the several parts of the great political and administrative machine; a repudiation of French ideology, and a revival of idealism in the English sense of the word; a spirit of relentless and vigilant criticism, and a moral purpose which may be described as the forerunner of a French Renaissance.' ('Problems of Power,' revised edition, p. 134.)

The fact was that a new generation had come to maturity, a generation of young men who, by virtue of that curious law of the rhythm of national moods, had issued forth from the dank shadows that had shrouded the doubting spirits of their fathers, and were breasting the problems of life with a buoyant optimism that had never before been seen under the Third Republic. And happily the arrival of this serious, energetic, hopeful, idealistic Youth coincided with the definitive establishment in Europe of a political balance-of-power that restored France to her rightful place of prestige. M. Delcassé, it was now perceived, had in reality undone the work of Bismarck; France was 'herself again.' The philosophy of positivism and scientific scepticism, implanted temporarily in France by the strange co-operation of the pseudo-scientific methods of Germany, snobbishly adopted by the University, with the Spencerian embargo on all vagabond meditation beyond the limits of the knowable; the unwitting alliance of a Darwin with a Renan;—this 'philosophy,' which had both bridled the *élans* of the French soul, and intellectually justified for the time being the doubts and discouragements of the generation that still suffered from the humiliations of 1870, was giving way before a broader, more really scientific, conception of life.

Long before the present war, France had become weary of the positivist state of mind. Sociology, as the Academician, M. Denys Cochin, points out in his book

on Descartes, remains its last refuge. The new mentality of France demanded a synthesis which should give her the sentiment of complete self-consciousness; a synthesis that no longer ignored the importance of action, but was bound to discover even some 'philosophic' approval of the unrivalled achievements of the race in organisation, for instance, of a Colonial Empire in Africa. It was to be a synthesis that, under the guidance of the Charcots and the Pierre Janets, gave full recognition to sentiment and to intuition, which were thus released from the shackles of reason and logic. It was to discover, if belatedly, that Comte and even Spencer, in fixing so firmly the barriers between the realm of Things-Knowable and the Outer World of the Unknowable, had, in reality, pointed the way to explorations of the wildest adventure into regions where, though reason could not hope to penetrate thither without donning precautionary masks against the miasmatic gases, the human soul could, all the same, safely wander without the old fear of will-o'-the-wisps and bugaboos, and with the certainty even of enlarging the range of its apperception. It was to preserve all that was sanest and most French in a Taine, an Anatole France, a Renan—the clear method of the first, the tranquil mansuetude, the sense of the difference between comedy and humour, the conviction that the only really absolute truth in the world is that all things are relative, of the two last—while tolerating the destruction, in order to emancipate the human soul, of many venerable dogmatic formulas of the classical tradition of literary utterance. It was, finally, to welcome as poets a wonderful new school of vibrant, imaginative followers of a Verlaine, who had had the temerity to fling himself well out from the parallel bars of the *alexandrin* into fresh woods and pastures new, where beauty born of murmuring sound tinged even his simian features with a light that never was on sea or land.

It is a fact, indeed, that almost all of the reasons adduced by Mr Bodley, to justify his futile regrets as to the 'decay of idealism' in France, prove just the contrary of what he set out to prove, and that none of his reasons justifies his thesis. What he really shows at times is that there was a disappearance of ideology,

the growth of a salutary scepticism as to the miraculous power of formulas, the relegation to the limbo of dead phraseology of certain resonant words, such as 'Liberty,' and 'Fraternity,' and 'Equality.' But that he had proved this he was unaware; and he singularly failed to perceive that the old energy, the old enthusiasm that informed such words as 'Liberty,' 'Equality,' and 'Fraternity,' had always been conserved intact; that, at the very moment, indeed, when he felt called upon to chronicle the disappearance of idealism in France, idealism, which he had confounded with ideology, was sublimely rampant in a thousand forms, attesting the immortal tonicity and sanity of the Gallic temperament. The bankruptcy of certain concepts, when brought to the test of daily experience, is a fact of the social and political evolution of France under the Third Republic, and a fact that engendered a passing pessimism. But the very fact of this pessimism was a proof of the fundamental idealism of the French temperament.

A colleague of Mr Bodley's at the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences has, quite unconsciously no doubt, but most appositely, indeed with singular beauty and force, replied to him, and expressed the exact character of that social and moral evolution of the Third Republic, which Mr Bodley's hasty glance interpreted as the 'Decay of Idealism in France.' As M. Henri Bergson is himself one of the finer products of this peculiar form of idealistic decay in France, his testimony in the matter under discussion is all the more interesting. In a lecture delivered recently in Paris, M. Bergson spoke as follows :

'Certain psychologists, as you know, like to explain most nervous troubles by some old-time disappointment, by a tendency that has been repressed and driven into the back-ground. We had accepted the situation and we really believed we had forgotten the disappointment. It was some old inclination or youthful ambition, even a dream of our childhood. As we were unable to satisfy it, we decided that we would think no more about it. It, nevertheless, continued to think about us. Installed, well-underground, in our consciousness, it works there without our knowing what it is doing; it pushes and presses everything above it; there are tremblings, explosions even—in a word the whole series of nervous troubles, until finally the psychological

doctor, having discovered the memory hidden deep down in the sub-conscious intelligence, brings it out into the consciousness, and succeeds in diminishing its intensity and in dissipating it altogether.

'Well, something of the same sort had happened to the soul of France. She had, forty years ago, a great disappointment, and she never ceased to cherish the living memory of this disappointment even when she fancied she had forgotten it. Oh, it was quite another matter than a disappointment of mere *amour propre*; we should certainly have recovered from a wound like that. The disappointment was deeper. When we saw Force take the place of Right, Alsace-Lorraine torn from France, success crown a policy of brutality, ruse and lying, we almost came to doubt that there was such a thing as Justice, to doubt all the great things that the French Fatherland had always incarnated; and just because we had given way to doubt we were dissatisfied, and because we were dissatisfied with ourselves we were dissatisfied with one another. Behind the visible and tangible causes of our discords there was a hidden cause. You might have discovered it where it was least apparent. Yes, it was this wounded Idealism, it was this Patriotism—paradoxical as it may seem—it was this disappointed patriotism that might have been found even beneath the anti-patriotism of certain noisy orators. But to-morrow the trouble will have disappeared, to-morrow the great injustice will have been repaired. Force will have restored Right. That is why I have no fear of the future. The France of to-morrow will be not only a victorious France; she will be a France who will have only a slight effort to make to preserve her *élan*, because she will have recovered, with the integrity of her territory, complete confidence, confidence in that double ideal of Liberty and Justice which she had always held to be an essential part of herself.'

Yes, behind the visible and tangible causes of the French unrest before the War, behind the repeated nervous shocks leading up to the crisis which M. Chéradame and many another noted and analysed, and which so many, including Mr Bodley, misinterpreted, there was a hidden cause that explained everything. This cause was not so easily discoverable; and, even when discovered, it was natural enough, perhaps, that it should seem ineradicable, incurable, and should appear to be, indeed, the steady decay of idealism. In reality it was

exactly the opposite. It was the immortal *élan* of French idealism, abnormally compressed, shackled, hampered in its expansive lilt like a gas confined in too narrow compass; and the only possible cure for the unrest and moral disorder of France was that France—the France who, as M. Bergson says, has always regarded the ideal of Liberty and Justice as an essential part of herself—should become herself again. What such a cure practically implied was that France should find some way to heal her ‘wounded idealism.’ Yet the only way was for her somehow to recover her faith in the idea that had been the pride of all her glorious self-conscious past, the ideal that Right was superior to Force, and that, while perhaps ‘Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity,’ had, after all, turned out to be dangerous illusions, Justice, at all events, was no lie. Might she not conceivably be wise to adopt a radical method of cure? There was the solution of war. She might fight to prove to herself the reality of Justice, risking everything in a holy crusade for the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine and the restoration of Right in the world. But, apart from the doubtful consequences of such an initiative for her own national safety, the very fact of assuming the responsibility of precipitating war in a Europe—nay, an entire world—hoping against hope for peace, would have been partial self-stultification, the rejection of some of her own most characteristic ideals. It was not a safe way, at all events, and on reflection it was seen to be not even a possible way, of dressing the wounded spirit of France.

A single course lay open to the Third Republic. Republican France resolved in all her relations with the Powers to defend, before all else, an unimpeachable ideal of Justice according to the recognised principles of international law, seeking to secure, the while, by unremitting organisation of the national defence, a position of dignity which would ultimately establish a stable equilibrium in Europe. Long before England or even Russia had awakened to the menace for the peace of the world implied by Germany’s claim to dictate to the Continental Powers the law of international relations, France was alive to the danger, and had probed all the tricks and hypocrisies of German policy. But her efforts to multiply precautions against surprise from beyond the Vosges

were no less characteristic of her foreign policy than her vigilant care to eschew everything that might on any pretext be regarded as aggressive action. And all the time she was seeking to effect the fusion of her two great traditions: the tradition of 'Raison d'État' that had made her people the homogeneous organic entity it was, and the tradition of the 'Rights of Man,' which had made her one of the beacons of civilisation, shedding her light across the planet.

It is futile to speculate as to whether, even if chronic German meddlesomeness in the affairs of Germany's neighbours, and notably in those of France, had ceased, the future could conceivably have provided a balm for the troubled souls of Frenchmen, a consolation procurable at a less tragic sacrifice than that imposed by a Franco-German War. What is certain is that the war that Germany has forced upon the world has at last accomplished the fusion which all competent observers perceived was going on during the last decade. And it is not the least interesting aspect of the war that it has amalgamated the two Frances whose age-long struggle renders French history the most dramatic and the most human in the world—the France of the old Revolutionary ideology, and the France of a self-conscious idealism; on the one hand the France of the 'Marseillaise' and of the Revolutionary fêtes and of the 'immortal principles of 1789,' a France, that is, whose every action is tinged with disinterested emotion, for she knows herself to be fighting 'for Liberty and Justice and the freedom of peoples; and the France, on the other hand, which has rarely lost her European sense, a France which, from 1250 to 1648 (the Treaties of Westphalia), from 1648 to 1815 (the Treaty of Vienna), and from 1815 to 1870 had always, under her kings, deftly manœuvred to prevent the unity of the German tribes, and to complete the task of Cæsar when he defeated Ariovistus by the creation and maintenance of a public law in Europe, rendering henceforth impossible the domination of any single State. The Revolution and the Empire, as Jacques Bainville has admirably shown in his 'Histoire des deux Peuples,' constitute a momentary break in the tradition:

'Into the subtle and complete network of the treaties of Westphalia, the Revolution introduced its unitary principle.

By its propaganda it awakened in Germany the idea of nationality. By its brutal and excessive annexations, by the vexations of the war and the conquest, it made the peoples forget the pacific reign of French influence and civilisation, and engendered the craving for vengeance. It succeeded, in a word, in doing everything which it ought to have taken care not to do to further the union of the Germans against us, and to resuscitate for France the peril of a Great Germany.'

Whatever the witting or unwitting services rendered to German unity by the first Napoleon, it should nevertheless be remembered that he saw very clearly the danger of allowing Prussia to become too strong a Power. At Tilsit, in conversation with the Tsar Alexander and the King of Prussia, the great Emperor did not mince his words: 'It is part of my system,' he said, 'to weaken Prussia; I mean that she shall no longer be a power in the political balance of Europe.' A few weeks only after Fashoda, in November 1898, the greatest foreign Minister of the Third Republic, M. Delcassé, solemnly declared it to be his intention to reconcile France with all her Continental neighbours, and to make them one and all the friends of Russia, in order to deliver Europe from Prussian tyranny. The wish was Napoleonic; but it was, above all, *ancien régime*. Solemnly to conceive such a project was as fine an instance of French idealism as it would be possible to discover. Successfully to accomplish it within a period of less than seven years, to undo the work of Bismarck, as I have said, and to prepare the new Europe which has made it possible for France to resume her place at the head of civilisation, are achievements that will stand forth conspicuously, even in the incomparable history of France, for they will mark the epoch that they characterise with an ideal grandeur.

WM MORTON FULLERTON.

Art. 6.—THE WAR AND THE POETS. ✓

1. *The Cliffs. The Clouds.* By Charles M. Doughty. London: Duckworth, 1909, 1912.
2. *Singsongs of the War.* By Maurice Hewlett. London: Poetry Bookshop, 1914.
3. *War Harvest: 1914.* By Arthur K. Sabin. East Sheen: Temple Sheen Press, 1914.
4. *Philip the King and other Poems.* By John Masefield. London: Heinemann, 1914.
5. *Battle.* By Wilfrid W. Gibson. London: Elkin Mathews, 1915.
6. *Swords and Ploughshares.* By John Drinkwater. London: Sidgwick and Jackson, 1915.
7. *1914 and other Poems.* By Rupert Brooke. London: Sidgwick and Jackson, 1915.

And other works.

TENNYSON handsomely excused the poet in war-time. But indeed the most harshly practical mind would scarcely need to excuse 'the song that nerves a nation's heart.' It would not be unreasonable, however, before that line of argument was admitted, to ask to be shown such a song. Actually to 'nerve a nation's heart' must always be a quite extraordinary accomplishment for poetry. When the present war began it was expected, among other wonders, that a great outburst of patriotic poetry would accompany it. We certainly had the outburst; but history will scarcely find that the English temper owed much to the verses which the newspapers lavished on us. It was not altogether the fault of the verses. As the first bewilderment—a state not favourable to poetic influence—passed off, there followed a mood which did not at all require poetic influence; the tragic gravity of the time was sufficient in itself. What Mr Kipling said, with his trenchant symbolism:

'There is nothing left to-day
But steel and fire and stone,'

the nation already knew to be mere truth; and, in its heightened sense of itself, had already felt the thrill of his conclusion:

'Who stands if freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?'

Mr Kipling had once more spoken for his country. The gain was not encouragement, but expression. Thus it turned out that the very state of things which at first seemed likely to realise the ideal of Tennyson's phrase, made that realisation unnecessary. It seems to have been otherwise in Germany. There a nation, in a state not far off mesmerism, found itself profoundly responding, like an hypnotic patient to extravagant and ignoble suggestion, to Herr Lissauer's fiery rhapsody—a hymn which we may easily allow to be perhaps as good as poetry essentially insane can be. But indeed the occurrence in war-time of the electrifying song, the song that nerves a nation's heart, always depends, probably, less on the quality of the poetry than on the momentary psychology of the nation. If the nation needs electrifying, it will certainly find the song to do it; a sort of communal whimsy will decide on it. And it will probably not be a very good song; 'Lillibullero,' which is said to have been remarkably electrifying, may perhaps stand as typical. 'Tipperary' is about level with 'Lillibullero,' but is hardly a case in point, as its warlike significance is entirely accidental; it came from the ruck of music-hall sentimentality, and had but the vaguest suitability in rhythm and feeling—the irresistible word Tipperary is doubtless the real secret of its success.

In short, this greatest of wars has not revealed to us any really Tyrtæan singer; and even Signor D'Annunzio, who evidently did wonders in Italy, found prose eloquence more to his purpose than poetry. No doubt we have had poems which accomplished something less than wholesale encouragement; and a poem which improves understanding or determination in the smallest fraction of the nation is not to be despised. But there is no reason why war-poetry, any more than other poetry, should be required to perform a specific function like encouragement; it may very well be merely expression. Patriotic poetry is, of course, a form of expression; it is expression polarised, so to speak, by a pre-determined purpose or morality; in fact, it is a kind—the highest kind—of didactic poetry. But it is convenient for criticism, and the intention is sufficiently clear, if we assume a distinction between patriotic poetry and poetry which merely expresses the fact of the war in one of its aspects.

There is something very valuable in the latter sort of poetry. Poetic expression implies not merely intense apprehension of a thing; it implies also an apprehension which is by its very nature measured and firmly outlined. Limit and order and coherence are from the first the essential qualities of the thought which, by flowering into appropriate outward shape, becomes poetry. And precisely here is the value in poetic expression of the events and emotions that fill such a time as this. It is terribly likely that these events and emotions, when we are most conscious of them, are least submissive to mental control. Certainly it is most necessary that they should have power over our thoughts; but it is most necessary, too, that they should not abuse their power, by refusing their proper limits in thought, by throwing thought into disorder and incoherence. And, when poetry expresses them to us, they come to us not only in an intense realisation; it is a realisation that is, by its very nature, orderly and coherent; the essential *manner* of the realisation is shapely and continent and strictly outlined.

There has been an obvious assumption underlying this preface; namely, that poetry, to be worth discussion at all, must be good poetry. Our brief apologetics for war-poetry would not apply to a very considerable proportion of what has been printed as such. It would, indeed, be a futile industry to review the whole mass of versification for which the war has been responsible. Perhaps some German will do that for us when the war is well over, and deduce from it something wonderful and comprehensive. Here, however, the intention is only to review as much of the English war-poetry as seems likely to survive the tumult of its origin, with some slight mention of a few eminent failures. The review will not pretend to be exhaustive of our poetic successes; in sifting such an accumulation of verses, some successes may have been forgotten, and there may be some concealed. And among the compositions which are here ignored, there are certainly some which are not merely excusable, but laudable, in their spirit; it is only as poetry that they will not do. Mr Harold Begbie's energetic recruiting verses, for instance, very well served their

immediate purpose; and having done that, there they end. Some exceptionally indefatigable historian may read them in the future; but it will hardly be in the cause of literary history. It is on what promises to be the concern of literary history that we are now employed.

It will be for the convenience of this review if we adopt the rough distinction already described. There is, first, the decisively patriotic poetry—poetry which directly stimulates patriotism, or which celebrates, by occasion of the war, the idea of England, its claims and its glories; and secondly there is poetry which is content merely to express the fact of the war in one of its innumerable aspects. Anyone who has had the industry to read at all extensively in our war-poetry must have soon come to the conclusion that a certain measure of success is more easily obtained in the second than in the first of these two classes. A good deal of the merely expressive verse has been on a quite respectable level of accomplishment; though not much has gone beyond this. On the other hand there has been little patriotic poetry that has not been mere mouthing or sentimentality; but, when it has been successful, it has been of far more conspicuous artistic merit than the other kind. After all, when war-poetry is the business in hand, the frankly patriotic poet is only taking the line of least resistance, or at any rate the line along which natural passion flows strongest. He who takes advantage of that current will, with good steering, have a greater course than he who keeps in slack water; but there the steering is easier. It is as risky for a poet as for a boatman, to venture into an especially vehement rush of his element; whether it be passion or water, to yield one's direction to it may always become to abandon oneself to it.

But before reviewing in some detail the English poetry prompted by the war, the odd fact should be mentioned that the most complete and, until Rupert Brooke's sonnets appeared, the most remarkable translation into poetry of the war's horror and splendour, was made some years before the war started. Mr Charles M. Doughty published 'The Cliffs' in 1909 and 'The Clouds' in 1912. These poems were not warnings of the probability of war with Germany; they were impassioned prophetic realisations of the war that was, in Mr

Doughty's mind, as certain to come as the seasons themselves. They were laughed at; the present writer gladly takes this opportunity of confessing himself ashamed at having joined in the laughter. But literary history, surely, has nothing stranger than the fulfilment of Mr Doughty's extraordinary prophetic dramas; what should we think if the 'Persæ' turned out to be composed as an anticipation of Salamis? Mr Doughty, to be sure, was out in some of his prophecy. His war, for instance, in both books is a German invasion of England; but then *our* war is not yet done; he may prove more right in this matter than we care to think. Certainly he has proved entirely right in another matter, where most of his readers must have thought him entirely wrong. We can see now that a very little knowledge of history, from Waterloo down to the Boxer Expedition and the Herrero rebellion, ought to have prepared us for Prussian 'frightfulness'; but, when 'The Cliffs' and 'The Clouds' were first published, Mr Doughty's clear-sighted pictures of German war-policy were mostly considered a decidedly malicious eccentricity. Similarly, few would have agreed with his version of modern German psychology, of which 'frightfulness' is only a very partial expression; but Mr Doughty, in 1909 and 1912, saw through all the genial appearances to the exact formidable truth. In one respect, however, his prophecy was very fortunately wrong. The politicians have not done near so badly as he expected; the populace of London has not found it necessary to hang them on the lamp-posts. But he foresaw the unification into a single purpose of all the jarring elements of English life, which is, at last, beginning to come about; and he made his Germans realise what this would mean:

'Were their sands
Knit by some frost to granite, they in War
Should be invincible.'

The Germans, let us hope, will some time perceive the truth of that.

But the main thing is that, apart from detail, these dramas are, in essential fact and essential feeling, a profoundly truthful rendering of the war as it has actually come to pass. If any one wishes to uphold the poet as

vates, let him refer to these dramas, composed in piping times of peace. Mr Doughty projected himself into what he so certainly foresaw, and reacted to the things he found in his speculation as deeply and as vividly as the most sensitive and clairvoyant spirit can react to the reality that has come upon us; and it was speculation in the sense of vision, not of fantasy. And not merely the vision which could describe aerial and submarine warfare, but the far more subtle vision which could see, in 1909, just what it would be like to be alive in England in 1915. No one can read these dramas of yesterday without feeling himself immersed in the truth of to-day—the horror of Germanised warfare, with its punitive burnings and slaughters and deliberately wanton destruction, brooding over all; the prodigious ends Germany has set herself to reach, and the colossal, heartrending necessity for civilisation to immolate itself to prevent those ends; the revivifying of English spirit, and, above all, the tragically kindled consciousness of what England is and means.

The *sense of England*, when all is said, is the burning thing in these two dramas; the sense of England, incandescent as only war-time can make it, which glows, for instance, through all the magnificent monologue of the old shepherd-patriot with which 'The Cliffs' opens, or which brightens into most exquisite flame in the 'Valley of the Dove' section of 'The Clouds.' Why did these dramas so fail of their effect when they were published? Partly, no doubt, because we did not, fast in our pacific prejudices as we were, at all want to be affected by them; but partly also, surely, because even now, when they have so strangely justified themselves as prophecies, they have not justified the terrible things they do to the English language. For all their noble sense of England, they are not happy reading to any one who respects the genius of England's tongue. But that is an old quarrel with Mr Doughty. The man who can write 'Become is occupied England' is, out of doubt, incorrigible; the marvellously modulated vitality of English, for which, through centuries of obscure adjustment, of tireless empiric experiment with niceties of order and syntax, our speech has gradually and beautifully organised itself—all this means just nothing at all to Mr Doughty. But let us be grateful for what

he has given us. We must, it seems, simply accept as different expressions of the same intellectual oddity, his belief that the English language must be massacred in order to achieve poetry, and equally his belief that English politicians must be similarly entertained in order to get the nation's business done.

Turning now to the voluble versification for which the war is immediately responsible, it must be confessed that we are faced with a state of affairs to make the hardest critic blench a little. If we leave out for the present the poems which are specifically pointed to be the goads of patriotism, and confine ourselves to those which merely express some aspect of the war, and if of those we drop out the obviously futile and frivolous and ignoble (there is not so much of this as we might suppose), we find ourselves faced by a quite prodigious welter of tolerable mediocrity. The mind, after wading any considerable way through this, becomes rather stupefied and negligent, a trifle sceptical of its own powers of discrimination. Fortunately we soon meet with one decided encouragement; there is one poet who stands out in this tract in a manner that is not to be mistaken. Mr Wilfrid Gibson's 'Battle' poems are not only in intention the exact type of this kind of poetry, but they carry the intention into a decidedly conspicuous success. They are extremely objective; a series of short dramatic lyrics, written with the simplicity and directness which Mr Gibson chiefly studies in his exceptional art, expressing, without any implied comment, but with profoundly implied emotion, the feelings, thoughts, sensations of soldiers in the midst of the actual experiences of modern warfare. The emotion they imply is not patriotic, but simply and broadly human; this is what war means, we feel; these exquisite bodies insulted by agony and death, these incalculable spirits devastated. What all this destruction is for, is taken for granted. Modern warfare is not beautiful, and Mr Gibson does not try to gloss it in the usual way, by underlining the heroism and endurance it evokes. All that is simply assumed in these poems, just as the common soldier himself assumes it. An almost appalling heroism is unemphatically revealed in them as the fundamental fact of usual human nature. This is the

ground-bass; and above its constancy plays the ever-varying truth of what fighting means to some individual piece of human nature. The poems are moments isolated and fixed, out of the infinite changing flux of human reaction to the terrible galvanism of war. But that thrilling galvanism does not alter human kind; and sometimes Mr Gibson forces us to realise the vast unreason of war by bringing into withering contact with its current a mind still preoccupied with the habits of peace. It may be a soldier drowsing, and seeing in a sudden clear-coloured picture

‘Black lambs that frolic in the snow
Among the daffodils,
In a far orchard that I know
Beneath the Malvern hills’;

or it may be soldiers betting on football teams at home; or the man who kept telling his company the wonders

‘His little son
Had said and done:
Till, as he told
The fiftieth time
Without a change
How three-year-old
Prattled a rhyme,
They got the range
And cut him short.’

Or dawn comes on one in the trenches—‘such a morning for cubbing!’ Or it may be something as convincingly incongruous as this:

‘I quite forgot to put the spigot in.
It’s just come over me. . . . And it is queer
To think he’ll not care if we lose or win
And yet be jumping mad about that beer.

I left it running full. He must have said
A thing or two. I’d give my stripes to hear
What he will say if I’m reported dead
Before he gets me told about that beer!’

But Mr Gibson gives us more terrible and more memorable glimpses than these—of the lives through

which the torturing galvanism of war has passed and left them living. There is the man who seems to have come out of hallucination, haunted by the terror that what he has 'done and seen' there may, after all, be real. And it would be hard to imagine words creating such dreadful, unforgettable effect with so little effort as in 'His Mate':

"Hi-diddle-diddle
The cat and the fiddle." . . .

I raised my head,
And saw him seated on a heap of dead,
Yelling the nursery-tune,
Grimacing at the moon. . . .

"And the cow jumped over the moon.
The little dog laughed to see such sport
And the dish ran away with the spoon."

And, as he stopt to snigger,
I struggled to my knees and pulled the trigger.'

Against this horror we may put the strange and beautiful poem—beautiful with the inevitable ease we call magical—in which the delirium of a wounded soldier becomes a vision of himself, blissfully uninjured, lying naked in the sunshine after bathing, tingling with the salt and so drenched with the golden radiance that his flesh seems turning 'to lucent amber in a world of blue.'

This particular view of poetic realism has not tempted many to explore it. Indeed Mr Gibson is perhaps the only one of our poets who had ready in his hands the technique which could make any adequate work of it. The few who have attempted to follow Mr Gibson have usually tried to lighten the business with some slight whimsy or comedy. Mr J. A. Nicklin, in a pamphlet of dramatic lyrics called 'And they went to the War,'—'characters' of the new armies—has some good verses of this kind. There is a touch of humorous truth here ('The City Clerk'):

'When the air with hurtling shrapnel's all a-quiver
And the smoke of battle through the valley swirls,
It's better than our Sundays up the river,
And the rifle's hug is closer than a girl's.'

Here, too, is an act of a comedy that must have been repeated pretty often in the new armies :

THE POACHER.

'In Codsall Wood no snares are laid,
Its coverts I have bid farewell,
Nor sneak through moonlight-dappled shade
In the old chase of Boscobel.

Last Fall I knocked the keeper out,
And did six months in Shrewsbury jail;
To-day I order him about;
I've got my stripe; that turned him pale.'

Mr Maurice Hewlett, too, has effectively used whimsy, though in a more generalised form, in some of his ballads ('Singsongs of the War'); especially in 'Brave words from Kiel,' where the typical sailor answers the Teuton brag just as you would think an English sailor would answer it. Some of his whimsy has a fiercer note than this; but Mr Hewlett's more serious ballads are the best. 'Tye Street' is a fine, tragic, all-too-appropriate version of 'The Girl I left behind me'; and there is the right ballad tune in 'Soldier, soldier,' a simple, hearty, skilful thing, as these two verses may show :

"Soldier, soldier, whatever shall I do
If the cruel Germans take my sweetheart O?
They'll pen him in the jail
And starve him thin and pale,
With never a kind word from his sweetheart O?"

"Fair maid of London, is that all you see
Of the lad you've taken for your sweetheart O?
He'll make his prison ring
With his God save the King,
And his God bless the blue eyes of my sweetheart O!"

Whimsy is a very natural safety-valve for such emotions as this war provokes; and of all the whimsical expressions of the European tragedy we like best Mr Walter de la Mare's 'True Blue Broadside of '14.' It is a fine piece of style, let alone the keenness of its matter;

it has a taking easy rhythm, and conventionalises common speech as only a delicate mastery of words can do :

“ And what's the news, Mr Sergeant, what news, my soldier-man ? ”

“ We're away and a-ship to Bel-gi-um as softly as ship can ;
The Kaiser and his Lords of War have shook a mailed fist,
And a hundred thousand Englishmen are off to keep the
tryst.

The Kaiser he's a gentleman, and eager for to dance
Across the floor of half the world from Petersburg to France ;
‘ In gay Paree, we'll sup,’ says he, ‘ so, Moltke, call the page,
His name is little Bel-gi-um, and my pumps are in Liège.’ ”

Expression of the war as we feel it here in the quiet of England has been, on the whole, the usual task of our versifiers ; and a few of them, at this work, have proved themselves poets, if only momentarily. There must be many who can recognise the complex of emotions in Mr Arthur K. Sabin's dignified, moving sonnet ‘ Harvest moon at midnight,’ which is dated September 1914 :

‘ The Harvest Moon swings clear above the trees,
Which stand with ragged outlines, grey and still :
Her glory floods the glimmering landscape till
Night's ways grow tremulous with mysteries.
There is no sound of any whispering breeze :
All's silent. I, upon a little hill,
Watch the suffusing vapours move and fill
The valleys, while they slumber on in peace. .
Ah, underneath this Moon, in fields of France,
How many of our old companionship
Snatch hurried rest, with hearts that burn and glow,
Longing to hear the bugles sound *Advance*,
To seize their weapons with unfaltering grip,
And for old England strike another blow ! ’

Mr John Drinkwater comes off well in this portion of our review ; his patriotic poetry is a little overloaded, but he has been more successful than most of our poets in expressing the rest of the graver emotions of war-time. To instance only one of his poems—his imagination has struck the right symbol for the mood which, to some such supernal spectator as one of Mr Hardy's Chorus of

the Pitiees, would seem to characterise the England of to-day :

'On seas where every pilot fails
A thousand thousand ships to-day
Ride with a moaning in their sails,
Through winds grey and waters grey.

They are the ships of grief. They go
As fleets are derelict and driven,
Estranged from every port they know,
Scarce asking fortitude of heaven.

No, do not hail them. Let them ride
Lonely as they would lonely be. . . .
There is an hour will prove the tide,
'There is a sun will strike the sea.'

Not much remains worth noting of the multitudinous attempts to give poetic outline to the spiritual and mental life of England these days. Mr Binyon had some grave verses on the sad part which war assigns to women ; but it would hardly be to these or to his other war verses that one would recommend a reader to turn in order to appreciate Mr Binyon's fine talent. One curious piece of confidence with which we entered on the war, a confidence rather less flourishing nowadays—the belief that this was to be the Final War—engaged the attention of several poets, as it well might. Mr William Watson's verses, in spite of their set formality, their rather worn solemnity, are perhaps the only relic of this confidence not destined to immediate decay. Mr R. E. Vernède, the only new name which our poetic 'war-rage' has brought forward, well expressed another of the emotions which moved us at the beginning of the war—our bewilderment that an apparently kindly people like the Germans should be so studiously vile as conquerors :

'In that green land behind you
The happy homesteads stand
Peaceful as when you left them
To spoil a little land ;
And still your busy housewives
Sit knitting unafraid,
And still your children play as once
The Flemish children played.'

Leaving the poetry which merely *expresses* the war for that which is specifically a declaration of patriotism, we pass over a tract which lies between. This is battle-poetry, poetry of the class of Drayton's 'Agincourt,' and Tennyson's 'Revenge,' and Campbell's 'Battle of the Baltic.' Such poetry is very seldom contemporary; indeed, the imaginative excitement of a battle-subject, intensified by the deliberate intention to arouse patriotic ardour, must especially require prolonged digestion; and probably the best will be made of it only when it has been pre-digested by tradition. Certainly, the battle-poetry we have had during this war has been crude and worthless—very imperfectly digested. Mr William Watson may give us something considerable when the war is over; but at present his most conspicuous effort in this direction is 'The Battle of the Bight,' which attained the wrong kind of sublimity when 'each rejoicing gun'

'Opened its mouth outright
And bit them in the Bight.'

That is one of the things we must try to forget; but it is not very forgettable. We have had two poetic war-plays, too, which join on here: Mr Alfred Noyes's 'Rada' and Mr Stephen Phillips's 'Armageddon.' But these also we must try to forget. And we shall not mention any of the poetry of invective, though in a census of war-poems it would make an important class. There is an ignoble variety of everything. The poetry of invective is the ignoble variety of patriotic poetry.

Most people know the story of the flag-wagger in Mr Kipling's 'Stalky and Co.,' and will remember how an injudicious display of the Union Jack caused a devastating sense of shame. Patriotic emotion, in fact, is most powerful when it is most reticent—in England, at any rate. And it is most easily approached under some flag or other; it is a wayward thing to appeal to directly. The business of patriotic poetry is, one may say, to fit patriotism in to some particular occasion. Even in these days, when patriotism is ready to give some response in everybody's mind, verses only spoil it unless they particularise it. But of course there is every temptation, fortunately, to particularise it nowadays; for not much

is needed—just enough to fix it out of the windy vague of generality. Any realisation of the characteristic nature and needs of this war would be enough for that. We have poets who are well practised in the rituals prescribed for patriotic poetry. Perhaps they were too well practised. Sir Henry Newbolt's and Mr Kipling's verses, at least, are not among those which we can confidently suppose will survive this hurlyburly. Yet they are certainly, in the best sense, *ad hoc*; they are not windy, they do particularise. It is possible that neither poet found a sufficiently tonic difficulty in his task; and it is dangerous for patriotic poetry to be too 'slick,' as painters say. There are excellent lines in Sir Henry Newbolt's 'The Vigil'; but the poem as a whole is ineffective compared with the craftily constructed 'Drake's drum.' Mr Kipling's 'For all we have and are' has been already mentioned; here, too, there are excellent lines, but the poem of Mr Kipling's which most moves us in connexion with the war is the nobly elaborate address to France which he wrote in the years of peace. If there is anything to be learnt from these two cases, it would be that, for poetry to be effectively patriotic, the patriotic motive is not enough; it must co-exist with a purely artistic motive. Drake's love of England could not so move us if it were not combined with the purely artistic use of his drum. Mr Kipling's lines were written quite as much to forge a superb chain of imagery as to praise France. But now 'The Vigil' and 'For all we have and are' both seem to have been written because there was a clear call for patriotic poetry; and these two poets knew the knack of it. A purely artistic motive for writing was not present; and the patriotic motive, for all its sincerity and force, has its effect thereby conspicuously impaired.

All this is no more than to say, that even so potent a thing as patriotism must, like everything else, not so much inspire poetry, as itself turn into the nature of poetry, before it can be successfully explicit in poetic form. The patriotic impulse must change its original quality, and translate itself into terms of poetic impulse—into a desire to create certain definite rhythms and images and so on. The urgency of patriotism is so strong that the poet is apt to forget this, and to let his motive speak

while it is still its original self. Anything else seems chilling; whereas it is when this is ignored that patriotism becomes chilled in poetry. This was forgotten even by such a master of poetics as Mr Bridges, whose 'Wake Up, England,' had little but its sincerity and punctuality to recommend it. It is scarcely surprising, then, that three fine patriotic poems are as many as we can collect out of the mass of the war's versified utterance. Mr Justin McCarthy's 'Ghosts at Boulogne' rises clearly above the average; an effective sonnet celebrating love of England and friendship with France together, in the figure of a dreamer who saw certain 'war-gaunt shadows' watch the English troops land on 'the welcoming fields of France':

'Saw Churchill's smile, and Wellington's curt nod,
Saw Harry with his Crispins, Chandos' lance,
And the Edwards on whose breasts the leopards dance:
Then heard a gust of ghostly thanks to God
That the most famous quarrel of all time
In the most famous friendship ends at last.'

But this is scarcely on a level with the other three. They are Mr Thomas Hardy's 'Song of the Soldiers,' Mr John Masfield's 'August, 1914,' and Rupert Brooke's '1914.'

Mr Hardy's poem differs markedly from the other two. Of the kind of patriotic expression which takes the form of a marching song as naturally as love goes into a *canzone a ballo*, this poem is as good a specimen, as strong, as hearty, as self-controlled, as any that can be found in our literature. To the reader who has in mind the grandest of all recent English compositions, 'The Dynasts,' this 'Song of the Soldiers' must come as a sort of small finial, or, should we say, as a rider, to that magnificent structure of tragic imagination:

'What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,
To hazards whence no tears can win us;
What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away?

In our heart of hearts believing
 Victory crowns the just,
 And that braggarts must
 Surely bite the dust,
 Press we to the field ungrieving,
 In our heart of hearts believing
 Victory crowns the just.'

The ringing formality of that, its persistent pattern, is very much in Mr Hardy's best and most characteristic manner; and it has what his verse has not always, the incalculable quality of fine poetry. In rhythm and thought and language it answers superbly to the loftiest confidence we can have; and at the same time has the plain downright vigour of patriotism the most elemental and unanalysing. But what is specially interesting is, that the second of the verses we quote seems to contradict directly the stark sceptical conclusion of 'The Dynasts,' a work, and so a conclusion, to which the whole of Mr Hardy's other work leads up. After all, it was only natural that Mr Hardy, whose genius derives so deeply from the spirit of England, should have added, on the occasion of our war, this particular rider of 'faith and fire' to the more general verdict of his profound scepticism.

The rarest kind of patriotic poetry is that which distils, out of turbulent and even agonised emotion, the serene quintessence of patriotism; it captures into the form of art the unperturbed, presiding spirit of our race, the steadily impassioned *sense of England*. We all know this spirit; but we look to the poets to make it clear to us, to bring it, irresistibly beautiful, so close as to be with us like 'the affable Archangel' with Adam, 'as with his friend, familiar used to sit indulgent.' But the poet who is to do this for us must, as we have said, possess his inspiration not merely as an exceptional intensification of patriotic feeling, but very decidedly also as a strictly artistic impulse; and it is an emotion so vehement that it does not easily give implicit obedience to the spirit of art. But to the small list of poets who have managed to combine good patriotism with good poetry, this war will add the names of two others; and one of them, Rupert Brooke, will stand as high perhaps as any name in that restricted class.

When we first found ourselves at war, few can have failed to contrast this prodigious fact with the quiet and exceptional beauty of the season. The beauty of English landscape must always be a chief stimulus to the spiritual and, so to speak, supersensuous sense of England which is the essential patriotism. Nature so had it that, in August of 1914, this stimulus came with unusual force into the confused feelings of those first weeks of war-time. These feelings, not disguising their deep anxiety, their sad realisation of all the waste and pain to come, but penetrated, as by a shaft of keenest light, by the physical beauty of England carrying with it that spiritual sense of England which must once more express itself in a national war—this, roughly, is the subject of Mr Masfield's fine poem, 'August 1914.' It begins with a gradual evocation of the exquisite peace of an English summer evening; but not merely as the landscape of a picture, rather as the beloved condition of Englishmen's lives—Englishmen who must now willingly determine to lose their lives:

'These homes, this valley spread below me here,
The rooks, the tilted stacks, the beasts in pen,
Have been the heartfelt things, past-speaking dear
To unknown generations of dead men,

Who, century after century, held these farms,
And, looking out to watch the changing sky,
Heard, as we hear, the rumours and alarms
Of war at hand and danger pressing nigh.

And knew, as we know, that the message meant
The breaking off of ties, the loss of friends,
Death, like a miser getting in his rent,
And no new stones laid where the trackway ends.'

And so, sadly and voluntarily, they left every good thing
their life held, were shipped far away from England,
endured the miseries of foreign warfare,

'And died (uncouthly, most) in foreign lands
For some idea but dimly understood
Of an English city never built by hands
Which love of England prompted and made good.'

The spirit of these forgotten English peasant soldiers—'All the unspoken worship of those lives'—is the spirit of England, the spirit that is pressing down to re-interpret itself in our lives to-day; not, so Mr Masfield feels it, bragging or arrogant or lightheartedly warlike, but knowing well enough that peace is better than war if peace is permitted—if not, then summoning all the quiet profound passion concealed in the idea of England to make its war effective.

This is patriotism in elegiac mood. It is a noble poem, of assured vitality; the impassioned sense of England is not less but more impressive for the solemnity of the surrounding emotions. But it is in the nature of things that poetry of triumphant mood, like Rupert Brooke's sonnets, should take our minds on a more thrilling flight than the noblest elegiacs. Other things being equal (and perhaps they are not quite equal; Rupert Brooke's technique is cleaner and harder and more alert than Mr Masfield's), the radiant exaltation of '1914' must be more to us than the sober passion of 'August 1914.' But it will do no good to compare the two poems; they have only this in common, that they both add something to the poetry of English patriotism.

The five sonnets, together called '1914,' make a single poem; it encloses in firm and exquisitely modulated form the emotions of one who, at the first call, instantly gave up everything to fight for England, with the clear expectation that that would mean to die for England. There is no regret here. The poet exults to welcome, as the highest imaginable privilege, the chance of dying for his country. It is as if his life had leapt into a new element, brighter and finer and nearer to spirit:

'Oh! we, who have known shame, we have found release there,
Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,
Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there
But only agony, and that has ending;
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.'

And in the clairvoyance of this privileged state—the state of being allowed to offer himself absolutely to his country—he attains to, and expresses in words that seem to shine, such a perfect sense of immortal England

as has seldom indeed found utterance in our poetry. Patriotic poetry, in fact, could not go higher than in these sonnets. Rupert Brooke had a decided advantage over other patriotic poets; when he celebrated the faultless beauty of sacrificing oneself for England, they were his own immediate emotions that he expressed. He knew that beauty of self-sacrifice not by any effort of imagination, but simply because it was the thing that entirely governed his life from the beginning of the war. And in five sonnets he set forth the whole of it, with a beauty of music and imagery perfectly answering to the spiritual beauty. Between the opening of the first sonnet—

‘Now God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour,’—
and the last line of the fifth—

‘In hearts at peace, under an English heaven’—

the whole splendour and tenderness of English patriotism lies, set forth with the assurance of an intensely personal experience; the joy that he may give this sacrifice for England, the serene sense of immortal England accepting it. After the cry of exultation in the first sonnet comes, in the second, an expression of mystical safety in fighting for England; there is no other safety comparable with this:

‘Safe though all safety’s lost; safe where men fall;
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all.’

The third sonnet realises what the dead have given us who gave their everything to England:

‘gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that un hoped serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.’

They gave us honour and nobleness and love, to use for England’s sake; but what of the dead themselves? The extraordinarily beautiful fourth sonnet answers that; death is perceived in it as a sort of ecstasy, the final

beauty crowning and perfecting all the myriad beauties of life:

'There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.'

And the fifth sonnet is the conclusion of the whole matter. It is already well known; it will be one of the most famous sonnets in the language. It is the quintessence of 'the thoughts by England given'; such a perfect passion for England has perhaps never been so completely uttered in so few lines. So the whole tragically exultant sequence ends, in English peace—in the death of a noble Englishman. Rupert Brooke lies buried under the olives of Skyros. His spirit is part of the light which is England.

Those who think that a great war automatically produces great poetry may be disappointed at our poetic output. But it is not a very reasonable disappointment. It is quite true that the enormous majority of our war-poems have been very bad. Why not? They served their turn, their momentary turn; they need do no more. Poetry does not come about automatically; it is the most unlikely thing in the world, that a great war should be simultaneously celebrated in great poetry. How many of the famous poems about war have been concerned with contemporary war? How many great poets have not lived through famous wars and, so far as their art was concerned, ignored them? We have, however—to make a final selection—verses from Mr Gibson, Mr Masfield, and Mr Hardy, which are certainly immediate poetic commentary on the war as good as we would reasonably look for. And with Rupert Brooke's sonnets, we may say that no other war in our whole history has been instantly transmuted into poetry of purer gold.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE.

Art. 7.—THE TREATMENT OF ENEMY ALIENS. ✓

WAR, which until a year ago had shown a tendency towards the diminution of savagery, as compared with what had been customary during the period ending with the downfall of Napoleon I, seems to have reverted to its earlier character. To put to the sword the garrison of a town taken by assault and to deliver the civilian inhabitants to pillage and outrage, which were permitted by the code of both Napoleon and Wellington, was no longer held to be justified. The Geneva Convention had laid down rules for the merciful treatment of the wounded. The Declaration of St Petersburg had prohibited the use of explosive bullets, and formulated the principle that arms which uselessly aggravate the sufferings of disabled men or render their death inevitable ought not to be employed. In 1899 an elaborate set of regulations for the conduct of war on land was adopted, and was reaffirmed in 1907. Projectiles, the sole object of which is the diffusion of asphyxiating or deleterious gases, were prohibited by a resolution passed in 1899; likewise bullets which expand or flatten easily in the human body, and the discharge of projectiles and explosives from balloons. The bombardment by naval forces of undefended ports, towns, villages, dwellings or buildings was forbidden in 1907; and this prohibition was extended to the attack or bombardment of such places *by any means whatever*.

There was every reason, consequently, to expect that, when the war for which the Continental Powers had been preparing, either offensively or defensively, for years past should at last break out, it would be conducted with due observance of the dictates of humanity and of international agreements. Yet, in no war of former times has the world witnessed such indefensible innovations in the practice of a civilised nation. The indiscriminate sowing of mines, both anchored and drifting, on the high seas, without warning to neutrals of their position; the sinking of merchant ships without notice by submarines and without distinction of belligerent or neutral; the bombardment of undefended coast towns, the wilful destruction of ancient architectural

monuments, the killing of civilians of both sexes and of all ages, the use of dirigible balloons and aeroplanes for dropping bombs on open towns, the discharge of asphyxiating and torture-inflicting gases against the enemy troops, and other violations not only of international law but even of international compacts almost before the ink with which they were written was dry—all these things are quite new.

Our memories are short, and familiarity with past history is the privilege of a small minority. Few are probably aware that the refusal to allow enemy aliens to withdraw to their own country on the outbreak of hostilities, the treatment as prisoners of war of foreigners living peaceably and pursuing their ordinary callings without reason to apprehend risk to their persons or property, are contrary to the principles consecrated by an endless succession of treaties beginning more than two and a half centuries ago, and opposed to the doctrines hitherto taught by writers on International Law. If the doctrine of 'the nation in arms' is to be regarded as justifying such a measure, then it cannot but be lamented that a theory of patriotic duty should unconsciously have caused mankind to revert to a condition approximating to barbarism, which cannot but have a prejudicial effect on the ordinary intercourse of nations when peace is restored, and justify the ancient law of communities which refused to hold any relations whatever with the peoples outside their own borders.

The writer does not propose to go back to the times before the birth of International Law, but limits himself to the provisions of such treaties bearing on the position of enemy aliens on the outbreak of war as are accessible at the moment. The earliest of these is the treaty of the Pyrenees between France and Spain of November 7, 1659, Art. XXIV of which runs as follows:

'In order better to assure for the future commerce and friendship between the subjects of the said Kings, for the greater advantage and convenience of their kingdoms, it has been agreed that should any rupture hereafter occur between the two crowns (which God forbid) six months' time shall always be given to the subjects of both parties to withdraw and transport their property and persons withsoever they

may think fit; which they shall be permitted to do with all liberty, without its being permitted to cause them any hindrance, nor to proceed during the said time to any seizure of the said property, still less to the arrest of their persons.*

An almost identical article was inserted in the treaty of friendship, alliance, commerce and navigation between France and Holland of April 27, 1662,† and again in the treaty of peace and commerce of $\frac{13}{23}$ May, 1667, between Great Britain and Spain. In Art. XXXVI of the latter we read that:

‘If hereafter, which God forbid! any rupture should occur between the said allies [i.e. Great Britain and Spain] six months will be given to the subjects of both parties to withdraw their merchandise and effects, without its being allowed to inconvenience or disturb them by any arrestation (*arrêt*) of their persons or property during the said period.’‡

The treaty of peace between France and Holland signed at Nymegen August 10, 1678,§ which has the same provision, seems to come next in order of time. At the Congress of Ryswyk in 1697, in the Dutch treaty of peace,|| the days of grace were extended to nine months. But Art. XII of the treaty with England¶ stipulates that, if war should break out between the contracting parties, the ships, merchandise and all kinds of movable goods of either party, which shall be found in the dominions of the adverse party, shall not be confiscated or brought under any inconveniency, but six months shall be allowed to the subjects of both Kings to carry away the aforesaid goods and anything else that is theirs, without any molestation.** This clearly implies freedom to remain for six months without personal molestation. Art. XXVI of the treaty with Spain †† also stipulates for six months, and distinctly exempts subjects of both parties from personal arrest.

The commercial treaty of Utrecht, April 11, 1713, Art. II, of similar tenor, is more explicit, as it expressly says that it shall not be permitted to arrest or seize

* Vast., ‘Grand Traités du règne de Louis XIV,’ i, 104, 105.

† Dumont, t. ii, part ii, p. 413.

‡ Lambert, viii, 455. A free translation in Jenkinson, ii, 104.

§ Vast., *op. cit.*, ii, 50.

|| Ibid., 195.

¶ Ibid., 210.

** Abbreviated from Jenkinson, i, 303.

†† Vast., ii, 224.

their persons ('sans qu'il soit permis d'arrêter, ni de saisir leurs personnes'). The commercial treaty between France and Holland of the same date, Art. XLI, allows nine months' freedom from arrest, while the treaty of peace between Great Britain and Spain of $\frac{2}{13}$ July, 1713, accords six months' grace. Nevertheless, by the Spanish declaration of war against Great Britain in 1739 all British subjects, not naturalised, in public employ or engaged in mechanical callings, were ordered to quit Spain immediately, and all their property was to be seized—a manifest violation of the existing treaty.

Passing over three commercial treaties made by Great Britain with Morocco in 1721, and with Tripoli and Tunis in 1751, we find in 1766 a commercial treaty between Great Britain and Russia, by Art. XII of which a year is granted: '*les personnes, les vaisseaux et les marchandises ne seront pas détenues ni confisquées.*'* This was repeated word for word in Art. XII of the treaty of commerce of $\frac{10}{31}$ Feb. 1797.†

Art. XX of the treaty of Feb. 6, 1778, between the French King and the United States, gives six months to merchants to collect and transport their merchandise. Art. XXXV of the treaty of $\frac{8}{19}$ Oct. 1782, between Russia and Denmark, provides that '*on n'arrete point les personnes, ni ne confisquera les navires et les biens des sujets,*' but that they shall have at least a year to dispose of their property, and for this purpose may betake themselves whithersoever they think fit.‡ A similar article in the treaty between the United States and Sweden, dated April 3, 1783, allows nine months; '*nor shall any one seize their effects, and much less their persons, during the said nine months.*'§ Art. XXVII of the manifesto of Catherine II of Sept. 1785, and Art. XXIX of the manifesto of Joseph II of Nov. 1785, forming together the treaty of commerce between the two Empires,|| exempt subjects from arrest, and grant a year for the disposal of their property, and freedom to depart whithersoever they may desire; and this provision is to extend

* F. de Martens, '*Recueil des Traités,*' etc., ix (x), p. 251; Jenkinson, iii, 229, English translation. † Ibid., 399.

‡ Jenkinson, iii, 295-6; English translation, p. 281. § Ibid., iii, 326.

|| F. de Martens, '*Recueil,*' ii, 167, 183.

to persons in the naval or military service of the other party. Art. XLV of the commercial treaty of Dec. 31, 1786 (Jan. 11, 1787), between Russia and France contains the same stipulations, except that the words 'naval and military' are omitted before 'service.'*

The most explicit form of such an article is Art. XXVI of the treaty of Nov. 19, 1794, between the United States and Great Britain (amity, commerce and navigation), ratified by President Washington Aug. 14, 1795, which was repeated in Art. XX of a similar treaty between those Powers signed in London Dec. 31, 1806. Although this treaty was not ratified, the article may be cited as an example of what was considered at the time to be right and proper. The principal portion (British and Foreign State Papers, i. 1201) runs as follows:

'If at any time a rupture should take place (which God forbid) between His Majesty and the United States, the Merchants and others of the two nations, residing in the Dominions of the other, shall have the privilege of remaining and continuing their trade, so long as they do it peaceably and commit no offence against the laws; and in case their conduct should render them suspected, and the respective governments should think proper to order them to remove, the term of twelve months from the publication of the Order shall be allowed them for that purpose, to remove with their families, effects and property; but this favour shall not be extended to those who shall act contrary to the established laws.'

In Hall's 'International Law,' 4th edition, a list† was given of such treaties, including nineteen more concluded between 1801 and 1890. Among the signatories we find the United States, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, France and Russia. It may, however, be observed that none of these treaties were concluded between Great Powers on both sides. On the whole it may be inferred that down to five-and-twenty years ago governments contemplated treating enemy aliens with forbearance and even generosity during good behaviour, neither expelling them from the territory nor treating them as prisoners of war.

The solitary exception to what had come to be

* F. de Martens, 'Recueil,' xiii, 232.

† This list was omitted from the fifth and sixth editions of Hall.

regarded as a general rule was the order given by Napoleon in 1803, six days after the declaration of war by England, to arrest at once all Englishmen without exception, and detain them as prisoners of war, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of Junot, who went so far as to remind him that, when Lord Whitworth quitted Paris, solemn assurances of security had been given to the English who remained.* The pretext was that two French merchantmen had been captured off the Breton coast prior to the declaration of war; which was not the fact, for the declaration of war was on May 16, and the capture took place on May 20. Napoleon also pretended that the British militia system rendered this a measure of necessary precaution. Hitherto no impartial historian has sought to defend Napoleon's action, which he was probably induced to take by his undisguised personal hatred of the English nation. Whether Barère's proposal, in August 1793, to arrest all subjects of Powers at war with France, not domiciled before July 14, 1789, was acted on, we do not know.

As regards modern practice, the writer is old enough to remember the Crimean war. Relatives of his, Russian subjects then residing and carrying on business in London, were not disturbed. British subjects were allowed to remain in Russia, and had liberty to leave at any time during the war. In 1859 French and Piedmontese subjects were allowed to remain in Austria unmolested during the war, as long as they behaved themselves properly. At the outset of the war of 1870, Prussian subjects were accorded permission to remain in France during good behaviour. Further on will be found a quotation from Hall referring to the subsequent partial withdrawal of this permission.

In April 1897 Turkey decreed the expulsion of Hellenic subjects, but it was never put into practice. In August 1915, however, the Turks, after having undertaken to allow Italian subjects to leave Asia Minor, withdrew the permission; and this action was one of the grounds for the subsequent Italian declaration of war.

In 1904 the Japanese Government accorded to Russian subjects complete liberty of choice between remaining

* 'Memoirs of Mme Junot,' iii, 417.

and withdrawing, during good behaviour, but reserved to itself the right of imposing restrictions as regarded place of residence and moving about the country, if found necessary.* It appears, however, that Japanese subjects residing in the Russian territories in Eastern Asia did not receive similar liberal treatment. It may be observed that the number of Russian subjects in Japan was not large, while the Japanese subjects in Russian Manchuria and the leased territory in Chinese Manchuria exceeded 5000, most of whom were withdrawn by the Japanese Government on its own initiative before the commencement of hostilities. The writer has not been able to find any Russian declaration on this subject in 1904. During the Italo-Turkish war, the Porte notified its intention of expelling Italian subjects. The original date announced was postponed, but the decision was eventually carried out in part.

Lastly, what do recent writers of repute on International Law say on this subject? We take first the 5th edition of Hall (1904). On p. 393 he says:

'There can be no doubt that a right of detention no longer exists, except when persons have wilfully overstayed a period granted to them for withdrawal, and in the case of persons whose conduct or the magnitude of whose importance to their State afford reasons for special treatment; *perhaps* [our italics] also in the case of persons belonging to the armed forces of their country.'

Permission to remain was given by the British Government in 1756 to French persons then in the country, and again in 1762 to Spanish subjects.

'But (says Hall) in recent wars express permission has always been given; and the sentiment of the impropriety of expulsion has of late become so strong that, when in 1870 the government of the National Defence in France so far rescinded the permission to remain which was accorded to enemy subjects at the beginning of the war as to expel them from the department of the Seine, and to require them either to leave France or retire to the south of the Loire, it appeared to be generally thought that the measure was a harsh one' (Ib., p. 393).

* Ariga, 'La Guerre Russo-japonaise,' p. 37.

Westlake in 1907 laid it down that :

'the system of the treaties may therefore be deemed to amount to a general agreement, on the part of governments, that modern international law forbids making prisoners the persons . . . of enemy subjects in the territory at the outbreak of war, or, saving the right of expulsion in case of apprehended danger to the State, refusing them the right of continuous residence during good behaviour.'*

Ullmann, a very respectable professor of International Law at Munich, in his revised edition of 1908, expressed the opinion that :

'Expulsion can be employed against the subjects of the enemy state, but this measure must be so executed that a suitable delay is offered to those affected by it for winding up their affairs. In earlier times it also happened that persons liable to military service, especially, were prevented from returning to their native land' (p. 474).

Evidently he inclines to disapprove of the detention of persons liable to military or naval service.

It is in the 6th edition of Hall, edited fifteen years after his death by Mr J. B. Atlay, that we find the following paragraph inserted, modifying the last clause of the passage already quoted from our best modern English authority :

'Now that the liability of the whole male population to military service has become the almost universal rule on the continent of Europe, this latter exception has assumed a new aspect. The peaceably engaged foreign resident is, in the majority of cases, a trained soldier, belonging to one class or the other of the reserve; he quits the country in which he is employed in civilian pursuits to rejoin the colours of the nation with which it is at war. It may be matter of policy to allow him to do so, and it may be difficult to ascertain whether the individual foreigner is still liable to military service; but there can be no obligation on a government to permit the departure of enemy soldiers found upon its territory at the outbreak of hostilities' (p. 386).

But surely the liability of the whole male population to military service had become 'the almost universal

* 'International Law,' Part ii, p. 42.

rule on the continent' a good many years before 1909, even before 1880, when the first edition appeared.

Our last quotations will be from Prof. Oppenheim. In the 2nd edition (1912) of his justly valued treatise on International Law, he states the principle thus:

'It may safely be maintained that there is now a customary rule of International Law, according to which all such subjects of the enemy as have not according to the Municipal Law of their country to join the armed forces of the enemy must be allowed a reasonable period for withdrawal. On the other hand, such enemy subjects as are active or reserve officers, or reservists, and the like, may be prevented from leaving the country and detained as prisoners of war; for the principle of self-preservation must justify belligerents in refusing to furnish each other with resources which increase their means of offence and defence' (ii, 131).

Again, in the preface to Mr R. F. Roxburgh's recent volume on 'The Prisoners of War Information Bureau in London,' the same judicious authority says that

'the discussions at the Second Hague Peace Conference of 1907 . . . make it quite clear that it was considered inadmissible to imprison subjects of the enemy who at the outbreak of war are on the territory of belligerents. However, this discussion did not touch upon the treatment of such enemy civilians on the territory of a belligerent as are of a *military age* or even *reservists*. If they were allowed to leave, they would be able to join the forces of the enemy, and for this reason belligerents cannot be compelled to allow them to depart unhindered.' Further on he adds: 'That the question of the legality of the treatment of civilian prisoners is raised at all is due to the fact that the internment of such civilian enemy subjects is an entirely novel departure. To my knowledge it has, since the time of Napoleon I, never been resorted to; at any rate not on a large scale' (pp. vi, viii).

One feels tempted to ask whether the naval and military *attachés* of the enemy's embassy may be detained as officers of the armed force, or must be allowed to leave with the Ambassador. The only hostile measure which yet remains to be adopted, if one is to judge from the conduct of one belligerent Power since the outbreak of the present war, seems to be the detention and incarceration of the enemy's diplomatic representatives

(and consular officers), after the manner of the Turks so late as the fourth quarter of the 18th century.

On the present occasion the example of treating enemy aliens with rigour has been set by Germany and Austria. No days of grace were granted either at Berlin or Vienna. All male British subjects, no matter what their age or condition, were refused permission to return to their native country. Amongst them were invalids over the military age, taking the baths at Nauheim or Carlsbad; and some of them are still detained.

At Homburg, about ten days or a fortnight after war was declared, an order was published that all foreigners were to leave, carrying only hand-baggage, for the German frontier, and to cross over into Holland on foot, the distance in some cases being as much as eight miles, in others even more. Many Englishmen were detained as prisoners and sent to a working camp. We have no precise information as to the orders given by the police in other parts of Germany, but judging by one case of which we know the particulars, men of military age were imprisoned, some in solitary cells, on the day war was declared, and were afterwards transferred to an internment camp at Ruhleben. It is evident that the treatment they received was very harsh at the outset; but from papers recently presented to Parliament we learn that, owing to the efforts of the American diplomatic and Consular officials, the conditions under which British prisoners are now living in Germany have been greatly ameliorated. (Misc. No. 12 (1915).)

With the immediate prospect in view of a declaration of war being presented by Germany, the French Government on August 2 gave notice that all foreigners might leave France before the end of the first day of mobilisation. Austro-Hungarian and German subjects who wished to remain were ordered to betake themselves to any unfortified place outside Paris, with the exception of certain departments. After the first day of mobilisation, all, who had not already left Paris, were, without distinction of age or sex, to be removed to provisional places of refuge in the west of France, where they would be provided with food and lodging, and if possible with work. Other provisions of the order left unconditionally free all natives of Alsace-Lorraine, not naturalised as

French citizens, belonging to families long established in the country, whose origin and French sentiments were known, and also families of which at least one member had enlisted in the foreign legion; but such families of which any member had left in response to the German order of mobilisation were to be considered as German. All other foreigners, no matter what their nationality, were to retire behind a line stretching from Dunkirk to Nice, certain specified defended towns and ports being prohibited to them as places of residence.

Great Britain accorded to German subjects a period of seven days during which they might leave. After that a considerable number who had elected to remain were interned as prisoners of war, but some 30,000 were allowed to retain their liberty. In consequence of the riots which followed, in London and other cities, on the sinking of the 'Lusitania' by a German submarine or submarines, and the pressure put upon the Government by certain members of parliament, it was decided that the rest of the enemy aliens in this country should be made liable to internment. If they were not a danger before the destruction of the 'Lusitania,' it is difficult to see what difference that cruel act could make in their case. They were in no way responsible for the orders given by the heads of the German Admiralty. Possibly it appeared to the police authorities that it would be easier to protect them from violence if they were gathered together at internment camps than if they continued to dwell isolated among British subjects whose passions are sometimes uncontrollable. Internment and Repatriation committees were set up; and from a return furnished by the Home Secretary on July 27 in answer to a question in the House of Commons, it appeared that out of more than 14,000 applications for exemption, about 6,100 had been granted, to a large extent to Poles, Czechs, Italians and Alsations; exceptional consideration having been given to applications from Austrians and Hungarians because of the much greater leniency with which British subjects had been treated in Austria and Hungary than in Germany. Some 6300 enemy aliens, including children, have been repatriated since the new policy was announced.

Art. 8.—CHARLES FOX AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

1. *The Early History of Charles James Fox. The American Revolution. George III and Charles Fox.* Seven vols. By Sir G. O. Trevelyan. London: Longmans, 1880-1914.
2. *Charles James Fox.* By J. L. Le B. Hammond. London: Methuen, 1903.
3. *The True History of the American Revolution.* By S. G. Fisher. Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1903.
4. *The Old Colonial System.* By G. B. Hertz. Manchester: University Press, 1905.
5. *British Colonial Policy, 1754-1765.* By G. L. Beer. New York: Macmillan, 1907.
6. *The First American Civil War.* By Henry Belcher. Two vols. London: Macmillan, 1911.

AT the beginning of the 1881 session of Parliament, a few months after the publication of 'The Early History of Charles James Fox,' the late Mr Justin McCarthy met Sir George Trevelyan in the lobby of the House of Commons and told him that there ought to be a statutory power whereby an Order of Court could be obtained to compel him 'to finish Fox.' Most of those who have read 'The Early Life,' all who delight in the great men who gave colour and force to an otherwise dull and futile period, must re-echo that wish. It is true that Sir George has now, after the lapse of thirty-four years, 'finished' his history, but, alas! he has not 'finished Fox'; and the concluding six volumes of the series are more concerned with the American struggle for independence than with the life of the Whig demi-god whom he introduced to the public with such captivating art. The fact is that everything of moment which Sir George had to tell about his hero, until Fox first undertook the real responsibility of office, was told in the 1880 volume; and he would be a bold man who would wish to improve on that account. It is true that Fox's life is now carried to a point some ten years later than that reached in the 'Early Life,' and in these ten years the second and final stage of Fox's career is begun; but Fox himself appears so rarely in the later volumes, and his conduct during the period is so amply foreshadowed in the 'Early Life,

that Sir George himself would no doubt be the first to rest his claims to a judgment on Fox on that first and splendid bit of writing.

Fox indeed is so far from being 'finished' that he is only just begun by his biographer. This beginning is no doubt very precious, indispensable, in fact, for a proper understanding of Fox's whole career. For the author has given us all that part of his life so important in forming a man's character—his early education, his life at home, his first and best friendships, and his training as a statesman. But of Fox in the period of his life most interesting to the public, as Secretary of State with Rockingham, as member of the Coalition with North, as the leader of a hopeless minority during the French wars, and finally as once more Secretary of State when his great rival had passed away and his own days were numbered—of all this there is nothing. To some of the questions raised by Fox's conduct during that quarter of a century, on which the writer is silent, answers are suggested, if not put forth authoritatively; but it must be a lasting regret to all those who were stirred to enthusiasm by Sir George's first volume that, when after seventeen years he resumed his task, it was not to complete the Life of Fox, but to treat of great affairs in which Fox played but a minor part.

No living writer is so well fitted as Sir George Trevelyan to make the general public realise and understand the reason for the halo which has encompassed Fox in Whig tradition. And it undoubtedly needs explaining. To judge from mere achievement, this devotion to Fox's memory seems one of the most paradoxical sentiments in history. Many men, who have never achieved much, have been regarded during their lives as wonders, but after their death have sunk into an oblivion from which the most spirited historian may not hope to rescue them. Of these is Charles Townshend, that 'blazing star,' now a mere name on which to hang the revolt of America; and Carteret himself, 'the infamous Hanover-troop minister,' is best remembered as the object of Pitt's fiercest philippics. But it is far otherwise with Fox; and this is the more strange since he had but brief spells of office, where, with rare exceptions, an English statesman can alone hope to obtain his

influence. For the English people more than any other judges—or at least has hitherto judged—a man by what he does and what he is responsible for, and not by his speeches or his promises. And during those brief spells of office Fox accomplished nothing, or all but nothing. In his salad days, as Junior Lord of the Admiralty and then Junior Lord of the Treasury, he influenced his own administration so little that he generally opposed it in vain. As Secretary of State under Rockingham, he could not be said by the most partial eulogist to have played the predominant part in the ministry's policy of making peace with America and France. By his coalition with North his name incurred a slur from which hardly any other would have recovered, and he doomed himself to nearly a quarter of a century of opposition. Finally, in the last few months of his life he could do nothing but carry on the policy of his predecessor. To find a man who has gained so great a name as a statesman with spells of power so brief and so ineffective one must look to France for a parallel in Gambetta; and even Gambetta had played Chatham's part in 1871.

Fox did indeed achieve something definite; but how slight was that achievement when weighed against his fame, a fame that, thanks to the Whigs, is as great and certainly more cherished than the fame of his formidable antagonist, the younger Pitt! To explain this reputation and to justify it is a work of which any writer might be proud; and it could only be done well by one who, like Sir George Trevelyan, has inherited the Whig tradition, combined with a dash of modern radicalism. As a nephew of Macaulay and as partaking of Macaulay's genius and tastes, he has inhaled the pure Whig *aura* handed down directly from Fox through Holland House. Equipped with these advantages, he has brilliantly described the charm, the sterling good qualities and the faculty for staunch friendship, which made Fox the idol of his coterie and enshrined his name in the memory of this coterie's successors. But the interpreter of Fox must be more than an inheritor of traditions. Sir George Trevelyan has also mingled in the dust of politics, politics far other than the lofty and leisurely politics of the Rockinghams, Portlands and Cavendishes of Fox's day; he has understood the needs of an age

undreamed of by Fox's contemporaries, though prepared for by Fox, and has himself helped to extend the liberties of the people. Thus he can understand something more of Fox than is handed down in the traditions of a coterie; he can regard Fox's memory as something more than an heirloom of Brooks's, and could have shown us what he meant to the butchers of Westminster, who would no doubt have voted for him without any Duchess's kiss, and have remained staunch to him too. He could have explained why Fox's colours still remain the colours of sturdy liberalism throughout many parts of England to-day, and how Fox has inspired a party and not merely its former leaders and their heirs; and he could have told us how it came about that his family, without incurring the reproach of undue partiality, could inscribe on his statue the proud legend:

‘Cui plurimæ consentiunt gentes
Populi primarium fuisse virum.’

Certainly some explanation is needed, and it should come from the pen of a master, such as we all recognised in ‘The Early Life.’ For the time has come when the history that counts is no longer written exclusively by Whigs, and a generation of writers has arisen that knows not Brooks's. The murmurs of Tory writers against the tyranny of Fox's name have gradually swelled to a roar of execration. When we find in a popular text-book such phrases as ‘patriotism must have gone to great lengths when Fox enrolled himself among the volunteers,’ or ‘Fox and the English Whigs now degenerating into disloyal radicals who put party before country’; when so widely read a paper as ‘The Spectator’ can utter the opinion that

‘Fox's character, both public and private, was enough to make any man detest him. He was factious, dissolute, untrustworthy, a gambler, a voluptuary, a cynical sentimentalist and a politician without principle or even scruple’;

then indeed it is time for a reasoned and sympathetic judgment on Fox.

It is as a leader of opposition that Fox was great; and perhaps he is the only character known to history who is great simply as a leader of mere opposition,

which never passed into insurrection. He is great not for his own speeches in opposition chiefly; in these he was far excelled by Chatham, and even among his own contemporaries there were several who rivalled if they did not surpass him in parliamentary oratory. But he was supreme as a leader, for he had the faculty of keeping a party together even in its darkest days, and of making his followers work enthusiastically as much for himself as the cause he espoused. Herein he excelled Chatham as much as in administration Chatham excelled him. Perhaps the greatest tribute to Fox as a leader of opposition is that, during the first years of the war with France before the Peace of Amiens, when the whole of England had gone almost mad with rage at the excesses of the French Revolution, Fox in opposing the war and in maintaining a party to uphold one of the most unpopular views ever put before Parliament was always listened to with respect and even with some affection by his opponents in a House less open-minded and more intolerant of unpopular views than Houses elected on a more popular basis. In the later volumes of Sir George's work we get glimpses of Fox in training for his days of glory as a leader of opposition. But he was still only in training; and, though he may have been the most resolute in opposition, his name was still overshadowed at first by the great name of Chatham and all the time by that of Burke. For some understanding of Fox in his prime it is necessary to go to Mr Hammond's very just and illuminating volume. But that volume does not take the place of a biography of Fox in his most fruitful years or even make pretensions thereto; it is merely a series of excellent essays on various aspects of Fox's character and convictions.

In discussing Sir George Trevelyan's account of Fox, which carries us down to 1783, it is not to the purpose to review Fox's whole career or attempt a judgment on the question whether he was right or wrong in his attitude towards the French Revolutionary War. But it is interesting to notice that this attitude is foreshadowed by that which he adopted on the war of the American Revolution. In the case of America indeed this attitude called for considerably less strength of character or conviction than

during the war with France. Fox, as Sir G. Trevelyan shows, was throughout consistent in his task of enlightening public opinion on the folly of the war against America and the absurdity of the methods whereby it was waged. But it required no great act of self-sacrifice or strength of purpose to support a cause which Chatham, Burke, Savile and the whole Whig party had officially adopted, which a large minority in the country had espoused, and against which no man with the slightest claim to statesmanship, with the possible exception of Lord North, was arrayed.† The case was very different during the French Revolution. Then all Fox's distinguished associates of happier days took sides with Pitt, himself once an ally of Fox; then came the test of Fox's conviction. He protested with all his might against the war of 1794-1800, and he was of course accused, as all men are, who protest against a popular war, of being unpatriotic and anti-English. Fox may have been wrong in his views on the war, he may have under-estimated the bellicose spirit of France and the danger to England of her aggressions, but at any rate it was not mere faction which dictated his opposition to the policy of Pitt and Burke. He hated as strongly as Burke the savage excesses of the Terror, but he refused for them to sacrifice his belief in the principles of the Revolution or to maintain that England had therefore the right to interfere with the internal affairs of her neighbour.* His private letters alone are enough to prove how deeply and with what passionate feeling he held these views; and his attitude towards the second war with Napoleon demonstrates his resolve to have no dealings with France as soon as he was convinced that her aggressions threatened the liberty of smaller nations and Great Britain's own security.

Although Fox's opposition to the American war, described by Sir George Trevelyan, required less firmness than his later opposition, even then, when supported by some of England's greatest names, it needed some of that courage which Fox afterwards displayed so abundantly and which in most generations some English statesman

* Fox's attitude to the French Revolution is well discussed in Mr Hammond's volume.

or other has been found to display. Not only can such courage be counted upon in English politics, but also it usually meets with that forbearance which English people have almost invariably shown to a man who from real conviction upholds an unpopular opinion. During almost every war waged by England there have been men, who, in or out of season, have uplifted their voices against it. At first they have no easy time and incur the risk of being called traitors and of enduring rough treatment; but in the long run, if their opposition has been honest, they have earned respect for their characters if not for their opinions. Even when they have been obviously in the wrong, their advocacy has often been no unmixed evil, by keeping their countrymen in mind that there is another possible point of view, and enforcing upon them the need of carefully examining the grounds of their action and justifying the national case against every possible objection.

It is indeed one of the great sources of pride in our national life that the Foxes, the Cobdens and Brights, to quote instances from only two of our wars, have had full liberty to speak their minds, and it has been a great strength to their country. It is a characteristic in our national life, which has often misled the enemy we happen to be fighting. As 'The Times' said the other day, referring to criticism in war-time :

'Nothing has been more striking and more consoling than the inability of our enemies to gauge our mind and character. They construe as signs of weakness what we know to be indications of strength, and as feebleness of purpose the varied expression of our set resolve. A people accustomed to mental and military servitude, taught from the cradle to think and feel according to system, cannot grasp the thoughts and impulses of a race bred in freedom and never more determined to defend that freedom than when it is menaced by the organised brutality of an unscrupulous foe.'

To claim the right to urge very unpopular views in a time of national excitement peculiar qualities are needed. These qualities are not always the same, but they must be distinctive and arresting. Some earn the right by a stern morality and unbending principles which impose themselves on the imagination of their

contemporaries. Others earn it by gentler qualities. Of these was Fox. In his acute analysis of his own character when he asks himself why he cannot feel an ardent passion for Mrs Crewe, he says :

'Is it reason? No, that my whole life will belye,
For who so at variance as reason and I?
Is't ambition, that fills up each chink of my heart,
Nor allows to one softer sensation a part?
Ah! no, for in this all the world must agree
That one folly was never sufficient for me . . .
But tho' vers'd in th' extremes both of pleasure and pain,
I am still but too ready to feel them again.'

And he ends up with the true saying about himself :

'Love and love only, our hearts can enflame.'

Fox's claim to the attention of his countrymen was indeed this quality of love or sympathy, first manifested to his own associates and then gradually to a wider circle of humanity. He had strong feelings of affection, and stronger feelings than most statesmen for the oppressed and downtrodden, even when they rose from their downtrodden state to acts of violence. Some great men enhance their prestige by the mystery of their private lives, and by a haughty aloofness from which they emerge only when some grand action has to be performed or some great appeal made to their fellow-countrymen. To this class in our own history belonged Cromwell and William of Orange, Chatham and his son. Such men generally have a small personal following of those who feel confidence in them without fully understanding them, and have besides the power to sway a multitude; their lot is generally to win respect rather than love. Among these are, as a rule, to be found the greatest; nor do they lack sincerity, but they seem to reserve themselves for great emergencies, resenting petty intrusions with a conscious pride in their mission. Other great men love to give themselves wholly to the public; they no doubt have their intimate corners into which none but a few chosen can penetrate, but broadly speaking they not only live for the public but live also in the public gaze. Such men have a charm denied to the

others; their very faults sometimes endear them, as does all that is frank and open and without guile.

Of such was Walpole, bluff, coarse, roistering and fox-hunting Walpole, though it must be admitted that some of his tastes hardly won him favour even in that age, when coarseness was more easily condoned than now. Such too was Palmerston, half of whose success with the public came from his downright open manners, the straw in his mouth and his acquaintance with the 'man on the knife-board.' Such pre-eminently was Charles Fox, whose high play and whose debts were of greater concern to the rest of the world than to himself, whose vagaries were the talk of the town, and whose radiant personality was welcoming and welcome to all with whom he ever came into contact. Of course Fox had much besides charm and engaging frankness to his credit, otherwise he would never have been more than the hero of Brooks's; and, though he might have remained enshrined in the persistent memory of Holland House Whiggism, his statue would never have rightly faced Pitt's in Westminster Hall. With all his amiable faults, with all his atrociously bad judgment in the tactics of politics, he had a strength of purpose and a firmness of conviction in the great issues of statecraft which have justly made him the master of a great school in politics.

The story of the American Revolution in the volumes before us was originally undertaken in 1897—so the author states in the preface to Part I—not so much for itself as from the necessity of making this great series of events clear to anybody who wishes to understand Charles Fox's chief preoccupation during the years 1774–1783. But, from being planned as a setting to Fox, the history of the period became so absorbing to the writer that the Revolution becomes the main idea and Fox only of secondary importance in the later volumes of this great work. The author discusses the causes of the Revolution, gives detailed accounts of the fighting, and carries the narrative down to the day when

'the ministers who had brought our country down from the heights of glory and prosperity to the valley of the shadow of disaster, at length were expelled from office and were

succeeded by a government pledged to restore the independence of Parliament, to re-establish the naval supremacy of Great Britain, to pacify Ireland and to end the quarrel with America.' ('George III and Charles Fox,' II, 449.)

There have been many histories of the American Revolution and still more of isolated events and aspects of that episode, but hitherto it cannot be said that a final judgment on it has been recorded. It is not surprising that this should be so. The questions that arose before and during the American Revolution are still almost as living as when they were debated and fought over between 1763 and 1783. It is true that nearly all English people, though not all, believe that we behaved foolishly to the colonies; but there is no agreement even here as to the grounds of our errors. There are still many among us who believe that, if George III's ministers had only been consistent in their policy of taxing the colonies, and had not given way in 1765, the trouble would easily have been reduced. Others think that a more energetic and determined military policy than Howe's would have scotched the danger and brought a permanent peace to America under the British Crown. Others again hold that, had Chatham's, Burke's or Fox's policy been pursued, the colonies might still be part of the British Empire, and that, failing some such policy, though a better general than Howe might have temporarily reduced the rebels, rebellion would never have been put down.

In America there has until recently been more unanimity. The criminal folly of the English Government and people, with the exception of a few statesmen such as Chatham, Burke and Fox, the righteousness of the rebels' cause, and the superlative merits of all the Fathers of the Revolution, had been accepted for over a century as dogmas of an American citizen's creed, taught systematically in his schools and crystallised for him and for the world in Bancroft's great history, which in some respects can never be superseded. But recently among American scholars there has been a revulsion of feeling. Serious students of history, even in the United States, have recognised that the Revolution was not quite so simple and straightforward as it seemed to their predecessors; and that there is more shading in all human

affairs than had hitherto appeared in the white self-righteousness of the American or in the black deeds of George III and his ministers.

The American author who has contributed more than anyone to a sane appreciation of the underlying causes of the Revolution is Mr G. L. Beer. In his remarkable work on 'British Colonial Policy' during the Seven Years' War he analyses with admirable impartiality the rights and wrongs on both sides in the disputes between England and her colonies.* He shows that these disputes had their origin long before George III's accession, and that, though England's mercantile policy was largely selfish, the colonists at the same time enjoyed great advantages under it.** He also brings out the extremely unpatriotic conduct of some of the colonies, especially in the early part of the Seven Years' War, and the difficulties, which it required a Pitt to overcome, in persuading some of them to contribute in any adequate measure to their own protection.* With a knowledge of the facts brought out by Mr Beer it is easier to understand that the legitimate grievances were not all on the side of the Americans.†

On the other hand, a somewhat exaggerated illustration of the new spirit in America is afforded by Mr Fisher's book. He is so conscious of the partiality of American writers and so anxious to redress the balance that he out-Tories the Tories in his presentation of the English and American cases, and thinks it necessary to sneer somewhat unworthily at his own countrymen and their supporters in England. Mr Belcher, an English writer, follows the lead of Mr Fisher with some gusto, and misses few opportunities of girding at the patriots. Mr Hertz, in his interesting book of essays on 'The Old Colonial System,' treats the causes and salient events of the American Revolution in a more philosophic spirit. He shows, what is indeed not so new a discovery as he seems to imagine, that the grievances of the colonists against Great Britain dated to a period long before Grenville's ill-omened Stamp Act of 1763. As he truly says (p. 178),

'apart from merely accidental causes of war like Lord North's specific fiscal policy, George III's ambition to be despot, the coercive measures against Massachusetts and the special grievances of Boston, the real creative force of the Revolution

was the feeling against the whole imperial system of Great Britain';

a feeling, he points out further, which was shared by almost the whole civilised world. He might have added that there were those among the leaders who, like S. Adams, saw far enough into the future to conceive the idea of independence as a thing desirable in itself, and deliberately used that feeling to further their aim. Sir George Trevelyan is of course quite aware of this new school of thought in America and in England, and he admits (II, i, 18) that there is some merit in the reaction against the inflated panegyric of American patriots, which formed the staple of American histories in the past; but he is not at all shaken in his Whig view that the American Revolution is almost entirely to be attributed to the misdeeds of George III and his ministers.

It seems to us that Sir George hardly attaches enough importance to the far-reaching causes of the Revolution, and that his account of the growth of the revolutionary spirit must in some respects be supplemented by such considerations as are brought forward by Mr Fisher and Mr Hertz. Surely, however arbitrary the King may have been and however foolish his ministers, no revolution could have been caused solely by such trivialities as the Stamp Act or the taxes on tea, glass and paper. To correct such an impression, Mr Fisher's description of the relations between the colonists and their governors during the whole Hanoverian period and the colonists' constant insistence on having sole control of finance, and Mr Hertz's careful analysis of the commercial system which led English people to think of the colonists solely in the light of customers, are especially valuable; and it is important to bear in mind that the events of 1763-76 were merely the spark which set the tinder ablaze. It is no more true to say of the Stamp Act and the tea taxes that they were the cause of the revolution than that the murder of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand was the cause of the war now devastating most of Europe.

But, though the causes were deep-seated and were bound, had they not been gradually removed, to lead to war sooner or later, it is equally true that the conduct of George III and his ministers precipitated a war which

wiser heads might have been able to avert altogether. The merit, for example, of Chatham's support of the American distinction between external and internal taxation was not that this was a very important point in the controversy, or that the Americans would have been finally satisfied by a concession to their claims in this respect; but that concession on this point would have taken away the momentary soreness, and have given men like Chatham, Burke and Fox time to confer with the Americans on their more real grievances and to find a way out of the difficulties. Once before, Chatham, during his great ministry, by a little blindness to the faults of the Americans and kindness to their virtues, rescued the colonial relations with the mother-country from a position of almost impossible strain. By a trifling concession on the question of commissions to colonial officers he removed a great deal of soreness, and by appeals to the colonists' generosity he obtained more money and more troops than had ever been obtained by threats.

When we come to the war itself, there are several points in which the student will with advantage consult the volumes of Mr Belcher, Mr Fisher and Mr Hertz. All three, especially Mr Belcher, have interesting details to give about the unfortunate loyalists who have been much left in the cold not only by American writers—that was to be expected—but also by English Whigs. They have, as is usual, paid the penalty of losers by being abused and vilified by their triumphant fellow-countrymen and almost entirely ignored by those who should have celebrated their staunchness to the mother-country's claims on their loyalty. Happily this reproach against historians is in a fair way to being removed. Not only have Mr Hertz, Mr Fisher and Mr Belcher devoted some attention to the subject, but recently the Beit Trustees at Oxford have awakened interest in it by setting the subject of the American Loyalists for the Beit Prize Essay. The competitors for this prize took stock of a large mass of almost forgotten pamphlets of the time; and some of their work should, it may be hoped, result in a fitting memorial to men who suffered greatly for their loyalty.

The special merit, however, of Mr Belcher's book is the careful study which he has made of the equipment, pay, organisation and morale of the two opposing armies. From many sources he has collected information about the British regiments and the German mercenaries engaged on our side, and has made it clear that, whatever may have been the case with their leaders, and in spite often of their origin, the rank and file of the British army were efficient and well conducted. He also brings out the facts about Washington's difficulties with his troops—levies, pay, equipment and commissariat—and the interference of Congress. The general sum of all these difficulties was sufficiently known before; but the unvarnished details, as collected and set forth by Mr Belcher, certainly give a more arresting picture of Washington's power of surmounting difficulties than less precise and less concentrated accounts have hitherto done. Mr Beer, again, and Mr Hertz are indispensable to the student of the deep-seated causes of the Revolution; while Mr Fisher is particularly successful in his clear exposition of the strategic issues before Howe and Clinton on the one side and Washington on the other.

But none of these books can really be called literature, however useful they may be as text-books and material for history. Sir George Trevelyan's volumes are essentially literature, and of the best. One may sometimes feel in reading them that he accepts, too readily perhaps, a traditional view of the events recorded, and that there is occasionally a tendency to repetition. Again, the inherited allusive style is apt at times to obtrude itself unduly, as in phrases like 'to the . . . ministry the right and wrong of the question mattered not one of the straws in which their champagne bottles were packed.' Most of the epigrams of this nature are directed against the unfortunate Bedfords. They were, it is true, not a creditable set, taken as a whole, but they were not quite such monsters of selfishness and debauchery as Sir George seems to imply; while their leader, though narrow-minded and often wrong, was a whole-hearted patriot. But these are small points, easily forgotten as one is carried along by the vigour and picturesqueness of the narrative.

In so much that is good it is difficult to pick out

the special features that distinguish Sir George's history. To many like the present writer, to whom 'The Early Life' remains an affectionate memory and a model of 18th-century history worth all the dry analyses of the same facts, it is no surprise to find all the principal characters, both on the English and the American side, living again under the author's touch. Everybody will not agree with Sir George's conceptions of all his characters, but at any rate nobody after reading these volumes can fail to have a vivid idea of a living man from his pictures of Franklin, Washington, Arnold, the Adams cousins, Jefferson, Greene, Putnam, or of Fox, Cornwallis, Burgoyne, Wesley in his old age, North and George III. Even if the pictures are distorted, you feel at least that they are presentations of the men as they appeared in the flesh to many of their contemporaries. The number of historians of whom this could be said is not large. It requires, indeed, the wide sympathy of a man of affairs, in addition to the power of historical study, to enable a writer to throw himself into the past and enter into the lives of bygone men sufficiently to make pictures so arresting and so vivid of persons so diversified.

It is perhaps natural that the best pictures are those of Americans, for the author does not conceal that his sympathies are chiefly with them. The only important failure, however, is the portrait of Sir William Howe. The reason of that is, no doubt, that the writer has not himself quite made up his mind about Howe. He likes him as a Whig, and he admires him as a general in the field; he feels that he was put in a false position by the vagueness of his instructions and the incapacity and vacillation of his superiors. At the same time, though he condemns Howe, as any one with a military eye must condemn him, for his constant failure to seize opportunities, he cannot quite decide how far this was due to Howe's instructions, how far to his own vacillation; and, when it comes to the debate in Parliament about Howe's conduct of the campaign, he reserves all his indignation for the Government. The fact is that, whatever may have been the ministry's delinquencies, Howe had ample discretion and, as Pitt said of Cumberland, 'full powers, Sir, very full powers,' which left him

no excuse for the defeat at Trenton and the extraordinary voyage he took to Philadelphia at a time when a proper support of Burgoyne might well have ended the war. Howe, with his views, should never have undertaken the command, or, having undertaken it, he should have sunk his views and smashed Washington as he might on several occasions have done. Perhaps, however, no one could do full justice to Howe; a vacillating character is the most difficult of any to seize at the time or afterwards.

Besides the portraits, Sir George's description of battles and of historical scenes will dwell in the memory. One of his own earliest interests in politics was for the reform of an abuse in the army; and he has always had a knowledge of military subjects and an interest in military history possessed by few civilians. When to this is added a power of clear and straightforward narrative, it is not surprising to find that Bunker Hill, Trenton, Saratoga and the guerilla warfare in the south become in these volumes more real than they have ever appeared before. It is no bad test of military history for a lecturer to attempt to explain an action or a campaign from the text of an author to a class of soldiers. Anybody who takes Trenton, for example, as described in these volumes, as a basis for such a lecture will find that it fully answers this test. It is the same with Bunker Hill, the same with Saratoga. Apart from the battle-pieces, one would especially note the description of Congress, its committees, its futile debates, its bores and its cranks; and it is interesting to find that Sir George, who has no doubt suffered from plenty of parliamentary bores and cranks in his time, can, without defending their folly, show that there was some method in the madness of Washington's obstructors. Also to be noticed is the very fine chapter at the end of 'George III and Charles Fox,' Vol. 1, on the Arnold-André episode. It could hardly be better told.

One final word about Sir George Trevelyan's general attitude on the American Revolution. Unscientific as the Whig explanation of the causes of the Revolution may seem to us in view of recent research, it appears much less open to question that, in its broad outlines,

the Whig view of the Revolution, followed pretty closely by the author and generally accepted both in England and in America, is right. Somewhere in these volumes the author points out that this war was never regarded as a foreign war in England. It was essentially a civil war, in which two parties in the State felt so strongly and so conscientiously that it is absurd to call either side disloyal. Chatham would never have allowed his son to resign his commission had he regarded it as a foreign war. Except in a purely technical and legal sense, nobody dreams of calling Hampden, Pym, Falkland and Oliver Cromwell disloyal to the king; they were no more disloyal to England than the cavaliers. And so it was in this war of the American Revolution; it was not a case of disloyalty in the Americans and their supporters in England, but one of such extreme divergence from their opponents' views that there could be no other issue but battle unless one side gave way. 'I rejoice that America has resisted,' said the greatest Englishman of his day and one of the greatest of all time; and it is absurd, when such a man speaks so, to accuse Fox of disloyalty and want of patriotism, even if, as is reported merely on an *obiter dictum* of Gibbon, he rejoiced at Saratoga and Yorktown. He felt, no doubt, as many of the most patriotic Englishmen also felt, that it would be a worse calamity for England to be victorious than to be beaten in this struggle, since the fetters being imposed, as they thought, on America would be imposed on England also in her turn. 'The fate of nations must not be tried by forms,' said Francis; and this is really the last word on the subject.

The Americans had real grievances in the restriction of trade and the attempts of the Governors to impose taxes on them; they did not always realise the nature of these grievances, though they had a subconscious knowledge of them. Consequently they caught at every slight new encroachment rather despairingly, like children who cannot quite see how they are unjustly treated but pathetically seize on the last word said for their explosion of anger. If only wiser men had been in power, it may be true, as the Tories maintain, that the colonists would never have been satisfied with the last concession until the radical grievances had been removed; it may also

be true that no English politician at the time could fully understand the real hardship and injustice of the Americans' relation to the mother-country. But men like Chatham, Burke and Fox showed that they could learn; and, given a breathing space, they would undoubtedly have prepared the way for mutual discussion and understanding. Chatham and his school and Fox saw dimly that no more gratitude was due to England from the colonists for relieving them of the French danger than to the colonists from England; they would in time have come to see the reason for this, that England only needed the Americans as customers, while the French excluded English goods.

¶ The proof that the Whigs were right in their theory that the colonists ought to be treated sympathetically and with the same or cognate rights to British citizens in the homeland seems to us to follow from the history of the century and a half following the American Revolution. ¶ As Mr Fisher truly points out, we did not mend our ways with the colonies for some time after the American Revolution; but he is wrong in thinking that the lesson has not gradually sunk in. In spite of hesitations and reactions the general trend of our colonial policy has more and more been approximating to the ideal held up by Chatham, Fox and Burke—that of trusting the colonies and giving them freedom compatible with our own constitutional ideals. The relations of the colonies to the mother-country have often seemed vague and based on no common formal understanding; but, thanks to the practical liberty allowed them to choose their own way and live their own lives, they have felt that their dependence on Great Britain for security and for nothing else has made this indefinite tie one more worth fighting and dying for than the far more explicit tie of commercial relations, which the Americans found so irksome that they finally wrenched themselves free of it. Certainly no more glorious example of the way in which we have profited by the mistakes of the American Revolution can be found than in the history of the last ten years in South Africa.

BASIL WILLIAMS.

Art. 9.—GERMANY'S FOOD SUPPLY.

THE German Empire, ever since its creation, has been confronted by the alternative presented to Great Britain three quarters of a century earlier: whether to remain an agricultural state, independent of supplies of food from outside, or to embark on a manufacturing career and lose, more or less, its power to feed itself. It is this vital issue that has been at the bottom of that struggle between the agrarian and industrial classes which has formed the substance of its subsequent internal history; not a difference in economic intelligence, not even a collision of pecuniary interests, but a far-reaching divergence of view as to ultimate ideals. So late as the beginning of the 'seventies, Germany still sent out more food than it brought in. As in the case of England, the impulse towards industrial development came from the newly-realised possession of vast deposits of coal and iron. But the economic advisers of the German Government have had the experience of England before their eyes as warning as well as example; ready as they were to promote manufacture, they were also anxious not to sacrifice agriculture. The Empire naturally started with a Prussian bias, the bias of the land-owning squire; and this agrarian leaning was confirmed by the electoral influence of the peasants, who still held in their hands two-thirds of the German soil. Accordingly the German Government has sought to promote equally both manufacture and agriculture; to protect squires and peasants by corn duties and advance agricultural improvement in all sorts of ways, and at the same time to build up by tariffs and subsidies a great export trade in manufactured products. That this policy of preserving agriculture has enjoyed a large measure of success, no one can now doubt. Germany during the war has been by no means completely successful in feeding herself, but she has been far more successful than this country could have been, if our navy, like theirs, had been driven off the seas.

Complete self-sufficiency, however, in the matter of food is not really compatible, for a country of Germany's size and natural resources, with a great foreign trade. A nation that sends out exports must receive imports to pay for them; and if, like Germany of late years, it also

invests capital abroad, the earnings of that capital must also be received in the form of imports. These imports, in the case of Germany, inevitably consist mainly of raw materials and food. And, as trade brings prosperity and prosperity brings population, the growing population supplies a fresh motive for enlarging imports.

With raw materials—cotton, wool, rubber, copper and so on—we have here nothing to do. But, as to food, let us look at what Germany actually was obtaining from outside before the war; working for the present from the official figures which, as we shall see later, certainly magnify Germany's share in feeding itself, and taking an average for the five years 1909–1913. Rye is still the chief bread-corn of Germany; and Germany in late years has supplied its own needs and had a small surplus to export. But wheat has steadily been coming into more general use, alone or mixed with rye; and of this so large an amount was brought from outside that of the total supply of bread-corn, on the showing of the official figures, quite one-ninth was imported. Of this almost the whole came from overseas or from Russia. It might be argued that the deprivation of a ninth would not be anything very terrible, on the supposition (a large supposition) that the remaining eight-ninths were so shared that the poorer classes did not specially suffer. Bread, after all, accounts only for about one-sixth of the food-bill of the German working classes. But we must go on to observe that well-nigh half the barley used in Germany was also imported, coming almost wholly from Russia. The demand for barley had been growing by leaps and bounds, almost entirely for the fattening of pigs in the northern provinces; and it was this which had contributed, more than anything else, to the gratifying increase in the per-head consumption of meat. When war broke out, it was as clear as anything well could be, that either an exceptionally large number of pigs would have to be slaughtered pretty soon—which meant cheap pork for the time and dear pork later—or some other fodder must be found. Nor was barley the only fodder cut off. For the same purpose of fattening pigs Germany made use of large quantities of maize, a grain which it hardly produces at all; and seven-eighths of this maize

came from Russia or from countries across the Atlantic. For another purpose, the feeding of milch cows, Germany supplemented the bran output of its own mills by importing every year more than a million and a quarter tons, three-fourths from Russia and overseas; and also added to its home-made oil-cake considerably over half a million tons from Russia and America.

It was reckoned by a competent authority before the war that the cessation of fodder imports would involve a decrease in the supply of meat to one half. And the less meat and milk the German people were able to get, the more they would be thrown back upon bread. If the war should last into a second year, a further serious consideration would present itself—namely, the stoppage of the imports of Chili saltpetre. Fifty per cent. of the marked improvement during the last two decades in the quality of the harvest was attributed to the employment of artificial manures. Of such manures far the most necessary are those containing nitrogen, both because they have most direct effect upon the crop, and because the supply has to be annually renewed. And of artificial nitrogenous manures Germany got half its supply from Chili. A method had indeed recently been devised by which nitrogen could be separated from the atmosphere by means of electricity, producing a substitute for Chili saltpetre under the name of nitrolin. But the manufacture in Germany was still in its infancy; and to obtain any large supply of nitrolin before it was wanted in March or April the Government would have to take the matter in hand seriously at once.

In the food-bill of the industrial classes in German towns, meat, in its various forms, is considerably the largest item—about 28 per cent. of the whole. Bread and dairy produce are each something over 16 per cent.; and these three main items between them account for over three-fifths of the whole. In ordinary times other articles are only of minor importance; but, when staple foods go up greatly in cost, the housewife looks round for substitutes. And therefore there are some lesser facts that cannot be disregarded. Rice, for instance, had been steadily coming into favour in Germany; but more than three quarters of the import came from British India. Eggs are a natural substitute for meat; but two

out of five came from abroad, and about half of these from Russia and enemy countries. And as soon as it was desired to replace butter by margarine, the British origin of two-thirds of the palm nuts and copra would make itself felt.

The knowledge of these facts occasioned, before the war, gloomy reflections in Germany itself among those most competent to form an opinion. But it is significant of the psychological situation that in certain circles the most confident optimism had recently become prevalent. There were three lines of argument. First and foremost it was held that in its abundant potato crop Germany possessed a national food reserve. Next it was urged that the cessation of German sugar exports would set free a large amount of food for domestic use; and, lastly, that by imposing restrictions on breweries, distilleries and starch factories, additional quantities both of grain and of potatoes could be secured for bread. All that would be necessary would be a readjustment, a redistribution, of food-stuffs between the various uses.

So long as the argument remained in the region of tons, this was all quite plausible. But as soon as it was asked what were the relative feeding values of the several foods, the solution of the national problem ceased to be so easy. Foods contain, in various proportions, three constituents, now commonly known as protein, carbohydrates, and fats. All these contribute the driving power or energy which is required to keep the human machine in healthy activity. But the building-up of the machine itself in youth, and the constant maintenance of it when adult by the replacement of wear and tear, can only be secured by supplies of protein. And potatoes contain not one-fifth of the protein furnished by rye meal, hardly more than a seventh of that in wheat; while sugar provides no protein at all. Moreover, as the residues from the breweries and distilleries which are used for feeding cattle retain from two-thirds to three-quarters of the original protein of the grain, to lessen their supplies of corn would involve a shrinkage of the available fodder of a peculiarly dangerous character. Schemes of food redistribution, in short, might very well turn out to be attempts to eat one's cake and have it too.

Accordingly, as soon as the German armies had been

driven back from Paris, writers set to work to see if they could not make out a good case even in terms of protein. Absolute 'objectivity' is rare enough at any time, and we can hardly expect it when the future of nations is at stake. In this case, however, the broad facts are hardly open to dispute; and a brief analysis of them is not only reassuring so far as the cause of the Allies is concerned but may mitigate the exaggerated respect entertained for German scientific thoroughness.

Far and away the most important publication on the subject has been one edited by a Dr Eltzbacher, under the title 'Die deutsche Volksernährung,' and dated Dec. 12, 1914. Dr Eltzbacher is at present Rector of the Commercial College at Berlin, though he had not previously enjoyed any particular reputation as a writer on economic or commercial subjects. But he managed to collect a strong team of experts. None of the famous Berlin economists—Schmoller, Wagner or Sering—curiously enough, were to be found in it; but it included several men of eminence in physiological, agricultural and statistical science. Dr Eltzbacher doubtless put the argument into literary form, and that with no little skill. It is no wonder that, in a country where the expert is so highly esteemed, such a publication has carried a great deal of weight. So far as the German Government has worked on any consistent view of German resources, it is here that it is to be found. A summary was printed in the 'Lancet' in February, and an English translation ('Germany's Food: Can it last?') has just been published by the London University Press.

The energy-giving properties of food (commonly measured in *calorics*) we need not stop to consider; of the energy-supply Germany, a year ago, hardly seemed likely to go short, owing to its large crop of sugar-beets; though even the sugar supply has lately occasioned some anxiety. Confining our attention, however, to the indispensable protein, we find that Herr Eltzbacher's book, as the result of a series of elaborate calculations, manages to reach a comforting conclusion. Even if thrown entirely on its own resources, Germany, it is announced, would have almost all the protein it needed. It would need per year 1,605,000 tons; it could

produce 1,554,000. It would be easy to make up the small deficit; and the measures of readjustment proposed in the book would provide a substantial surplus.

The two chief heads of account are: (1) grain and potatoes; (2) meat. As to (1) Herr Eltzbacher's pamphlet bases its calculations on an average of the official crop estimates for 1912 and 1913. But the harvests of those years, and particularly that for 1913, were notoriously super-excellent. And it was perfectly well known in official circles,* two months before the Eltzbacher pamphlet appeared, that the harvest of 1914 showed a great falling-off—probably 15 per cent. below that of the preceding year, and 13 per cent. below the average of 1912-13. The final official figures were not given out to the public till July of the present year; and it then appeared that these forecasts were almost completely justified. But even the final official figures, given after the crops have been carried and threshed, have in all probability been, for some years past, greatly in excess of reality. Prof. Ballod, whose name carries much weight among statisticians, has again and again given conclusive reasons for believing that they were as much as 15 per cent. too large.† And if we take the final official figures for 1914 and make a 15 per cent. reduction, and then calculate the protein content in precisely the same way as the Eltzbacher book, we arrive not at the Eltzbacher figure of 963,000 tons of protein but at 753,000. We might now accept, for the purposes of this argument, all the other Eltzbacher figures. Yet these everywhere err on the optimistic side. Thus the calculation as to meat is based on the average number of cattle and pigs slaughtered in the two last years, multiplied by the 'dead-weight' figures employed by the Health Department. But these dead-weight figures have been shown, over and over again, to be constructed on quite mistaken

* See, for instance, 'Kann Deutschland durch Hunger besiegt werden?' by von Braun, Head of the Bavarian Department of Agriculture; preface dated October, 1914.

† See Ballod in 'Die Statistik in Deutschland' (ed. Zahn), 1911, ii, 610; reproduced, word for word, in his 'Grundriss der Statistik,' 1913, pp. 69, 97; and his article in 'Preussische Jahrbücher,' July 1914. Cf. his assistant, Fröhlich, in Schmoller's 'Jahrbücher,' 1912, p. 575; and, as indicating that Ballod's criticism attracted attention, the footnote on p. 101 to Brandt's book, cited below.

principles; and it has been found by more than one calculation that the meat statistics based on them are some ten per cent. too large.*

The Eltzbacher pamphlet could not well pass over entirely such notorious criticisms, and it allows that the Health Department figures are 'sometimes too high for the real dead-weight.' 'But,' it goes on, 'we have thought it best to retain them here, in order to include the animal fats not fully included in the "dead weight," though they serve as human food.' As the Health Department itself only estimates the consumable quantity omitted in the nominal dead-weight as about five per cent., it is rash to allow ten per cent. on this account. We may fairly knock off two per cent. from the Eltzbacher meat figures, and bring down the total protein figure for animal food from 346,900 to 340,000 tons. The same disposition to snatch at the biggest plausible figure is observable when the Eltzbacher pamphlet comes to dairy produce. 'We will allow,' they say, '2200 litres of milk for the annual average yield per cow.' But this is one of the largest estimates ever suggested; the standard treatise on dairy-farming puts it at 2000.† To dock the Eltzbacher protein figure for dairy produce by five per cent., and assign to this head of the account 159,000 instead of 167,300 tons, would be to treat it generously. Accepting all the other Eltzbacher estimates—for green vegetables and fruit, for fish and for eggs—the total we reach for the protein available from Germany's own internal resources, with a harvest like that of 1914, is not 1,554,000 but 1,411,000 tons.

This has now to be divided among the population; and something, though not much, turns upon the relative proportions to be assigned respectively to men, women and children of various ages. Physiologists propose somewhat differing scales of need; and, if we are to average them, it is surely enough to take the three

* See Esslen, 'Die Fleischversorgung des deutschen Reiches,' 1912, pp. 245 *seq.*

† Fleischmann, 1908, cited by Esslen, p. 81. Siedel in 'Handbuch der Wirtschaftskunde Deutschlands,' 1904, ii, 826, assumes 1800 litres; Ballod, 'Grundriss der Statistik,' 1913, mentioning estimates varying from 1500 to 2400, remarks that 1800 is probably nearer the truth.

most authoritative German scales, and reach a total of 52.2 million consuming units, rather than by dint of throwing in two American scales and one Danish (as the Eltzbacher pamphlet does in one part of its argument) reach the smaller total of 51.8 millions.

What matters far more is the amount to be taken as requisite per unit, i.e. the amount required for an adult male engaged in moderate work. The actual average consumption per man per day in 1912-13, according to the Eltzbacher calculations, had been 116 grams of 'digestible' protein. A certain reduction on this was easily possible. Until quite recently, the figure universally assumed in such discussions has been the 118 grams of crude protein, equivalent to about 105 grams of digestible protein, proposed in 1881 by the famous German physiologist Voit. But to supply 105 grams, with proportionate amounts for women and children, would call for 2,001,000 tons of protein. In recent years the whole subject has been reconsidered, in consequence of the writings of Prof. Chittenden of Yale. He has maintained that, with a proper hygienic choice of diet, a man could live on far less protein than Voit proposed. German physiologists generally, and foremost among them their most distinguished figure Rubner, have replied that, though men could undoubtedly live on less, if the food were selected for the purpose, it would not be safe to assign less than Voit's figure, when dealing with large numbers and longish periods, unless there was a sweeping change in the eating habits of the people. The difference between the amount physiologically requisite and 105 grams of digestible protein might, said Rubner, be regarded as a margin necessary for safety; and in arranging dietaries for institutions it would be well to keep to Voit's figure.*

Still, slightly lower estimates than Voit's are fairly tenable. Yet the German social economist, Prof. Bauer, writing the article on Consumption in the well-known 'Encyclopædia of Political Science,' thus concludes, on a survey of recent physiological literature: 'though the opinions of physiologists still differ as to details, 100 grams of crude protein,' equivalent to about 92 grams of digestible, 'are still regarded as the lowest limit for the

* See Rubner's 'Volksernährungsfragen,' 1908, especially pp. 37, 41.

permanent maintenance of industrial activity.* And, when the Eltzbacher group, of which Rubner must have been a leading member, goes far below this figure of 92 and proposes 80, it looks very much as if they were cutting their coat not according to the size but according to the cloth. Even with this small allowance the requirement would be 1,605,000 tons, as compared with the 1,411,000 probably available; with the more credibly necessary allowance of 92, the requirement would be 1,853,000 tons. That is, Germany, cut off from imports, but otherwise going on with its ordinary habits and methods of agriculture, would be short of the food essential for healthy existence by about 24 per cent.

True, the Eltzbacher pamphlet assumed that Germany would not continue in its ordinary way of life. It proposed far-reaching intervention by the Government, prohibiting the use of bread-corn for fodder, compelling farmers to reduce their stock of pigs, etc., etc., as well as the careful avoidance of all waste by housekeepers. These recommendations, 'provided that every farmer regards it as a matter of honour to observe' the new rules, and that the nation exhibits 'the two peculiarities of the German character, perspicuity and perseverance,' will provide, they reckoned, some 480,000 tons additional of protein. There is the best of evidence, however, that, during half the first war-year at any rate, instead of less bread-corn being fed to cattle, a good deal more was given them, in consequence of the disappearance of Russian barley. The measures adopted by the Government for the storage of food led to the actual loss of a considerable quantity of it. For instance, 14 per cent. of the potatoes stored by one large urban municipality went bad, and this was only typical of what happened elsewhere; and the smell of rotting potatoes under the arches of one of the big Berlin railway stations compelled the residents in the neighbourhood to appeal to the sanitary authorities. We may be quite sure that half the expected saving is an outside estimate; and, if so,

* 'Handwörterbuch der Staatswissenschaften,' 3rd ed., 1910, vi, 135. This is also the conclusion of the recent English treatise, McKay, 'The Protein Element in Nutrition,' 1912, p. 107. But the apparent almost general German consensus is sufficient.

Germany's protein supply must have remained considerably below the amount necessary.

It is a natural question: How, then, has Germany managed to get along? The answer is two-fold: first, that Germany has not been completely shut off from food imports; and secondly, that, in spite of imports, its people have suffered, and are suffering, grave discomfort.

As to imports. There seems no reason to believe that Germany has been able to procure from outside any considerable quantities of bread-corn. None of the surrounding neutral countries, with the exception of Rumania, has any corn to spare; they themselves depend largely on imports. The Rumanian Government, until quite recently, prohibited the export of bread-corn. Moreover, owing to the protectionist policy of the Central Monarchies, Rumania has not had occasion to develop its means of internal transport; so that a difficulty with regard to railway trucks has combined with the political policy of the Rumanian Government to put almost insuperable obstacles in the way even of the permitted sale of maize. From its own ally, Austria-Hungary, it might at first seem as if Germany could draw a good deal, especially of the wheat grown so largely in Hungary. But the wheat harvest of 1914 was distinctly poor in Austria-Hungary, some 17 per cent. below the average of 1912-13; and the rye harvest was barely up to the average of those two years; compared with the usual consumption there was a notable deficit. The statesmen of the Dual Monarchy were, therefore, in the same case as their German allies, and certainly had no corn to spare.* Unlike Germany, they had no superabundant crop of potatoes to fall back upon, and their method of eking out the bread supply was to order a mixture of maize.

Of food-stuffs other than grain, however, Germany has been able to purchase considerable quantities from neutral countries. The policy of these countries has naturally been to safeguard their own necessary supplies;

* See Prof. Schindler of Brünn in 'Deutsche Landwirtschaftliche Presse,' May 8, 1915.

and the prohibitions of export to which they have resorted have been numerous and have varied in the period of enforcement. But enough has, at one time or another, been permitted to pass the frontiers to ease the situation somewhat for Germany. Here, for instance, are the figures in tons of certain exports from Holland to Germany during three months of 1915 and 1914.

	1915. (April, May, June.)	1914. (April, May, June.)
Pork	11,922	791
Beef and Veal	5,972	1,504
Cheese	17,048	2,954
Butter	11,889	4,563
Eggs	11,394	5,974
Copra	44,077	6,935
Coffee	49,180	11,243
Potato flour	17,162	7,076
Fresh fish	5,556	2,729
Salt herrings	2,913	1,655

Other imports from Holland have been rice, live cattle, hay, potatoes and vegetables. Besides the permitted and registered trade, there has been a good deal of smuggling. From Denmark have gone eggs, butter, and above all bacon. Among the exports from Sweden was for a time an enormous despatch of eggs.

But, while these imports have made things a little better for the German consumer, especially in the north-western provinces, they have been very far from restoring equilibrium between demand and supply. According to Prof. Ballod, lecturing on June 15 last, nine-tenths of the normal food import had actually been cut off; almost all the grain and feeding stuffs, half the butter, cheese and fish. And, though the army had largely lived on the conquered territories, there was still, he reckoned, a deficit for the year of from 12 to 13 per cent. of the normal food supply. As a result, the retail price of food has gone up approximately twice as much as in England. There is no need to trust to the impressions of neutral visitors. The German Statistical Office, though it has suspended its usual publication of wholesale prices, has not yet ventured to do more than keep back a few weeks longer its usual monthly returns of retail prices. Working on these prices, which we may be sure were not in excess of those actually paid, the English Board of Trade has made out month by month and published in the 'Labour Gazette,' a series of index numbers indicating

the rise in the total cost of food in Berlin, giving the several articles the relative importance they actually possess in working-class consumption. It is as follows, with a series similarly constructed for English 'large towns' added for comparison :

PERCENTAGE INCREASES IN THE COST OF FOOD, ABOVE JULY 1914.

	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June	July
English large towns (end of month)	11	13	13	17	19	23	25	25	26·5	31·5	35	36
Berlin (during month)	13·3	10·5	16·4	20·9	26·1	31	42·6	50·4	56·5	65	65·4	69·6

It should be remembered that German purchasers have not only had to pay more to get the same weight of food as before, but that since January their wheaten bread has been largely composed of rye, and their rye bread of potatoes. And though it is fair to add that Berlin prices are usually a little above those current elsewhere, the above figures for Berlin are based on the averages for each month and would have been somewhat higher if taken, like the English, at the end. I have tested the percentages with the help of price lists published by the German Co-operative Societies, and I have no doubt they are substantially correct.

A greater increase in the cost of food in Germany than in England does not necessarily prove greater distress; family incomes might conceivably have increased in a like ratio. But it is certain this has not been the case. In England, as we all know, the war period, after the first three months or so, has been one of general prosperity. The working classes, in most districts and industries, are able to pay prices well above those usual before the war, because their earnings have also gone up considerably. More than 2,336,000 work-people had benefited by advances in the rates of wages between the New Year and the end of July, to say nothing of additional earnings for overtime; and this number does not include agricultural labourers, seamen, railway servants, police and government and municipal employes, among whom large bodies have also received some advance. In Germany, also, certain classes of munition workers have had their wages raised; but the

improvement of income has been far less general and considerable than in England. On this point the statement of 'Soziale Praxis' is quite sufficient evidence. 'Soziale Praxis' is the well-known organ of the moderate social reform party; it has for years enjoyed high semi-official patronage, and it is edited by trained economists. Writing on July 22 last, it said :

'The reply to those who point to the increased wages of the working man as compensation for the dearness of food is that those who earn more through the war form a relatively thin stratum; the large mass of working families, whose supporters are in millions of cases at the front, and the majority of employés, have to manage with less money, while prices of food have on the average risen at least 50 per cent., and have risen considerably more for some important food-stuffs.'

The consequences are what we might expect. A German Conservative organ wrote early in August last :

'Every one who has occasion to observe the facts will perceive that among working-class families the effects of under-nutrition are becoming plainly visible. Prices must be reduced soon if the working classes are not to suffer grievous physical harm.'

The Consumers' Committee of Elberfeld prints the budget, for a week in July, of a soldier's wife with three children, showing that, though living in the thriftiest manner possible, she was quite unable to keep her family on her maintenance and rent allowance, and had to draw upon her savings to the extent of ten marks. No wonder that soldiers home on leave return to the front with a feeling of irritation and create discontent in the ranks, as a member of the Frankfort town council declared at its meeting on Aug. 6. The Hamburg soup-kitchens served some 13,000 cheap portions daily at fifty centres in September 1914; then the number fell off; but in the spring of the present year the demand rapidly reached large proportions. A Hamburg newspaper wrote towards the end of May :

'Any one who has seen the crowd surging around our greatly enlarged war-kitchens can understand how heavily the rise in the price of food has weighed upon our poorer brethren.'

According to the official report issued at the end of August, the number of centres had then been raised to seventy; and an average of over 60,000 portions were served daily. So long ago as July 15 last the 'Frankfurter Zeitung' wrote:

'For the maintenance of our efficiency at home the most urgent task before us is to lighten the tremendous burden imposed on the people by the rise in the cost of living. It has long ceased to be a question of greater or less comfort; it is a question of seeing that the wives and children of the men on active service come to no harm, of keeping alive the spirit of endurance, of maintaining our internal unity. The increased cost of living is resented among all classes.'

If German newspapers have recently written less in this strain, the explanation is possibly to be found in military orders like those of the Higher Command in North Bavaria, by which articles on the cost of living have been placed under 'preventive censorship,' on the ground, among others, that 'they encourage the enemy to hope for victory.'

But have we not proved too much? If all this be true, why has it not had more evident effect on the policy of the German Government? Here again the answer is simple, and is found in the conditions described at the beginning of this article. It is that Germany is still far more of an agricultural country than England; the proportion of the population still occupied on the land is well over a third of the whole. And the agricultural population has hitherto, on the whole, been beneficially affected by the dearth of food. The farmer is permitted to keep back from his crops an allowance for his own consumption and that of his labourers, and on all the rest he benefits by prices which, even when fixed by Government, are much above those obtained before the war. His representatives bewail the high cost of fodder and fertilisers, the difficulty of labour, and so on, and explain away the unwontedly large deposits in agricultural banks. But there can be no sort of doubt that many a large landowner and very many peasants have been making a good thing, pecuniarily, out of the war; and, while this is so, the distress and irritation of the town population take longer to make themselves felt

than they would in other countries. It is in the highly-industrialised kingdom of Saxony, significantly enough, that the police have been most busy in prohibiting meetings to discuss the price of food, and that the relatives of German prisoners of war have been warned to take care what they say in their letters.

Let us now turn to the future. During the second year of war Germany, in respect of bread, is going to be a little more comfortable, but not much. According to the official statements in the Reichstag in the middle of August, rye has yielded 'something less than a middling harvest.' But rye constitutes almost three-quarters of the home production of bread-corn. The wheat harvest was announced to be good, though the subsequent speakers were not enthusiastic. Having a shrewd suspicion of what was going to happen, the Government, when on July 23 it revised the maximum prices of corn for the coming year, was obliged to leave them at the old level, reducing them just a trifle in industrial regions and putting them up a trifle in the eastern provinces where the agrarians are strong. Rye prices were left 35 per cent. above their level in 1913; and rye bread, which fell somewhat, was still, at the date of my last information, the beginning of August, 40 per cent. above the pre-war year. But, relying on having the machinery of control already in working order, the Government has increased by one-eighth the allotment of flour to local authorities, so as to allow of supplementary bread-tickets being sold to labourers certified as engaged in heavy work.

There is now no prospect of assistance from Austria-Hungary. Early in the summer the newspapers of the Dual Monarchy vied with each other in cheerful reports of harvest prospects and talked of 'disposable surpluses.' In the middle of July the Hungarian Premier thought it necessary to warn the public against excessive estimates; according to his information 'the wheat harvest from the autumn sowing would be middling, from the spring sowing bad.' The official forecasts which have been issued every week or so have step by step reduced the figures. The actual figures of the last forecast are not yet obtainable in this country, but in all probability

they bear out the rumour that, taking both halves of the monarchy together, 'wheat and rye are barely average crops.' The small improvement in the yield of wheat over 1914 has been taken advantage of to get rid of the compulsory admixture of maize, which was very unpopular.

To return to Germany. The chief weakness of her agricultural situation lies now, as it has always lain, in the deficiency of fodder. And this year 'the expectation of an exceptionally large crop of hay has been falsified,' says a leading German paper; in fact, the supply is 'short and very dear.' As to oats, it is generally agreed that the crop has been 'an almost total failure'; and, in any case, most of the oats are requisitioned for the army. As to barley, reports run from 'good middling' down to 'a three-quarters crop'; the popular impression is of 'shortage.' The somewhat larger quantities of bran on the market, now that grain need not be milled quite so closely, bring but a slight relief. When the farmer seeks to fall back on foreign maize, he finds that, whereas he could buy it for 150 marks a ton in 1913, he is now asked from 500 to 600 marks a ton. This sufficiently explains the dead set made on the Rumanian Government recently by the newspapers. Even though Germany obligingly sent railway trucks to carry the maize home, the Rumanian Government ventured to charge a very heavy export duty (500 francs per waggon), and insisted that it should be paid in gold. Any more recent change in the policy of the Rumanian Government has apparently been in the direction of embargo.

The great decrease in the number of pigs and cattle during the spring of 1915 in consequence of the measures of the Government, coupled with the growing difficulty since in feeding those that were retained, sufficiently explains the remarkable shifting of the incidence of pressure which became visible in June and has become more marked ever since. At the very time when bread-stuffs and potatoes fell considerably in price, with the approach of the new harvest and the release of accumulated stores, animal and dairy products went up in just about the same proportion. At the end of August the retail prices of meat in Berlin had risen, above those at the same date a year before, 80

and 100 per cent. in the cases respectively of pork and bacon, and 43 per cent. in the case of beef. A comparison with London is rendered difficult by the fact that the habits of the people are not the same; the German eats relatively more pork, the Englishman more beef and mutton. Paying due regard to differences of this kind, the average rise in meat in London during that period works out at almost 33 per cent., in Berlin at almost 66 per cent.; in each case in working-class households.* Butter and, strangely enough, even potatoes, according to the same official German returns, were each about 50 per cent. above what they had been a year before; in London the difference in each case was 20 per cent. 'Cows,' we are told by a high German authority, 'give not only less but poorer milk'; and there have been 'milk wars' all over the country between local authorities fixing maximum prices and the milk dealers and producers. So far the establishment of the new Imperial Fodder Office to take control of fodder supplies has made things no better; and the prophecy of Prof. Ballod, made so long ago as last June, that 'if the war lasted a year longer, Germany would probably be forced to reduce by one half the consumption of meat and beer' looks like coming true.

How has the German nation borne itself during these first fourteen months of war? Have the universal patriotism, the spirit of self-sacrifice, in which their politicians proclaimed their superiority to degenerate peoples like the English and French, displayed themselves conspicuously in everyday life? And, lastly, has their Government shown any peculiar keenness of insight, swiftness of judgment and ingenuity in the choice of means? I do not see how any one who has followed the course of events, as mirrored in the leading German papers and in the German parliamentary debates, can answer any of these questions in the affirmative. As to

* The prices in the Berlin markets have been published in some of the leading German newspapers. The English figures used have been supplied by the Board of Trade; and for beef and mutton the prices have been taken of imported meat (which has risen more than the home-grown). The proportions made use of for the comparison are those given from working-class budgets in the 'Report on Cost of Living in German Towns,' 1908, pp. xlv-xlv.

the people—the operation of the ordinary motives of personal self-interest has been just as evident as it could possibly have been in any other country. The measures of the Government have been constantly met by evasion and subterfuge of every description. Against its will it has been driven, time after time, from a policy of maximum prices to a policy of state monopoly, merely because the peasants would not bring their stuff to market. The quite unnecessary scare about potatoes in the early spring, with its unfortunate consequences, was brought about simply by the cunning of the peasants in concealing their stocks. Even the regulations about bread have been far from meeting with ungrudging obedience. So numerous have been the cases of infringement of regulations by the bakers, that in a great city like Frankfort the municipal court had to give up the whole of every Wednesday to such cases, until the Government conferred summary jurisdiction on the Public Prosecutors.

Not only has there been what a Conservative paper characterises as 'unbridled economic egoism' in all sorts of petty ways; the whole country has been torn by the sharp division of interests between the agricultural and industrial halves of the nation, represented by the Agricultural Council and the Municipal Congress; and the asperity of their mutual recriminations matches anything in the way of sectional antagonism that other countries have to be ashamed of. Pervading the industrial classes and represented by all the popular newspapers, there is the bitterest feeling of animosity and suspicion towards all kinds of producers or dealers in food. To them entirely is attributed the obstinate refusal of prices to fall to a comfortable level. The fears of monopoly, of the forestalling of the market, of the tricks of middlemen, which had some justification in the Middle Ages, have revived in all their medieval vigour, with the press to fan the flame. There is, of course, plenty of selfishness at work; but, beyond all doubt, the main cause of the rise of prices is the deficiency in supply. And it is the Government itself that is to blame for the popular exasperation. Taking its cue from the Eltzbacher pamphlet and similar advisers, it has announced, in the most positive way time after time, that the country has

sufficient food for its needs. The obvious corollary for the man in the street, when prices began to be intolerable, was not that the blockade was making itself felt, but that German villains were taking a wicked advantage of the public.

And here we pass to the last question: the competency of the Government. Before the war, I confess, I was a believer in the efficiency of the German bureaucracy and the practical utility of German economic and administrative science. But there are capable German critics of the Government who declare that it has been driven along, in spite of itself, by the force of circumstances; that it has never grasped a situation firmly with a well-thought-out policy, but lagged behind with belated measures and inadequate compromises.* They assert that the bureaucracy has not only shown little knowledge of human nature; it has not even been reasonably well informed. And from such criticism it is difficult for a foreign observer to dissent.

W. J. ASHLEY.

* On the handling of the food problem, see Brandt, 'Die deutsche Industrie im Kriege,' March 1915.

Art. 10.—MODERN AUSTRIA.

1. *Modern Austria. Her Racial and Social Problems.* By Virginio Gayda. London: Unwin, 1915.
2. *The Hapsburg Monarchy.* By H. Wickham Steed. Third Edition. London: Constable, 1914.
3. *The Southern Slav Question.* By R. W. Seton-Watson. London: Constable, 1911.

SIGNOR VIRGINIO GAYDA, whose work, entitled 'La Crisi di un Impero,' has now been most opportunely translated into English, is a writer of ability. His facts are marshalled with lucidity. His generalisations, though perhaps at times somewhat too comprehensive, are bold and striking. His proclivities are ardently nationalist and anti-Clerical, with apparently a strong tinge of Socialism. He pours forth all the vials of his wrath on the Christian Socialists of Austria who, he considers, under the auspices of the late Dr Lueger, betrayed the cause both of Nationalism and Socialism by forming an unnatural alliance with the Church. His work, which may without exaggeration be termed an account of what is possibly the last agony of the Hapsburg Dynasty, merits the attention of the politicians of all countries. It is, moreover, especially instructive for Englishmen. We are in this country so accustomed to associate Imperialism with over-seas dominion that we are perhaps somewhat inclined to forget that the essentially land Empire of Austria furnishes object-lessons of the highest import as to the manner in which Imperial problems may be solved.

If we seek to differentiate between the tasks which Austria and England have respectively set themselves to perform, we find that, in dealing with race problems, the former country has not, save to a very limited extent in the case of Bosnia, had to encounter the obstacles created by colour antipathy, which precludes inter-marriage; religious practices, such as the Hindoo caste system, which discourage social intercourse; or the various incidents which crop up in countries where polygamous institutions exist, or where the legal status of slavery is recognised, or where, as is the case amongst Moslems, religion and custom have given a character of

rigid immutability to archaic laws. As regards the cleavage caused by differences of religious faith, it is not only possible, but highly probable, that Christian animosities, *inter se*, have proved an even greater impediment to amalgamation and assimilation in the Austrian Empire than those apparently more profound differences which separate all Christians from all Moslems and Hindoos. On the other hand, absolutist Austria has possessed one advantage which has been denied to democratic England. From the days of Pericles downwards, laws and politics in all democratic countries have invariably tended to produce a series of isolated measures lacking in that sustained consistency which absolutism renders possible. The advantage, however, is more apparent than real. History has abundantly shown that the instincts of blind, blundering, but withal well-intentioned Demos have, in many matters essential to national welfare, often led to happier results than those obtained by the trained intelligence, consistency of purpose and transmitted traditions of government possessed by the few. When, however, all these points of difference have been eliminated, there remains one central fact where similarity exists. Both England and Austria have been endeavouring to solve the main problem of Imperialism, which consists in harmonising under one rule the interests of various races speaking divers tongues, differing widely in ethnological origin and culture, and often animated by conflicting national aspirations.

How have the two countries faced this problem? By methods which lie as the poles asunder. The difference becomes especially prominent if, leaving aside all purely administrative measures, which must necessarily present many features of identity in all civilised countries, we consider, not so much what England has attempted to do—for both the merit and demerit of Democracy is that it often cannot define its ultimate object with any degree of precision—but rather what she has not attempted to achieve. From the first connexion of the English with the subject races which have fallen under their sway, a consistent and comprehensive policy of Anglicisation has been definitely discarded. A sympathy, at times tepid but never altogether extinct, for the

national aspirations of the subject race has been persistently evinced. It has been sought to conjure the danger to which Imperial rule is exposed through the action of extreme nationalism by just and beneficial administration, and by timely and limited concessions to nationalist demands.

The main aim of Austrian policy has been totally different. From the days of Maria Theresa and her headstrong son, Joseph II, onwards, although the methods adopted have varied, the object pursued has been the same. It has been to effect the Germanisation of the various heterogeneous units which collectively make up the Austrian Empire. History records but one partial success in the execution of a policy of this sort. The easy-going polytheism of the ancient world greatly facilitated the process of Romanisation, but even the Roman success can only be accepted with qualifications. There was a good deal of poetical exaggeration in the oft-quoted boast of Claudian that Rome's maternal instincts led her to gather into her capacious bosom all her subject races on equal terms, while the eulogy of Rutilius—'Fecisti patriam diversis gentibus unam'—was speedily belied shortly after it was written by the dismemberment of the Roman Empire. Moreover, the stubborn monotheism of the Jews successfully resisted even temporary Roman assimilation; and total disruption ensued when it became evident that that complete homogeneity amongst the component parts of the Empire, which constitutes the only sure foundation of a powerful national character, was wholly wanting. As M. Le Bon says in his '*Lois Psychologiques de l'Évolution des Peuples*':

'Cette communauté de sentiments, d'idées, de croyances et d'intérêts créés par de lentes accumulations héréditaires, donne à la constitution mentale d'un peuple une grande identité et une grande fixité. Elle assure du même coup à ce peuple une immense puissance. Elle a fait la grandeur de Rome dans l'antiquité, celle des Anglais de nos jours. Dès qu'elle disparaît, les peuples se désagrègent. Le rôle de Rome fut fini quand elle ne la posséda plus.'

By what methods has Austria attempted to give effect to the policy of Germanisation? The chief

interest of Signor Gayda's book lies in the fact that he has subjected those methods to a pitiless analysis. He gives us a picture of an Austria which assuredly no longer deserves the epithet of 'felix,' with which the world has been familiarised by the old mediæval distich. The country is riven and torn asunder in a very special degree by all the most volcanic tendencies of the present age. Eight different nationalities contend for equality of treatment, and even at times for supremacy. It will be as well to enumerate them. They are the Italians, the Northern Slavs (Czechs, Ruthenes and Slovaks), the Southern Slavs (Slovenes, Serbs and Croats), the Poles, the Roumanians, and the Hungarians (Magyars). The whole political and administrative machinery of the country is honeycombed by the mutual rivalries of these various races. Amidst this mosaic of nationalities, there is no room for an Austrian fatherland. When the German speaks of 'Austria,' he thinks of Vienna, the Czech of Prague, the Pole of Cracow, and the Croat of Agram. Amidst all this nationalist chaos, the non-national Jew steps in and is gradually causing a social and economic revolution. He ousts the peasant proprietor, and in some cases the large landowner, from his rural possessions. He fixes with a relentless grasp on all the industries of the country, and he inspires all classes alike with fear and hatred. The need for social legislation of various sorts is urgent. It may be illustrated by a single, but very significant, fact. The census of 1900 showed that in Vienna there were no less than 165,000 people habitually living more than six in a room. Yet little or nothing can be done, because national rivalries and jealousies block the way to effective legislation. The aristocracy is tinged with mediævalism, and still holds tenaciously to many of its moribund privileges. The Church, which is animated by extreme Ultramontane sympathies, still exercises a predominant influence over the action of the State; while, at the same time, the political character which Catholicism has assumed has led to a decay of real religious faith. Nationalist sentiments are gradually penetrating into the army.

These are but a few of the symptoms of a disease which, if Signor Gayda's account be correct, permeates the whole body politic of Austria. They must be taken

into serious account in considering a question which must inevitably before long engage the attention of the statesmen of Europe. That question is, Can Austria, as a single political entity, survive the crisis through which the world is now passing? With the experience furnished by history, it would be rash to answer this question with a confident negative. There is much truth in Signor Gayda's remark that 'there has always been in the history of this great and ancient Empire something which has, as it were, retarded its course. Revolutions, which have radically transformed other Western nations, have scarcely touched it in passing.' The power of recuperation shown by the bundle of disconnected national units termed 'Austria' from staggering blows which seemed calculated to ensure the total shipwreck of the whole machine of State has, indeed, been such as to astonish the world; but it is to be observed that this recuperative power was manifested at a time when dynastic rather than national interests determined the course of policy. The recoveries of Austria are not, in fact, indications of that sturdy and unquenchable health which enabled a homogeneous people like the French to recover from crushing defeat, but are rather to be regarded as incidents arising from the principles, then generally accepted but now loudly challenged, which were applied by all Europe in deciding on the destinies of nations. They happened when the maintenance of the Balance of Power was regarded by all statesmen as the cornerstone of European policy.

It is now very generally admitted by politicians of all shades of opinion in England that the principle of the Balance of Power, even if it be not altogether discarded, must be applied in a very different spirit to that which has heretofore prevailed. It was denounced by John Bright as 'a foul idol, fouler than any heathen tribe ever worshipped'; and Bright's political successors, with the full assent of others of more conservative tendencies, have, in a greater or less degree, joined in the condemnation. There is rather more to be said in favour of the abstract principle of the Balance of Power than some of its extreme opponents are at times inclined to admit. Some balance of power is very necessary in order to ensure the peace of Europe, and to prevent the abuse of power on

the part of any specially formidable nation. The obvious intention originally entertained by Germany at the commencement of the present war to establish, not merely an European hegemony, but an omnipotent world-power, without any regard to national rights, at once caused the importance of the old arguments in favour of maintaining, even by clumsy methods, some sort of equilibrium between the powers of the great States of Europe to spring again into importance. But not a word can be said in defence of the manner in which in former times the principle has been applied. Under the old *régime*, the monarchs of Europe vied with each other in making arrangements, such as the successive Partitions of Poland, which inflicted cruel injustice on the populations concerned, who were considered as mere pawns in the game played by rival rulers and dynasties. The French Revolution produced no change for the better; and the evils of the system reached their culminating point during the period of Napoleonic ascendancy. 'These Bonapartes,' as Mr Atteridge truly says in his history of 'Napoleon's Brothers,' 'thought of marking out kingdoms on the map of Europe, and setting up thrones, much as company promoters think of registering companies and allotting shares.'

Both the moral principles advocated by the best thought of Europe and a wise appreciation of the methods most calculated to preserve the peace of the world, alike rebel against the continuance of a system of this sort. It is censured on ethical grounds. Its condemnation on practical grounds is scarcely less decisive, for its application has brought, not peace, but a sword into the world. It is now generally recognised by all the most advanced democratic nations that national rights and aspirations should be given precedence over any considerations based on the necessity of establishing, by artificial means, a proportionate distribution of power and influence. But it is too frequently forgotten that the mere acceptance of the principle will carry us but a very short way towards its practical application. It is here that the facts and arguments set forth in Signor Gayda's work become of special value. They demonstrate the very serious obstacles which have to be encountered in the application of the nationalist principle. The difficulty

of dealing with territories where no ethnographical frontier exists, and where divers nationalities overlap, has been recently brought into special prominence by the internecine warfare which took place amongst the States of the Balkan Peninsula. Nor is this the only case in which the highest statesmanship will be required to reconcile conflicting national aspirations. It is a mistake to suppose that the internal conflict, which has for some long time past been raging in Austria, merely consists of one between the Slav and the Teuton. It is far more complex than that. The issue between Italy and Austria is, indeed, comparatively simple, although even in this case some questions of great intricacy may, and probably will, arise as between the national claims of the Italians and the Slavs. But the problem of reconciling the claims of the different units of the Slav race is far more bewildering in its complexity. Notably, there is, Signor Gayda remarks, 'much to be done before a complete unification of the Southern Slavs can be accomplished.'

Bolingbroke, speaking of the Hapsburgs in the 18th century, said: 'I never think of the conduct of that family without recollecting the image of a man braiding a rope of hay, whilst his ass bites off the other end.' Perhaps the 'threefold ropes of twisted sand,' with which, in the old Border Ballad, an attempt was made to bind the wicked Lord Soulis, who was in league with the devil, would be a more appropriate metaphor to apply to the political programme which, for many generations, the rulers of Austria have endeavoured to execute. The task of welding together the component parts of the Empire into one cohesive whole would, in any case, have been one of extreme difficulty. The want of political insight displayed in the adoption of the methods designed to secure cohesion has enormously enhanced the intricacy of the problem. With, possibly, the single exception of Metternich, who, whatever may be thought of the policy with which his name will always be associated, was a man of powerful intellect, the soil of Austria has been singularly unpropitious to statesmen of the first rank. The constructive genius of the Prussian Stein or that of the Italian Cavour has been conspicuous by its absence. The general character of Austrian statesmanship has been

personified rather in the ineptitude of political tricksters, such as Thugut; and the diplomacy of men of this type was very unevenly matched when it had to deal with antagonists, such as Cavour and Bismarck, whose methods, though no less unscrupulous, far surpassed theirs in intelligence. Both Prussia and Italy profited by the mistakes of Austria. 'Whenever,' Sir Robert Morier says in his *Memoirs*, 'the great Chancellor got into serious difficulty and seemed running his head straight up against a wall, a *deus ex machina* was certain to appear in the shape of some gigantic blunder committed by his adversaries'; and, amongst those adversaries, Austria was assuredly the most blundering. Moreover, Austrian policy has always been characterised by a marked inability to recognise facts until their recognition was enforced by disaster. The dream of maintaining the Holy Roman Empire, which involved political dominion from the Eider to Brindisi, was not altogether dispelled even when that senile institution had at last received its final shattering blow at the hands of Napoleon. The crushing defeat of Sadowa was necessary before Austria could realise the truth. The pungent wit of Rivarol enabled him to state in epigrammatic form one of the causes which have led to successive Austrian failures in the realm of politics. 'Les coalisés,' he said, 'ont toujours été en arrière d'une armée, d'une année et d'une idée.' Count Andrassy, though a man of marked ability, thought that the presence of 'a band of music' would be sufficient to quell all opposition to the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. In Austria, Signor Gayda says, 'the truth is always discovered and understood very tardily.'

But, whatever may be said of Austria's inability to stem the flowing tide of aggressive nationalism displayed by the heterogeneous units of the Empire, it would be in the highest degree unjust not to recognise that there has been a certain nobility and idealism in the programme which she has endeavoured to execute. It has been based on the fundamental fact that German is superior to Slav civilisation. Even so strong an anti-Austrian as Signor Gayda, who naturally looks at the whole Austrian question mainly from the Italian point of view, admits that German nationalism, in its struggle with Czech aspirations, 'attempts to save a race and its

national consciousness by simply raising its standard of culture.' The only hope of building an Empire upon a sure foundation of this description would have been to adopt measures calculated to persuade each subject race of the advantages to be derived from assimilating the superior culture which was within its grasp. The policy which Austria has adopted has been the antithesis of this principle. Generally speaking, she has striven to secure the predominance of German culture by the inexorable suppression of the culture of her subject races. Although the main aim has never varied, a certain amount of somewhat sinister elasticity has been displayed in the adaptation of the means to the end. In some cases, it has been sought to extinguish separatist tendencies by stern and direct measures of repression. In others, more subtle and indirect methods have been tried, with varying degrees of adroitness and with varying success. When, as in the case of the Slavs and Italians, no racial affinity exists, the national element which appears to constitute the least local danger has been used to overwhelm the rival and more menacing nationality. Thus, in the neighbourhood of Trieste and on the eastern shores of the Adriatic, an attempt has been made to Slavify the population in order to crush out Italian national aspirations, which, alike from self-interest and inherited tradition, have always been regarded with special disfavour by the rulers of Austria. Where, on the other hand, racial affinities threaten an amalgamation of semi-conflicting interests, the aim of the Government has been to foment rivalries in order to keep the separate nationalities apart. Thus, every effort has been made to widen the breach between Croats and Orthodox Serbs. Moreover, in the very singular instance of the Ruthenes, to which more particular reference will presently be made, Austrian statesmen, in spite of their strong anti-national proclivities, have not hesitated to throw aside their most cherished principles, and to encourage local national aspirations in order to combat the attractions of the more dangerous and more potentially absorbent nationalism of Russia. A brief description of the methods adopted and the results achieved in each of the separate units of the Empire will bring these points into greater prominence.

Of all the political problems which spring from the Austrian national medley, none ought to be more easy of solution than that of the eventual fate of the Trentino. Of the 347,000 inhabitants of this province, no less than 338,000 are Italians. The reasons which dictated the occupation of the province by Austria are purely strategical. It constitutes in reality 'a great entrenched camp in the heart of Lombardy and Venetia, threatening the valley of the Po, one of the most vital arteries of Italy and the link between her richest and most productive cities.' In this case, the most strenuous attempts to Germanise the province have been made. For administrative purposes it has been united to the South Tyrol, the most German of all the Austrian possessions. A lofty mountain barrier, whose only gate is through the Brenner pass, separates the two districts. They are not united by any natural tie, geographical, ethnographical, historical or economic. The natural outlet of the Trentino trade is towards the south. By the erection of a customs barrier an attempt has been made to force it in a northerly direction. The result has been to cause the decay of the silk, iron, glass and mining industries, which formerly flourished. 'Isolated, forced back on itself, the Trentino had to transform itself from an industrial country into an agricultural Alpine land.' In so far as the sentiments of the inhabitants are concerned, the policy of Germanisation has proved a complete failure. Their sympathies remain wholly Italian. There cannot be a shadow of doubt that, under any territorial re-settlement conducted on a nationalist basis, the Trentino should fall to Italy.

Of the 900,000 Italians who are subjects of the Emperor of Austria, about 200,000 are concentrated in Trieste, the town which Signor Gayda considers is 'morally the capital of *Italia Irredenta*.' A policy of direct Germanisation offered, in this case, very little prospect of success. The German nucleus, which might have formed the foundation for the execution of such a policy, was almost wholly wanting. The population of Trieste and its neighbourhood, when not Italian, is almost exclusively Slav. Nevertheless, some attempts in the direction of Germanisation have been made. German schools in Trieste are liberally supported by the State, while such support is rigorously denied to

schools in which the language used is Italian. In default of a policy of direct Germanisation, which the facts of the case rendered impossible of execution, the Austrian Government has fallen back on attempts to denationalise the Italian population through the agency of the Slav element. Large numbers of Slovene labourers have been imported to work on the railway. Slav employés have in every administration been given the preference over Italians. Simultaneously, stern measures of suppression have been adopted against everything tending to keep alive the Italian national spirit. The editor of the leading Italian newspaper published at Trieste recently celebrated his twelve-hundredth confiscation.

It will thus be seen that the case of Trieste and its immediate neighbourhood is more complex than that of the Trentino. One point, however, is abundantly clear. In any territorial redistribution based on nationalist principles, the German claims may be at once put out of court. The population is certainly not German. It is partly Italian and partly Slav. Looking to the geographical facts and the other circumstances which have to be taken into consideration, it would appear reasonable, even after allowing for some exaggeration on the part of Signor Gayda, to allow Italian, within certain limits, to predominate over Slav claims. There is, however, one point in connexion with this branch of the subject which is of great importance and which would appear to call for the very earnest attention of the statesmen of Europe and more especially of the rulers of Italy. Every one must desire that the peace to be concluded at the close of the present war shall be durable. Unless the question of the ultimate destiny of Trieste be most carefully handled, it may contain the seeds of very serious international trouble in the future. It is difficult to believe that the populations of Central Europe will permanently acquiesce in any arrangement which entirely shuts them off from a trade outlet in the Mediterranean. This source of danger would be minimised, though probably not altogether removed, by making Trieste a free port, and generally by the adoption on the part of Italy of a liberal customs and trade policy, which would encourage her northern neighbours to make commercial use of the Adriatic ports.

Italian ambition is, however, not limited to the acquisition of the Trentino, Trieste and Istria. It appears that Italy claims, if not the whole, at all events a considerable portion of Dalmatia. If nationality is to be the basis of future redistribution, it will be impossible to make this claim good. The Slav population of Dalmatia is far in excess of the Italian. Even Signor Gayda recognises that a 'violent anti-Italian feeling' exists amongst the Dalmatian Slavs. It is difficult to believe that these sentiments are, as Signor Gayda contends, wholly artificial, and that they have been nursed into existence by the Machiavellian policy of the Austrian Government. Neither is his argument, that 'the country's past has been wholly Italian, as its soul is even now,' altogether convincing. It would appear, therefore, that unless Italy is prepared in some degree to play false to the principle of nationalism and to cherish dreams of conquest, considerable concessions will, in dealing with the case of Dalmatia, have to be made to the Slavs. Signor Gayda appears to recognise that some such concessions will be necessary.

'Undoubtedly,' he says, 'the Italian people must come to terms with the Slavs; they must not do violence to their national aspirations, their claims to economic liberty. But it is a question of restoring a just balance and the natural harmony between Italians and Slavs which existed before 1866, before the Austrian Government's new policy.'

He does not, however, give us any indication of the manner in which the 'just balance' which he recommends may be established. It cannot be too strongly urged that a cordial understanding between Italy and the Southern Slavs is requisite, not merely in deference to the principle of nationality, but also because it is enormously in the interests of both races to hold together in the face of Teutonic aggression.

Priestly influences, which have always been allowed to exercise a disastrously preponderating weight in the councils of the Austrian Government, are clearly traceable in the treatment which has been accorded to Bosnia. The process of Germanisation has, in that province, taken a form, than which nothing can be more calculated to promote internal discord, of a campaign persistently

waged on behalf of Catholicism against the Bosnian Church. There has been a large influx of Catholics into all the principal towns. The number in Sarajevo increased from 608 in 1879 to 10,762 in 1895. Croatian Clericals have been called in to administer the province. They now represent 42 per cent. of the public employés. German has been made the current official language; and, as the different Northern Slav races cannot communicate with one another through the medium of their own languages, they are obliged to use German as a sort of *lingua franca*. The religious autonomy of Bosnia, which has endured for five hundred years, has been broken up. The Austrian Government has assumed the right of nominating the Orthodox bishops and 'popes.' Their stipends have been placed on the State Budget. They have thus been transformed into Government officials. In the schools, the use of the German and the disuse of the national language are encouraged by all possible means. 'In every profession special favours are reserved for the Catholics; commercial concessions are given to them alone; large works and public contracts are entrusted only to Catholics and German foreigners.' It is hoped that by these, and other similar means, Serbian nationalism, which is closely allied to Serbian Orthodoxy, will eventually be extinguished.

It is, however, in Bohemia that the war between nationalism and Germanisation has been waged with the greatest bitterness and also with the most decisive results. It has turned very largely on the question of language. In 1905, under the auspices of Count Badeni, an ordinance was issued to the effect that all provincial functionaries must know both Czech and German; and, although the intense opposition to this ordinance led to its repeal before any attempt had been made to execute it, it is none the less a fact that almost the whole administration of the country has passed into Czech hands. Out of 24,720 State officials, only 5305 are Germans. There are 1088 Czech, and only 161 German provincial employés. In the railway offices, 6890 posts are occupied by Czechs and only 1400 by Germans. In fact, to use Signor Gayda's expressive phrase, the Germans, in spite of their relatively high standard of intelligence and the acknowledged superiority of their civilisation,

are being 'stifled by the Slav mass.' But the Czechs are far from being satisfied with the triumphs which they have already achieved. The two races have been ever drifting further and further apart. A German member of the Austrian Parliament declared that he would rather believe in the dissolution of Austria than in the possibility of an understanding between Czech and German. As the breach has widened, the demands of the Czechs have increased. They now ask that Czech should be treated as an official language, and that there should be Czech Ministers. At one time, a solemn resolution was passed by the Czech 'Club' to the effect that every deputy should pledge himself not to open his mouth in Parliament until his right to speak in his own language was acknowledged; and this was done in the face of the fact that at the time more than four hundred members of the Austrian Parliament did not understand Czech. In a word, it may be said that, in Bohemia, the policy of Germanisation has proved a complete failure. It is clear that, whatever be the reason, the Germans, in spite of heroic efforts made through the medium of education, Labour Exchanges which favour Germans, and other similar methods, can neither assimilate nor even reconcile the Czechs.

The case of the Ruthenes is, as has been already mentioned, somewhat special. There are three and a half millions of these people residing on the Russian frontier in the eastern zone of Galicia and in the Bukowina, besides half a million in Hungary beyond the Carpathians in the mountainous district which centres in Marmaros Sziget. They are in reality Little or Red Russians, who were rechristened Ruthenes by the Austrian Count Stadion in order, in some degree, to obliterate their Russian origin. They speak a language which is a dialect of Russian. In matters of religion, the mass of the population belong to the Greek Uniate Church, which, for all practical purposes, may be regarded as a branch of Catholicism. The policy adopted by the Austrian Government in this province has met with a certain degree of success; but it is especially worthy of note that this success is due, not to efforts made in the direction of Germanisation, but to the adoption of a local nationalist programme. Every effort has been

made to annihilate Russian sympathies and to form a new national Ruthenian individuality. In the schools an attempt has been made to adopt the Latin in the place of the Cyrillic character, and to transform the Little Russian dialect now in use into a separate and really autonomous language. A so-called Ukraine separatist party was, under the auspices of Count Badeni, called into existence. Its programme was explained by a leading Ruthenian deputy in the following words: 'We Ruthenes are an autonomous people with a national and political character of our own, and as such we wish to cultivate and develop our nation in Austria. We bind ourselves to be loyal to the Pope and to Catholicism and to our Uniate Greek ritual.' The apparent contradiction between the policy adopted by the Austrian Government in this region and elsewhere is to be explained by the reflection that its aim has been, not merely to alienate Ruthenian sympathies from Russia, but also to attract those of the neighbouring twenty-three millions of Little Russians who reside in Russian territory. Thus, it was probably thought, a gigantic Irredentist movement could be inaugurated against the Empire of the Czar. In spite of all these efforts, however, it would appear that the old Little Russian movement is not by any means dead amongst the Ruthenes. Signor Gayda thinks that it is merely slumbering, and that it is ready at some later period to be quickened into life. He declares that, among the 2500 priests of the Galician Uniate Church, there are at least 800 Russophiles who only wait their opportunity to break their connexion with the Latin Church and again to draw near to Russia.

Hungary has remained comparatively quiescent since the concessions embodied in the 'Ausgleich' were wrung from the Austrian Government; but the result of that arrangement has naturally been to enfeeble the general process of Germanisation, and to create in its place a narrow policy of Magyarisation, whose defects have been eloquently exposed both by Mr Wickham Steed and by Mr Seton-Watson. There are still two and a half millions of Germans in Hungary as compared to about ten millions of Hungarians, but the number of German schools has sunk from 1232 in 1869 to not more than 500 at the present time. Moreover, the claims of Hungarian

nationalism have not yet been fully satisfied. Demands continue to be made for a separate flag, for the use of Magyar words of command in the army, and for an increase in the proportion of Hungarian officers in the Hungarian regiments.

Thus, with the solitary exception of the small purely Germanic nucleus—comprising the Vorarlberg, the Salzburg country, Upper and Lower Austria, Styria and Carinthia—the same features everywhere characterise the general political situation. The fire of nationalism burns so strongly as to obscure the flame of all other movements. Everywhere it has triumphed over economic interests. It has absorbed Socialism. On the one hand, the Socialists imbued with German sympathies have rallied to the Emperor, and have been jocularly given by their opponents the singularly paradoxical title of 'Imperial-Royal Socialists' (K. K. Sozialdemokratie). On the other hand, the Czech Socialists, departing widely from the original programme of such men as Marx, Engels and Lassalle, have turned their attention to national rather than to economic aims. Even the Austrian bureaucracy, whose rigid uniformity had been regarded as one of the most powerful agents to further the process of Germanisation, has become tainted with the nationalist spirit. 'The great unitary bloc of the bureaucracy,' Signor Gayda says, 'is shattered.'

Parliamentary Government, in the sense in which we generally understand that term, exists no more in Austria than it does in Germany. Nevertheless, the introduction of universal suffrage, in 1906, albeit the movement originated in a great measure from the desire of the Czech and Polish feudal nobility to secure their hereditary rights and privileges against the encroachments of the Central Government, constituted a real, and, without doubt, a perfectly honest attempt to deal with the several national movements which were rending the Empire asunder. It was hoped that, in a Parliament where all classes and all nationalities were truly represented, all would combine to deal with the real legislative needs of the whole Empire. The result has, in this respect, been most disappointing. The democratic vote, far from allaying, has increased the intensity of nationalist exclusiveness. Particularism has triumphed over solidarity.

Experience has shown that the representatives of the eight separate races view every question which is brought before them exclusively from the point of view of their own nationality. Thus, the whole legislative machinery of the State is, more or less, paralysed. No measure of general utility can be passed into law without small economic concessions being made to each separate group in order to ensure a Parliamentary majority. Verily, as Signor Gayda says, race egotism is 'powerful, exclusive and intolerant.'

What is to be the outcome of all this bewildering political chaos? Signor Gayda does not attempt to solve the perplexing enigma. He merely observes that 'some formula will certainly be discovered to solve it.' The discoverer of that formula will contribute much to the cause of peace in Europe, and should earn the eternal gratitude of the various populations concerned; but he has yet to appear on the scene. In the meanwhile, it may be observed that, although the Protestant crusade, which had 'Los von Rom' as its battle-cry, has as yet met with no great success, it may confidently be predicted that, were any attempt made to convert Austria into a great Slav Empire, the Pan-Germanist movement would at once be quickened into new and vigorous life. The leaders of that movement do not conceal their designs. One of them, speaking in 1906, did not hesitate to say:

'We are completely indifferent to the fact of the Austrian Dynasty and State; on the contrary, we hope and desire to be finally liberated from this State so as to be able to live under the glorious sceptre of the Hohenzollerns.'

It is, indeed, inconceivable that the German Irredentists, for such they really are, who have up to the present time constituted the backbone of the Austrian Empire, should allow themselves to be completely 'stified by the Slav mass.' If the principle of nationalism is pushed so far as to threaten their vital interests, they will clamour, and with much reason, for the same principle to be applied to them. They will demand that they should be politically united to their brother-Teutons of Northern Germany.

It seems, however, highly improbable that any attempt

will be made to establish one great Slav Empire. [There is in reality no true Pan-Slav movement in Austria. The Northern Slavs—the Czechs, Poles and Ruthenes—are geographically widely separated from their Southern brethren—the Serbs, the Slovenes and the Croats. Differences based on historical traditions, education, and language also stand in the way of amalgamation. Moreover, up to the present time there has been no real unity of purpose even amongst the Southern Slavs. Croats and Serbs are ethnologically related to each other. They speak a common language. But, while the former are Catholics and write in Latin, the latter are Orthodox and use Cyrillic characters. There has thus, up to the present time, been much hostility between these two branches of the Slav race. A Coalition party has, however, now sprung up whose object it is to unite the most intelligent elements amongst both Serbs and Croats. Signor Gayda thinks that the Southern Slavs are gradually getting to understand each other; and Mr Seton-Watson, who enters into a full discussion of this highly important question, is of opinion that 'Croato-Serb unity must and will come.' It is greatly to be hoped that Italy will not interpose any obstacles to its accomplishment.]

Amidst the numerous plans for federation and for the bestowal of local autonomy in various degrees, which have from time to time been put forward, only to be discarded by reason of the obstacles which they would have encountered in their execution, it appears that the scheme designated as Trialism is that which finds most favour at Vienna, while it also in some degree elicits the approval of the Slovenes and Croats. This plan would involve adding a third kingdom, that of Illyria, to the present Dual Monarchy. Bosnia and Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia and Slavonia would be gathered together in one group and would constitute a kingdom under the sceptre of the Emperor. The proposal appears statesmanlike, but it would be presumptuous on the part of any foreigner to hazard an opinion on its feasibility. It is, however, clear that it would encounter strong opposition in Hungary, all the more so because one of the objects of the Viennese politicians in putting it forward would not improbably be that, by the creation of a new

Illyrian kingdom, some means might be found to balance the strong and at times even arrogant pressure which Magyar influence exercises on the Central Government. Moreover, it is certain that, as one of the results of the present war, the conditions under which in the future the problem will have to be solved will differ materially from those which have obtained in the past. It may well be that it is now too late to adopt the policy of Trialism with any prospect of success, and that nothing short of the creation of a wholly independent Southern Slav State will meet the requirements of the situation. The sword has been thrown into the balance, and the sword must decide. Mr Steed, who was previously inclined to take a hopeful view of the future of Austria, says, speaking in the preface to the last edition of his great work of the recent action taken against Serbia :

‘I confess that, notwithstanding much experience of the foolishness and short-sighted unmorality of the Austro-Hungarian official world, I was not prepared for a policy so wickedly foolhardy, not to say deliberately suicidal, as that adopted by the advisers of the Hapsburg Crown in connexion with the death of the late Heir-Presumptive. . . . I did not anticipate that even “moderate foresight on the part of the Dynasty” would have been utterly lacking, nor that “the line of least resistance” to intrigue and warlike clamour would have been so readily taken. In a word, I under-estimated both the folly and the cynical weakness of the men responsible for the management of Hapsburg affairs.’

Pending the solution of this stupendous question it may be observed that the creation of a Southern Slav State would almost necessarily involve the acknowledgment of the independence of the Northern Slavs and the gravitation of the Austrian Germans towards Germany. In other words, Austria would cease to exist. The object of the present writer, however, is not so much to discuss what solutions are possible, as to perform the more humble task of directing public attention to its importance, and of indicating the very great difficulties which stand in the way of the full application of nationalist principles. It is well that the nature of those difficulties should be realised, not only by the statesmen, but also by the general public, of this country.

Finally, it would be both unjust and ungenerous not to recognise that the political bed of thorns on which Fate has destined that Modern Austria should lie, is not wholly of her own making. It has, in its essential features, been created by the onward march of democracy, which has given an immense impulse to the nationalist movement throughout the world. The political problems which have arisen out of that movement are of surpassing difficulty. Nor is it as yet at all clear how they can be solved. It is the irony of Fate that the various issues at stake should have acquired special prominence in a country which, as Signor Gayda truly says, has 'never grasped the importance of national movements and national passions,' and which, as Mr Steed puts it, has shown 'a perpetual inability to appreciate the force of the moral elements in a situation.' The accusation which may justly be brought against Austria is that her faulty statesmanship, far from tending towards a solution of the problems involved, has greatly enhanced their inherent difficulties. 'Mistakes committed in statesmanship,' Bismarck has said, 'are not always punished at once, but they always do harm in the end. The logic of history is a more exact and a more exacting accountant than is the strictest national auditing department.' The day of retribution for Austria appears to be at hand. She has to give an account of her stewardship to the auditors, not only of her own country, but also of the civilised world in general. It can scarcely be doubted that their verdict will be unfavourable. The ultimate survival of Austria as a separate political entity is more than doubtful; but, if she is to survive at all, she will certainly have to make a radical change in the principles of government which, under priestly and military influences, have so far guided her action.

CROMER.

Art. 11.—SOME BOOKS ON THE WAR.

1. *German Ambitions*. By 'Vigilans sed Æquus.' Reprinted from the 'Spectator.' London: Smith, Elder, 1905.
 2. *The Anglo-German Problem*. By Charles Sarolea. London: Nelson, 1912.
 3. *Germany and England*. By J. A. Cramb. London: Murray, 1914.
 4. *The German Enigma*. By Georges Bourdon (19 . .). Translated by Beatrice Marshall. London: Dent, 1914.
 5. *France in Danger*. By Paul Vergnet (1913). Translated by Beatrice Barstow. London: Murray, 1915.
 6. *The Origins of the War*. By J. Holland Rose. Cambridge University Press, 1914.
 7. *What is Wrong with Germany?* By W. Harbutt Dawson. London: Longmans, 1915.
 8. *The World in the Crucible*. By Sir Gilbert Parker. London: Murray, 1915.
 9. *Ordeal by Battle*. By F. S. Oliver. London: Macmillan, 1915.
 10. *The History of Twelve Days (July 24—Aug. 4, 1914)*. By J. W. Headlam. London: Unwin, 1915.
 11. *The Evidence in the Case*. By James M. Beck. New York: Putnam, 1915.
 12. *A Text-Book of the War for Americans*. By J. William White. Philadelphia: Winston, 1915.
- And other works.

THE present war is on a scale many times vaster than any previously known in the history of the world. The great increase of population, the far greater increase of wealth, the prodigious development of the machinery of war by land, by sea and by air, all unite to make the catastrophe which we are witnessing one without parallel or measure. And there is another, less terrible and fatal way in which it has utterly exceeded all its predecessors. It is waged by nearly all Europe; and the European races, both in their original homes and in the new worlds which they have conquered, have in the last hundred years taken to thinking, talking, and writing about public affairs to an extent quite unknown, except on the small stage of Athens, throughout their previous

history. The result is that this war has been discussed more thoroughly than any other war ever was. It provoked a considerable literature, that of warning or anticipation, long before it broke out. And since it began not only newspapers and magazines but books dealing with it have appeared incessantly in all countries especially, perhaps, in England and America, always peculiarly given to the habit of discussing public questions, and both of them, even England, freer to indulge it at this moment than the only other country which has the habit to at all the same extent.

The discussion has been from every possible point of view. In Germany for years before war broke out some seven hundred books dealing with the science of war appeared annually. Many of these dealt with forecasts of some such colossal struggle as we are witnessing and the way it would be worked out. Others, like the well-known work of Bernhardi, dealt with it rather from the semi-political and moral, or rather immoral, point of view. Others approached it from the side of history, finance, international law, diplomacy, or ethics. The possible points of view are, in fact, very numerous; and the books themselves, especially those written since war broke out, are past counting. It is clear that in the limited space of an article in the 'Quarterly Review' only a very few can be dealt with. I propose, therefore, to confine myself here almost exclusively to English and American books, and, among these, to leave aside altogether those which are concerned primarily with military or financial questions; and merely to touch on a few of those which discuss such problems as the European or Anglo-German situation which is supposed to have rendered the war inevitable, the events of July 1914, the responsibility for the actual outbreak of war, or the political and moral issues involved.

It is obvious that very little, if any, of this enormous bulk of writing can be of any permanent importance. It is just journalism, good or bad as the case may be, whether it appears in the form of a book or in the columns of a newspaper. But the essence of journalism is to give the facts and opinions of the day, and for the day they have not only their interest but their

importance. So these books give what was being thought about this war in the years preceding it and in the twelve months since it began; and we should be inhuman if we did not find it interesting to realise the facts about the tremendous experience we are going through and our thoughts about these facts, even if no one has been able to give them the form that means life.

Travellers often wonder, when they visit such places as Catania or Torre del Greco, at the courage or recklessness of the people who build and rebuild their dwellings on sites that have again and again been destroyed by the slumbering volcanoes above them. And so it is difficult now to read without amazement some of the books that were written to warn us all three or five or ten years ago. But it is at once man's weakness and his strength to be a very hopeful animal. As a rule he needs no Divine word to make him take no thought for the morrow. He knows that he is to die, and very possibly to die of a painful disease; he sees it as nearly certain that he must survive some of those without whom he cannot conceive life as endurable; or he knows that old age will mean poverty for him and those whom he loves. Yet he lives on from day to day, not merely enduring but enjoying, refusing to lay the burden of the future on the happiness of the present hour. So Europe, or that part of Europe which knew enough of politics to be aware of the danger, lived the last decade and particularly the last five years before 1914. And so far as the danger really was, like death for each one of us, inevitable and certain, who shall say much in blame of this Horatian wisdom?

But so far as it was, like disease or poverty, avoidable, and so far as concerns those, especially the statesmen, who could have done something to avoid it, is it possible to find language too strong to condemn their equally Horatian indolence and indifference? There are some men on the political stage of Europe whose course for the last ten years can only be compared to that of the drunkard drinking himself into the grave and his family into the workhouse day after day, with his eyes open. The facts which are now before us all were, in all essentials, before European statesmen for several years before the war broke out; and the events of its first

twelve months plainly show that neither in Russia nor in France nor in England had the responsible rulers done anything like their duty in preparing for the visibly impending blow. So far as they have yet been tested, indeed, the British naval preparations have proved adequate. But in most other respects it has to be admitted that the Germans were ready and the Allies were not. And Time, the invisible ally in whom they are trusting, is at best a very expensive friend.

All this was not for want of warning. The Pan-Germans worked in the daylight as well as in the dark. And in spite of the lulling assurances of hypnotised ambassadors, amateur and professional, it ought to have been plain to observing statesmen that Pan-Germanism always got its way. In China, in Turkey, over the visit to Tangier, over the affair of the 'Panther,' over the increases of army and navy, it was sometimes officially discouraged or rebuked, but always ultimately victorious. All this is well shown in M. Paul Vergnet's 'France in Danger,' first published in French in October 1913. It is a useful little book, exhibiting in some detail the insane extravagance of Pan-German demands, the open assertions that Holland and Belgium are really German and must be united with Germany, the open demands for French Colonies and parts of France itself, the assertion that the people of these countries are pining for German annexation, and sometimes the brutal suggestion that the populations of the districts to be annexed should, in spite of their alleged kinship, be forcibly expelled in order to make room for Germans! And, what is more important, M. Vergnet shows that these are not the extravagances of isolated madness. He has no difficulty in exhibiting the close relations between the actions of the German Government and the propaganda of the Pan-German party. We find the Pan-German author of the press agitation for Morocco confessing that his pamphlet was composed in consultation with the Secretary of State. And we find that on the rare occasions when the Government resisted the Pan-Germans, the resistance was brief and the collapse inglorious.

This little book ought to have taught France both the intentions of the Pan-Germans and their evident power to get their way in Germany. And those who

believed in conciliation and turned their eyes away from Pan-Germans to Germans of a more reasonable sort might have been enlightened by Georges Bourdon's 'The German Enigma,' a collection of opinions obtained in conversations with a large number of representative German statesmen, professors, soldiers, financiers and journalists. The date of these interviews is not given, but apparently they took place in 1912. The value of the book is less, perhaps, than M. Bourdon and most Frenchmen and Englishmen would imagine. For, as Maximilian Harden frankly told M. Bourdon, there is in Germany no public opinion such as we are familiar with in England and France. 'The German middle class has no taste for politics and finds it answers better to leave all that to those in command.' This is a truth which may be ascertained from anybody who has been inside many German homes. When the home is not an intelligent one the women discuss their servants and Heine's 'wie so theuer der Kaffee,' the men their business and those subjects in which Walpole thought everybody could take part. When it is intelligent the talk is of art and literature, which, to tell the truth, are far more often the subject of conversation than in England. But in neither case are politics, the only serious subject of universal interest in England, ever so much as mentioned. Still, even if public opinion in Germany had any power of influencing the Government, or any wish to do so, no one who desired peace could derive much consolation from M. Bourdon's conversations. Even the most pacific of those whom he interviewed defended the whole German programme of increased forces by land and sea, showed themselves incapable of seeing things except from their own point of view, and declined to consider M. Bourdon's suggestion of finding a way to peace through an autonomous Alsace.

We in England might have learnt the same lesson from Emil Reich's 'Germany's Swelled Head' (1908). The book is as vulgar in thought and style as might be expected from the title and from a man who confessed to being an admirer of the Kaiser's speeches. Nor is it a safe guide always in matters of fact, as may be judged from the amazing statement that half the English National Debt was incurred in subsidies and sops to German princes!

Nor has its prophecy that the Germans would find the British fleet much easier to deal with than Continental armies proved exactly happy. But it ought to have awakened England to the insane megalomania, growing so popular in Germany, which claimed half the world and all its great men as German, and to the obvious danger to which such ideas exposed all Europe. The book contains some interesting remarks about the character of the German people—the element of barbarism in them (which may be due to their late conversion to Christianity, or as an American writer says, to their never having gone through the great civilising experience of being a part of the Roman Empire), the insolence of the upstart, and the tendency to breed mediocrities. A more original note is that the modern German takes an interest in foreign, rather than in domestic, politics. The reverse has, of course, notoriously been long the case in England, especially since the foreign policy of the country became, more or less, an agreed thing between the leaders of the two parties. But it seems, to our shame, that a policy which is not a party policy means one that cannot be vigorously pursued.

The true indictment against the late ministry, one on which history will without hesitation pronounce a verdict of guilty, is that which is very effectively put in the best part of Mr F. S. Oliver's somewhat overpraised book, 'Ordeal by Battle.' In several matters, as, for instance, in his assertion that we owe our 'voluntary' army to the compulsion of starvation, his tone is extravagant and his accuracy more than dubious. It hardly needed the indignant denials of officers to dispose of this slander when we are all reading every day in the papers of whole families of sons and brothers serving the King and obviously doing so because the family taste runs in that direction. Another defect of Mr Oliver is that he writes throughout with too much of the self-complacence of the journalist who is quite unaware of the gulf of difference which lies between the task of the leader-writer who lays down what ought to be done, and that of the constitutional statesman who has first to overcome the opposition it arouses, and then to devise the means of doing it. But it is difficult to over-praise the merciless clearness with which he convicts the

late ministers out of their own mouths of a knowledge of German designs and German irreconcilability; and he is fully justified in driving home against them the fact that, except on a single occasion, not one of them uttered a word to warn the country of its danger, while they freely poured scorn on Lord Roberts and others who tried to do their duty for them. His bitter parody of the recruiting poster ('He did his duty: we denounced him for doing it: we failed to do ours: will you, however, do yours?') is every word of it strictly justified; and Lord Haldane's attempt ('Nation,' Aug. 8, 1915) to put the blame on the democracy who were 'not disposed to listen to the few who preached' has made it impossible to feel any sympathy for him and his colleagues however mercilessly their critics lay on the lash. All this part of his book is not one whit too strongly put. Indeed the whole book is about the most effective statement of the danger which has hung over this country for the last fifteen years and still hangs over it; of the folly of forgetting, as we have constantly forgotten, that all other political objects put together are of less importance than the single one of security; of the nation's need of leadership, of a definite and declared foreign policy, and of a military force strong enough to secure respect for our diplomacy. It concludes with a powerful plea for the adoption of national service.

The book is not, like the author's 'Alexander Hamilton,' a work of real literature and history which will have readers a hundred years hence. It is a piece of honest and telling super-journalism, a vigorous attempt to make the country understand where we have failed and why. Mr Oliver has the advantage of writing after the event. There were others who insisted on the danger long before events justified them. The oldest of them all is probably Mr Frederic Harrison, who, with pardonable complacency, has issued a volume called 'The German Peril' (Macmillan, 1915), containing reprints of many articles and speeches, beginning in 1863, in which he has again and again insisted on the danger which a Germany dominated by Prussia necessarily and from the first implied to all that Liberals of all kinds value in every country of Europe. In 1863 he was already advocating an Entente with France; he repeated the proposal still

more earnestly in 1867, as the only condition of the independence of the small states and the only security of harmony in Europe; and in 1870 he urged active intervention on behalf of France, and prophesied only too truthfully that the new Germany would inevitably be the old brutal and cynical Prussia writ large. In this campaign of warning he has never wearied, again and again repeating, as in 1909, that 'no man is fit to argue on politics who doubts that it is the settled resolve of the German nation to challenge our naval supremacy,' and that it is 'mere verbiage' to 'repeat commonplaces about German friendliness' and revive obsolete maxims of Cobden and Bright about the brotherhood of nations in the face of the plain facts of the situation. Three months before the war he dealt very faithfully with Mr Norman Angell's nonsense in response to an appeal made to him for support, writing a letter to that gentleman's newspaper in which he advocated 'an immense increase of our whole defensive resources to resist the menace to the peace and civilisation of Europe and even the existence of these kingdoms.' It is a record of which any man may be proud even though he had little better success than Cassandra.

He has completed his book with some utterances delivered immediately before and since the beginning of war. Some of these suggestions of an old Radical who knows something of history may be commended to the attention of the young Radicals of the 'Union of Democratic Control' who evidently do not. For instance, Mr Harrison advocates a stronger Executive for Foreign Affairs, more independent of Parliamentary interference, something like that provided for the United States by their Constitution. He sees the necessity in foreign relations of a 'stability, rapidity, and secrecy' impossible 'where every executive act has to be done under the control of a huge Chamber which in many affairs of State is as ignorant as a child'; and the folly of a system which compels 'a British Minister of War to stand up nightly to answer questions as to his strategic plans as if he were a reluctant defendant in a case of fraudulent bankruptcy.'

Another of these warning voices was that of the writer (the late Mr W. T. Arnold) who signed himself

'*Vigilans sed Æquus.*' The book is still worth reading. Perhaps nothing in English shows so wide a knowledge of the enormous literature which may be described as Pan-German. Of this it supplies a valuable bibliography. The book was written to prove and does prove the insane arrogance of an enormous number of Germans, who naïvely declare their conviction that they are superior to all other peoples, the best artists, the best men of science, the best colonists, the best soldiers, the best sailors. It is, as the writer says, a literature of war-whoops, 'the most presumptuous and Nemesis-provoking ever evolved by any people at any time.' But its madness was not a mere madness at which we could afford to laugh. Insane as it was, it had a purpose, and a purpose which it made no attempt to conceal. That purpose was the hegemony of the whole world, and, as a means to it, the absorption of half Europe and the destruction of the British Empire. Nor would the United States, as is plainly confessed, have enjoyed more than a brief respite. It is not to our credit that such an unanswerable proof of the great danger that lay before us, supported on every page by documentary evidence from German sources, and published in a newspaper of large circulation, should have attracted so little attention, and produced no apparent effect whatever on the Government.

But all these, and such books as Mr Sarolea's '*Anglo-German Problem*,' or Professor Usher's '*Pan-Germanism*,' are simply useful pieces of more or less able journalism. They set out the facts as they were with more or less intelligence and accuracy, though Mr Usher is by no means to be trusted in regard to international history. But in Mr J. A. Cramb's '*Germany and England*' we come to a book of an altogether different order. To him the struggle between the two nations, which he foresaw in 1912, is no mere political event of the year 1914, no mere battle of contemporary statesmen and soldiers, still less a kind of ethical law-suit fought out before a jury of superior and impartial neutrals; it is another scene, and one of the greatest, in the eternal drama of the nations, a clash of tremendous and half-blind racial forces, the long-awaited response of two great peoples to the voice of Destiny calling on them to battle for the greatest of all prizes, the prize which none who sees it within his

grasp has ever dared to disclaim, the leadership and mastery of the world.

Those who knew Mr Cramb, or have read his earlier book, 'The Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain,' will not be surprised either at the perverse judgments, the dubious rhetoric, the inaccurate historical statements, or at the wide learning, the true eloquence, the power of mind and imagination, which are to be found in 'Germany and England.' They are all characteristic of the man. The faults are as conspicuous in his writings as they were in himself, but the sense of them is outweighed by the consciousness of being in the presence of a man of something akin to genius. Genius may perhaps be defined as thought on fire; and if so, those (and some of them were not bad judges) who felt that Mr Cramb made on them as much of the impression of genius as any man whom they had personally known were not far wrong. He was the most exhausting of companions, so that one distinguished man who knew him well humorously said that he felt he wanted a fortnight at a bracing seaside place before he was up to an evening with Cramb. Yet those who allowed the weakness of the flesh to shrink before that fatiguing experience now bitterly regret their lost opportunities.

He was at once the most intense and the most varied of talkers. As in his books, so in his talk, he assumed a knowledge of all history and all literature in those whom he was addressing. One of the things which prevented his 'Imperial Britain' from selling was that its politics appeared at first sight to be those of the 'Jingoes,' while its range of illustration and allusion was such as to daunt people better read than Jingoes generally are. He passes at his ease from Augustus to Sigismund or Akbar, from Hannibal to Albuquerque, from Aristotle to Schopenhauer, from Virgil to Flaubert: nor does he vouchsafe a word more of explanation when he talks of Tirso than when he talks of Sophocles. But his wide reading did not result, as it does with so many men, in a mere mass of miscellaneous information. His processes of intellectual digestion transmuted the food which he absorbed into spiritual fire. The greatest quality of his conversation was not its range but its intensity. All the centuries and all their great men

were alive to his eager vision, and he loved and hated them at least as strongly as he did his contemporaries. I shall never forget an experience I had with him myself when we were talking of Flaubert. I rashly said that I had been reading 'Salamambo' and found it rather dull. 'Dull!' he roared at me in a voice that shook the walls of the room; and then I was immediately drowned, engulfed, utterly lost and overwhelmed in a torrent of the most spontaneous and fiery eloquence I ever heard in my life, as he declaimed his own story of the last scenes in the book.

It is not much to our credit, or the credit of our academic authorities, that a man of this quality never reached any position more important than that of Professor of History at Queen's College, and died almost unknown. He was hardly dead when the tremendous accident of the war gave his 'Germany and England,' which had just come out, an instantaneous popularity. A few weeks earlier it would have passed unnoticed or been regarded as the work of a more or less criminal lunatic. A mixture of both had been the fate of his still more remarkable work on 'Imperial Britain' (Macmillan, 1900; republished by Murray, 1915). That was a trumpet-call of faith in England, in her creed of large freedom and her destiny of world-wide Empire; and it appeared when the nation was weary of the South African War. People were scarcely in a mood to listen to a voice whose faith in England called on her to go forward to meet an even greater fate, and to be ready for the exacting service and sacrifices which greatness demands. But it is to be hoped that many readers have now been led to it by the success of 'Germany and England.' It is a larger book, a more brilliant book, with a wider range, and far more fairly representative of Cramb's mind than is the later work.

'Imperial Britain,' like 'Germany and England,' is full of the self-will which always leads to arbitrary and false judgments, such as his repeated assertion that all that is attacked in Machiavelli is implicit in Thucydides; its rhetoric is sometimes crude and sometimes void of any definite meaning, or at least any connexion with real life or truth. But no man of intelligence will read it without feeling that he has learnt a great deal, and, what is more

important, been stimulated to new powers of thought and vision in several of the greatest fields in which they can be exercised, primarily of course in history and politics, but also in art and literature and religion. And, while in his later book Cramb dealt very fully with Germany and did not live to write much of what he meant to say about England, here his subject is England all through. Strangely enough, as it will seem to readers of 'Germany and England,' there is here hardly any mention of Germany either medieval or modern. The German 'Holy Roman' Empire, which assumes such exaggerated importance in the later book, hardly finds a place at all in its predecessor's survey of the empires of the world. Those who attack Cramb as a pro-German will find in 'Imperial Britain' such love of England, and such faith in her future, as it is not easy to parallel; and let those who think him a mere militarist note the eager insistence with which he lays stress on the contrast between the British and all previous empires:

'The earlier Imperialism, that of the ancient world, little modified by medieval experiments, limits itself to concrete, to external justice, imparted to subject peoples from above, from some beneficent monarch or tyrant; the later, the Imperialism of Britain, has for its end the larger freedom, the higher justice whose root is in the soul not of the ruler but of the race. The former nowhere looks beyond justice; this sees in justice but a means to an end. It aims through freedom to secure that men shall find justice, not as a gift from Britain, but as they find the air around them, a natural presence' (p. 20).

To many people such language will come as a surprise from the author of 'Germany and England,' with its undisguised admiration of Prussia. This book is founded on lectures delivered by the author, was only partially prepared by him for publication, and could not be completed by any one else, since no manuscript of the lectures existed. It was published with the object of making Germany and the German political point of view better known to Englishmen. It appeared too late to do that to any purpose, only just before the war broke out. But, when the thunder of the German guns, and the insolent words and violent deeds of the Germans

in Belgium and France, opened all eyes to what they were in character and what they aimed at being in power, it scarcely needed the voice of Lord Roberts to send thousands of readers to the only book which had given Englishmen an interpretation of the soul of Germany characterised by that imaginative insight which is not the least important of the hall-marks of genius. We may feel—I personally do feel—that there is too much sympathy in the imagination. But we must at least remember that without that sympathy the picture could not have been so vivid. It is well for us to see how Germany looks to herself. And we get it in this book. What in Bernhardt is a crude and vulgar lust of wealth, power and Empire, is in 'Germany and England' the historic consciousness of Germany realising its true life, fulfilling its destiny.

There can be no doubt that Cramb exaggerates the influence of the past, as men of historical imagination generally do. It is not the desire to rival the days of the Hohenstaufen that has played the chief part in driving the German people mad; it is the desire to dominate the Europe, and more than the Europe, of to-day. But still it is true that an organised falsification of the ethnological and historical facts about the past of Germany has had its share in the work. And it cannot be denied that Cramb was the victim of some of these delusions. He had had a German education; and these lectures seem to have been written in a mood in which he half shared some of the insane notions of Pan-Germanism. He repeats the grotesque fiction that the glories of Gothic art are a German creation; he accepts Treitschke's nonsense about English policy in the 18th and 19th centuries 'being aimed consistently at the repression of Prussia,' the fact being of course that England supported and subsidised Prussia in the 18th century, and in the 19th unfortunately thought nothing at all about her till it was too late. He follows the German legend that the reason why Germany developed later than France and England and so lost the chance of Empire was her preoccupation with things intellectual and spiritual, whereas the fact of course is that she was kept back by her inveterate feudalism and consequent lack of unity.

He is full of errors of this sort; and of an error deeper and more vital. He did not in any way foresee that, when the great struggle came, it would come as a struggle between freedom and despotism, civilisation and barbarism, light and darkness. He thought and said that Germany was not 'blind to the lessons of the Napoleonic tyranny'; that the end for which she was striving was a spiritual end. Of what he would have felt if he had lived to see the horrors of Louvain and Rheims there is no doubt at all. There never was a man to whom the great past was more alive; and his whole being would have risen in revolt against the barbarians who in their lawless lust of conquest were no more deterred by reverence for man's greatest works than they were by pity for women or children.

It is true that he half justified and even glorified war, after the fashion of Treitschke and his followers. But that 'lie in the soul' was a thing of the cave, and would not have survived the awful light of reality as we have known it for the last year. The truth is, as a wise writer has lately told us, that 'militarists grow in peace time'; and this writer may be justified in doubting whether there are any honest militarists now left in Europe. Cramb's German dithyrambs about war being 'a possession which a man values above religion, above industry and above social comforts'; about man valuing the power which war affords to life of rising above life, the power which the spirit of man possesses to pursue the ideal, could not have survived any real knowledge of war; such mischievous nonsense is simply, on a higher level, the sort of thing which makes a retired old maid admire a Lovelace or a sea-pirate. The dulness of the old maid's life makes her think that of a Lovelace not merely exciting but heroic. She does not see that the dulness is really in herself; and that, though heroism does not come as obviously and visibly in her way as it does in some people's, her way of meeting that should not be to make fancy pictures of false heroisms, but to learn to discover the possible heroisms that lie at her gate. It is no justification of war that it makes the practice of certain virtues more common. So do pestilence and famine. Our duty is not to desire war any more than famine for the building up of our own

transcendentalisms; but to acquire vision enough and faith enough to perceive the transcendentalisms that can make us all heroes in health and peace.

Mr Cramb supplies the answer to his own false doctrines by the fact that the most eloquent of all his eloquent pages are not those devoted to any feat of war, but those in which he speaks of the glorious death which Scott and his fellows died at the South Pole in a work of discovery at least as heroic as any work of conquest can be. Still, in spite of all Mr Cramb's faults, his book fills and quickens the mind more than any other that has been written about this Titanic struggle. It was written to open our eyes before the event to the certainty that German 'will-to-power' intended to destroy the British Empire; and to induce our politicians to give up their 'fixed resolution to see things other than as they are.' It failed. But, now that our eyes have been more violently opened, it can stimulate us, perhaps more than any other book, to see how great our danger is, and how great our task if we surmount it—the task, as he puts it, of working out the evolution, not of an exterior uniformity but of an inner harmony for the organisation of the great Empire which is ours.

So much for the prophets who vainly prophesied the impending disaster. We come now to the historians who relate how it came, to the men of law and ethics who help us to judge why and by whose crime it came. The books of this class are particularly numerous. Democracy may not be very productive either of saints or of men of genius, but it provides some compensation for its mediocrity by increasing enormously the number of human beings who take an interest in questions of truth and right. During the wars of Louis XIV or Napoleon there would have been no public in neutral countries for a literature dealing with the question on whose side the right lay in these struggles. To-day there is an immense public of that kind everywhere, and especially in America. There is no more encouraging sign of the real progress of the world, its gradual moralisation, than the universal recognition, except in Germany itself, that at bottom the issue of this war is a moral issue, that the war is the most gigantic

not only of catastrophes but of crimes, and that every individual member of the human commonwealth has the duty as well as the right of trying to discover the criminal, and of seeking to find means to prevent such crimes in future.

There is no sadder proof of the moral isolation of Germany than the fact that many of her most prominent politicians and writers, from the Emperor downwards, have expressly repudiated the authority of the tribunal of ethics in the actions of the State. Treitschke taught them to regard the State as not law or right, but power; and power, as interpreted by the Emperor, by writers like Bernhardi, and the generals who signed the proclamations of murder and pillage in Belgium, is mere violence of will, mere arrogance of self-assertion, uncontrolled by any higher principle. There is the gulf which separates the Germans from all other nations. No nation is guided solely by morals in its political actions. But only the Germans would tolerate rulers who openly set morals at defiance. Only in Germany could such a speech as Bethmann-Hollweg's about the invasion of Belgium have been delivered. Nobody can imagine any Sovereign in the world except the German Emperor delivering to his troops the notorious command to make themselves a reputation like that of the Huns under Attila.

The political action of France or England or America may not be always up to the standard of its professions, but it never shows this cynical unconsciousness that such things as right and wrong even exist. The professions are mainly sincere, and only fail, like other human resolutions, in the stress of temptation. But, even if they were all insincere, they would at least save us from such abominations as these. For that is the advantage of hypocrisy over cynicism. The hypocrite wishes to seem good and cannot possibly accomplish it without at least generally avoiding ostentatiously bad actions and even occasionally doing good ones. So far the world gains by hypocrisy. By cynicism, by the naked defiance of the moral law, it is wholly a loser. If Frederick the Great had been a hypocrite, thousands of lives would have been saved by the occasional concessions to honour and honesty to which his hypocrisy would have compelled him.

These large issues, whether might is for States the only right, whether the moral law has or has not its part to play in politics, have been debated during this last year as they never were debated before. And the result is reassuring. Broadly speaking, everywhere except in Germany the new Machiavellianism has been repudiated, the new creed of force and frightfulness repelled with hatred and disgust. The civilised nations have refused to put the clock of their civilisation back, and accept a new creed of scientific barbarism in place of the difficult Christian ideal to which they have for centuries been slowly approximating. A very few weeks of war showed that Pan-Germanism in action meant a carnival of lust, rapine and murder; and the whole world at once pronounced a judgment which has only grown sterner as the months have gone by, and the sea as well as the land has become witness to the lawless violence of Germany. In all countries the men who cared most for the progress of the world ranged themselves strongly on the side of the Allies, in whose victory they saw the only hope of saving civilisation. In one country they were strong enough to create a wave of enthusiasm which swept aside political opportunism and threw the active force of the State into the battle for all that makes a State worth preserving. Their triumph was the greater because that country was at the outbreak of war officially the ally of Germany. The soul of Italy forced the hands of the politicians and seized the great opportunity which the Papacy, with so little to risk, lost so ignobly, her authorities as usual preferring political to moral interests, and dreading the ecclesiastical heresies of Holy Russia far more than the spread of the devil-worship of Berlin.

The greatest of the neutral nations has not followed the example of Italy in abandoning neutrality. That is sufficiently explained by her distance from Europe, by her having nothing direct or immediate, like the *Italia Irredenta*, to gain by war, and by her traditional policy of keeping outside European quarrels. Many Americans, like Mr Henry James, who has now become an English subject to demonstrate the strength of his sympathy with the Allies, feel that America has lost a great opportunity. There may have been good reasons against her going

to war. But the invasion of Belgium and the abominations which accompanied it were a defiance of all the work so lately done at the Hague on the initiative of the United States. Far more than that, they were a defiance of principles as old as the moral consciousness of the human race, and especially of the principles of justice and freedom for which the foundation of the United States had begun a new era of strength. Could not America at least have made a solemn protest against the violation of these humaner conventions of war to which she and Germany had alike set their signatures? Could she not—many have gone so far as to ask—have taken the place left vacant by 'the great refusal' of the Vatican, and endeavoured to marshal at least the peaceful forces of the neutral world in indignant condemnation of the German return to naked barbarism?

Views of this kind find forcible expression in Dr J. William White's 'Text-Book of the War for Americans'; and he shows by an immense array of citations from books, newspapers and private correspondents how widely they are held. To all these, references with dates, and even brief biographies of the writers, are given. The whole book is written to assert that the large majority of the American people have no doubt that the original cause of the war lies in the insane megalomania of the Germans; that its immediate guilt also lies at their door; that Germanism is utterly opposed to American ideals and hopes for the future of the world; and that 'the only sort of peace which should seem desirable to America is a peace which shall ensure the dominance of the ideals for which the Allies are fighting.' And he has no hesitation in saying that, when asked as to the way to bring about that kind of peace, his answer is, 'Help the Allies.' He believes there is a very large and increasing volume of opinion in favour of that course, and a far larger majority in favour of a strong protest against the German abuses. He and his correspondents declare that the President's policy of neutrality in what is essentially a struggle between right and wrong has utterly misrepresented the feeling of the country, which has been still further outraged by his birthday congratulations to the Kaiser, by his readiness to raise questions about copper and

cotton while keeping total silence about the atrocities which are a negation of everything that the United States have hitherto stood for in the world. The book, which is vigorously written and very readable, is dedicated to the 'American Press which, as a whole, has . . . accurately expressed the sympathy of the vast majority of Americans for the cause of the Allies.'

Views similar to those of Dr White are expressed by many of the writers quoted in 'Sixty American Opinions on the War' (Fisher Unwin, 1915), an English publication issued 'to show how many friends we have in America.' One of these, Mr Harding Davis, who was in Belgium during the first weeks of the war, puts his complaint against his Government very plainly :

'Instead of neutrals setting the standard for war they allowed Germany to set it. They have allowed her to drag it back eight hundred years. And, guilty as she is, I cannot see that those who stood by while Belgium was desolated and children and women killed by bombs and mines spread in the open sea that belonged to all of them are not equally guilty.'

It is an unjust exaggeration, of course, but it is the kind of exaggeration to which protests about copper and silence about murdered women naturally leads.

There is a large literature dealing with this subject of the moral aspect of the war, as a war between two ideals, in which all the world has an interest to feel if not an active part to play. Many books point out how it inevitably issued from the state of mind into which Germany had been deliberately brought by her military, political and educational authorities, and how, given that state of mind, it was inevitably waged with the brutality we have seen. The best book of all on the disease in the German mind is that by Mr W. H. Dawson, who has a lifelong knowledge of Germany and was himself one of Treitschke's students and hearers. It sets forth in great detail, and largely on the authority of German writers, the transformation of the old humble, rather ridiculous, but very lovable Germany into the new Germany, intoxicated by power and wealth, and actually believing in itself as a kind of super-nation, and in war as a means first of developing the national culture at home and then of imposing it by force on the world outside. The book

is extremely interesting, well written, and packed full of thought and knowledge. Mr Dawson traces the whole evil to the over-centralisation and political childishness of Germany, which has made it possible to create a caste system almost comparable to that of India, a hierarchy of reverence in which the plain citizen worships the official, the civilian official any kind of soldier, while all alike, at least in public, prostrate themselves in an Oriental adoration of the Emperor. He quotes German authorities as showing how the Universities and the Church—always since the Reformation a creature of the State in Protestant Germany—are made mere instruments of the Government, and how the whole system drives honest and capable but independent men first out of the service of the State and then out of Germany itself, to which, as he notes, no German who has lived in a free country ever wishes to return. This latter fact, it may be remarked, is also noted by Mr Frederick Whitridge in his interesting little volume, 'One American's Opinion of the War' (New York: Dutton, 1914). Scandinavians, Slavs, Italians often go back to Europe to spend their old age; the Germans 'practically never' do so.

But to return to Mr Dawson. He proves on German evidence the bankruptcy of the system outside Germany proper, or perhaps it may even be said, everywhere outside Prussia; especially the stifling by officialism of all life in the German colonies, and the total failure of the attempts to Prussianise Alsace-Lorraine and Posen, resulting in a stronger Polish and French sentiment and an always increasing use of the forbidden French and Polish languages. State worship, is in fact, in Mr Dawson's view the German poison, and liberty the true and indeed the only antidote. He thinks the only hope for Germany lies in defeat, and believes that in the interest of all Europe the Allies must make a real constitutional reform in Germany one of the terms of peace, putting an end to the absolutism and militarism of the present system through which Germany is controlled by Prussia. So the German author of 'J'Accuse' (Hodder and Stoughton, 1915) declares that there can be no permanent peace for Europe till Germany is set free from her present rulers.

We are still a very long way from being in a position

to rearrange the internal affairs of Germany on Mr Dawson's plan or any other, even if we were all agreed that it would be wise to try. But the views of one who knows so intimately the effect of German centralisation on the mind and character of the people may be commended to theorists like Mr H. G. Wells, who are ignorantly calling upon us, in the specious names of organisation and efficiency, to adopt that same soul-and-mind-destroying system in England at the end of the war. The true and final answer to all these temptations is that given by Mr Clutton Brock in those 'Thoughts on the War' (Methuen) which are perhaps the finest pieces of reflection the war has produced. The reason why we and the French are engaged in this struggle with Germany is that the Germans, instead of being so many million souls, have become a single soulless machine and so a curse to all Europe and to themselves. To ask us to try to obtain efficiency at the same cost is to ask us to turn our back on our whole past and on ourselves, what we have chosen to be and are most proud of being.

'You cannot,' says Mr Brock, 'make a national machine out of free men conscious of their immortal souls, such as you can make out of men who are content to be parts of a machine; and to envy the machine and its mechanical superiority is to lose faith in the spirit.'

These large questions, however, are difficult to clench and settle in a final way. For another generation at least there will be many Germans and some neutrals who will contend that the war was caused not by German madness but by foreign jealousy of German power and 'Kultur'; and perhaps even that in such wars everything is justifiable and the moral law simply disappears from view. The blindness which produces such opinions is as much moral as intellectual, and cannot be cured by any mere presentation of facts. Even in England there are a certain number of critics who are inclined to give some partial support to the contention of Germany that her claims to have some larger share in a world which had been partitioned before she had arrived were unfairly ignored by the Powers of the Entente. And it is said that in Germany there is now a tendency to give up arguing that Russia and Sir Edward Grey were the

authors of the war, and to take the less impossible line of admitting that Germany forced the issue, while defending her action as essentially one of self-protection. The war, it is argued, is one in defence of German independence; it is true that we Germans brought it on now, but that is only because we preferred choosing our time to waiting for you to choose yours. Few people outside Germany will find even this argument very impressive. For the fact is that there is really no evidence at all that either France or England or Russia dreamed of attacking Germany, while many most influential Germans did talk very publicly and loudly of their desire to attack each of these Powers. So far as England is concerned the defence is simple and conclusive. If we had meant to attack Germany we should not have waited till her fleet had nearly equalled ours. And, it may be added that, if we had been very churlishly disposed towards her, we should not have allowed her to take a large share in the partition of Africa at a time when she could not have taken any without the permission of the British fleet.

Some of these points, including this last, are well discussed in Dr Holland Rose's admirable 'Origins of the War,' one of the best of the books on the subject, and one of the shortest. The outlook is larger than in most of them, and the writing more that of a historian and a man of letters. It deals with such ulterior 'Origins' as Anglo-German rivalry (also very well discussed, on less narrowly political lines, in Mr Sarolea's interesting 'Anglo-German Problem'), the Alsace question, German World Policy, Morocco, Bagdad, the Balkans, and, finally, with the actual outbreak of war. Dr Rose judges unhesitatingly that 'no reasonable person can entertain any doubt as to the aggressive designs of Germany.' He denies that Germany was in any real fear of Russia, and shows that she made all preparations, financial as well as military, for a war in the summer of 1914. The weak spot in the book is its curious admiration of the Kaiser, which becomes merely ridiculous in an elaborate comparison between him and Napoleon. There does not seem to be much real reason to credit the Kaiser with any of the great gifts which Dr Rose gives him, except the important one of a restless industry and activity both of mind and will. So far as is known, the statesmen,

both German and foreign, who have had the best opportunities of judging, have no very high opinion of his powers. And, putting politics aside, Dr Rose's notion that the Emperor has considerable artistic gifts, and is the superior of Napoleon in that respect, merely proves that Dr Rose knows more about history than he knows about art or music. It is true that Napoleon knew very little of art, but at least he did not design the Sieges-Allée or order his bands to play music of his own composition. All the evidence goes to prove the Kaiser's mind to be that of a clever journalist of the baser sort, quick at laying hold of anything that can be used for immediate effect, but incapable of going, or desiring to go, below the surface in any subject; the mind, in fact, of a charlatan who knows nothing but poses as knowing everything.

We may now pass to the books which deal with a smaller, more immediate and more definite issue. Who was working for war and who for peace in the critical days of July and August 1914? Here is a perfectly simple question, one on which, unlike the larger moral questions, it ought to be possible to reach a clear decision now. For it is to be answered simply by the evidence, of which more has already been published than in the case of any other diplomatic struggle in the history of the world.

A thousand books and pamphlets give their answer, among the most important of which are those cited at the head of this article. It is believed that they are fairly representative of the vast majority. The verdict of competent judges has, in fact, so far as can be ascertained, been almost everywhere overwhelmingly in favour of the Allies and in particular of Sir Edward Grey. Particularly in America the jury of public opinion has, on the whole, very decidedly accepted the view laid before it by such writers as, for instance, Mr James Beck, whose 'Evidence in the Case' is an extremely effective forensic presentation of the facts, by a counsel for the prosecution who maintains the traditional Anglo-Saxon attitude of fairness to the prisoner at the Bar. The conclusion is merciless, but the mercilessness is in the facts, not in the temper of the writer.

The same general view is taken in most of the English books, as, for instance, in Sir Gilbert Parker's Vol. 224.—No. 445.

volume, 'The World in the Crucible.' He is certain that Germany deliberately intended war in 1914; but, more than that, that Prussia, the 'army that possesses a country,' as it has always been and still is, has long been given over to projects of expansion which necessarily involved the defeat first of France and England and ultimately that of the United States, if they resisted German conquests in South America. His book deals first with the Kaiser and the condition of Germany at home; with the growth and ambitions of Pan-Germanism; with the crisis of 1914; with the German atrocities which are set in contrast with German promises and even motions at the Hague; and finally with some 'Lights and Lessons of the War' of a rather miscellaneous character. What Sir Gilbert has to say is not very new or profound, but his book is full of information, covers a great deal of ground, and is very readable.

'J'Accuse' is the production of a German who naturally remains anonymous, but is guaranteed as 'a German patriot' by Dr Anton Suter, of Lausanne. The author is probably a Socialist politician or journalist. His book is a lengthy but effective indictment of German policy, which he declares has, under the influence of Pan-Germanism, rendered fruitless all the English efforts after peace, and in its own proposals has exhibited an undisguised determination to be free to attack while England was not to be free to come to the rescue of the victim. The author makes an elaborate examination of the diplomatic struggle preceding the war, and concludes that the war was wholly the fault of Austria and Germany. 'I am unable,' he writes, 'to frame any points in an indictment against England, because there are none.' He equally acquits France and Russia, and declares that 'in the summer of 1914 Germany and Austria intentionally brought about the war which they had long prepared and desired because they thought that the moment was specially favourable for striking the blow.'

An even lengthier, and in other respects much heavier examination of the same facts is Prof. Stowell's 'The Diplomacy of the War' (Houghton, Mifflin, 1915). The American is less severe on Germany than is the German; but he agrees that the principal blame for the war rests on the German Government, because it, rejected all

attempts at a diplomatic solution of the difficulties. He entirely acquits France and England. Mr Stowell's work is a patient and serious study of the facts and has an appendix of some fifty or more documents of a very miscellaneous kind, from newspaper articles to extracts from Thucydides. The most important of these are reprints of the text of a good many treaties. The book is not only too long but is rather heavily written, without the lightness of journalism or the distinction of literature.

A better book of the same kind is Mr J. W. Headlam's 'History of Twelve Days.' It is a detailed examination of the official correspondence, admirably written and in the spirit of a historian, not of an advocate, yet not pretending to lay claim to an impossible impartiality. 'Impartiality means that one is indifferent to the results of investigation, and to us the results are of vital moment. I will, however, say this, that, even if not impartial, I have written no word which I do not believe to be true.' The result is fatal to the German case:

'The feeling left upon my mind after a long and careful study of all that has been put forward by the German Government is that it is impossible to put any reliance on anything that they say either with regard to their own motives or intentions, or in regard to the simplest facts, unless their statements are amply corroborated from other sources.'

He is very unfavourably impressed by the fact that the Germans, instead of publishing documents, have tried to present a case. To this day the important correspondence which must have passed between Berlin and Vienna in July 1914 remains unpublished. On the whole Mr Headlam declares that the more closely the English and French publications are studied the more they seem 'to be inspired by the great desire to bring out into the clearest light the course of negotiations,' while the German publications produce exactly the opposite impression. Dr Rose has borne a still weightier testimony to the 'honest editing' of British official papers. He says that after working in our archives for over twenty years he has scarcely ever found an important passage which had been suppressed in publication; and he relates

that on his remarking one day to the late S. R. Gardiner that the more thoroughly British foreign policy was examined the better it came out, that great historian at once replied: 'It always does; it always does.'

The conclusion Mr Headlam draws from his careful examination of all the documents is the too familiar one that the war was the result of a 'carefully planned conspiracy against the peace and security of Europe.' This is in substance also the view derived from the papers by Mr Beck and by the author of 'J'Accuse.' It seems certain that it must be the view taken by the historian of the future. The facts cannot really be explained away. There are too many of them, all pointing in one direction. It was avowedly the theory of Treitschke, and almost avowedly that of his pupils the rulers of Prussia, that the State was bound by no treaties and that it was its duty to strike at once when the chance came. Everything, as Dr Rose insists, indicates that July 1914 had long been fixed as the moment for the blow. The Kiel Canal had been hurried on so as to be finished by then; the new army and taxation bills of 1913 had had their effect and would lose it if not acted upon; the financial situation had been got ready for the crisis. But France, Russia and Belgium were all unready, all certain to be stronger after a while; while England was not only unready but was on the edge of civil war. The hour was come.

That is the judgment on German policy uttered in the works to which we have referred. It is, we believe, the judgment of the overwhelming majority of competent persons who have examined the official documents, of whatever nationality they may be. But to have begun war with clean hands and in a noble cause is not enough. Nor will it even be enough if at the end we are able to say that we have waged it not only victoriously but with our whole national strength. We may have before long to resist the temptation put forward by people of specious virtue, to accept a peace which will in truth be no peace. High motives will be suggested for it; and they will be reinforced by weariness, impatience of losses, desire to get back, as far as may be, to our ordinary way of life. But we must sternly refuse to listen either to the high motives or to the low. We have had forced upon us

a great task, and we must not leave it half done. In order to complete that task, we need to have our eyes fixed on a victory which shall not be an end but a beginning. We should resolve to make our present loss a future gain. The fatal mood is to accept as inevitable such horrors as we have witnessed and are witnessing. Let us at least resolve that, if some of these things are to prove inevitable, it shall not be for want of human efforts to avoid them.

And how can they be avoided? Only on one principle, however it may be applied. We have to learn all of us, all the nations, to think internationally, to think of the world as a whole with parts, as a union in diversity. The utter defiance in this war of the rules made by the Hague Conference, and the failure of those who set their signatures to its treaties to do anything at all to uphold them, have made us take too despondent a view of the international position. But the truth is that a very considerable number of disputes occurring in the last twenty years, any one of which in the old days might have led to war, have actually been peacefully settled by arbitration. And it is in that direction that we must work. So think the writers of the books we have been discussing. They differ in details and in hopefulness. But most of those who discuss the future agree that the whole world, and especially the Allies, will have failed if the end of the war is not the beginning of some new system of common action among the nations in defence of law, nationality and peace. To attain that high goal, to inaugurate an international order of the world, is the supreme and ultimate task of the Allies. The first requisite for it is the strong, united and continuous will which can alone produce victory. The second is the conviction that victory if content with itself has only done half, and that the less important half, of its proper work in this war.

JOHN BAILEY.

Art. 12.—EXCHANGE AND THE AMERICAN LOAN.

EXCHANGE is simply the purchase and sale of the money of one country, payment being made in the money of another country. In practice, it amounts to buying from a banker dollars or francs or marks payable as banking credits in New York or Paris or Berlin respectively, by paying therefor to the banker English money in London. (The actual exchange of currency over the counter, as is done by travellers for pocket money, may be ignored.) The rate of exchange is the price at which at a given moment foreign money will be sold. It is obvious that if a banker has 10,000,000*l.* in London and \$50,000,000 in New York, he can go on selling money in one or other place till he has \$100,000,000 in New York and nothing in London, or 20,000,000*l.* in London and nothing in New York. Of course in practice he sells or buys both ways, one transaction cancelling in a measure the other, and what concerns him is the balance of exchange. At the end of a month he may have 5,000,000*l.* in London and \$75,000,000 in New York. He will then become the more anxious to sell exchange on New York than on London, so he will offer to give, say, \$4.88 for 1*l.* instead of \$4.87, in order to facilitate the equalisation of his balances in the two countries.

Now, although one naturally thinks and speaks of a deposit in bank as money, what one has in reality is not money but a banking credit. In normal times, such banking credit in London and New York is readily convertible into either notes or gold, but it is important to seize the distinction. The bank owes the depositor not specific money but a bankable credit. So it is that our international banker, whose operations we have been following, in reality sells banking credits in London in exchange for banking credits in New York, or *vice versa*. Many considerations may therefore enter into his calculations beside the simple one of the relative size of his balances. It may be well to indicate a few:

1. Interest for time and at call may be higher or lower in London than in New York. The banker, other things being equal, will be anxious to have his larger

balance where the interest is higher. Therefore whatever affects the rate of interest affects exchange.

2. The probable future course of exchange due to the approach of a season of the year when heavy exports may be expected (as, for example, the export of cotton from the States to England), will lead the banker to incur liabilities in London, relying upon future remittances in payment for such exports cancelling his obligations. He will thus sell freely in New York in June, July and August, even borrowing freely in London, while counting upon the autumnal crop to equalise the situation. If one knows a dividend is to be paid on Jan. 1, one often anticipates it by a Christmas purchase. As the size of the expected dividend often determines the cost of the Christmas gift, so the banker anxiously studies the crop reports in an endeavour to anticipate the probable amount of the payments that will result from the export of the crop, or, as he expresses it, what volume of exchange will be created.

3. The probable future course of exchange, due to the export or import of manufactured goods, is also of great interest to our international banker. The import of an excessive amount of luxuries may counterbalance a large portion of the cotton exports. And it matters vastly whether the States are exporting or importing steel. The whole problem of the future business activity of a country concerns exchange vitally, in addition to the indirect effect on the rate of interest.

4. The investment market in bonds and stocks may also play an important part. A nation may be buying or selling on balance a large amount on Wall Street. If all England is selling her securities, every pound sterling of value is so many dollars available in New York.

5. If under abnormal conditions a question arises as to the solvency of a country's business or financial life, the banker will hesitate to accumulate credits in that country. Exchange will rapidly move against it, and by the very fact tend to create the condition it fears. Such a movement of exchange, if persisted in, means a violent attack on the resources of the country affected, and at the best is a heavy tax upon its wealth. In the Civil War in the States, the nation was forced from a gold basis. It recovered because of its vast natural resources,

but it was only in 1879 that specie payments were resumed, although the war ended in 1865.

6. Speculation plays a part, and at times like the present a most significant part. When the banking world foresees a great movement in exchange it acts precisely as when it anticipates a great rise or fall in stocks. It buys and sells with a view to profit from the transaction itself, and not in the course of normal business. The result is inevitably the acceleration, often violent, of the movement of exchange in the direction it would otherwise have taken more slowly.

7. Sentiment and psychology have their influence as in all subjects wherein the human will operates. It is a source of strength to Great Britain that the mind of the world has been taught that English finance is as stable as her sea-power.

8. The movement of exchange does not depend wholly on the relations of two countries, say those of England and the States, as we have hitherto for simplicity's sake stated it. If France owes the States on balance, and the States owe England, and England owes France, the transfer of banking credits becomes a matter of mere bookkeeping. So at the present moment it is the indebtedness of the Allies to the States on joint balance which must be reckoned with, and not the indebtedness of Great Britain alone. In settling the joint balance, London must pay the penalty of being the clearing-house of the world.

In normal times the fluctuation of exchange between gold-standard countries is at once checked by the export and import of gold so soon as such fluctuation becomes excessive. The sovereign is worth \$4.8665 and is always worth that in American gold. But, since the sovereign is in London, it is easier to buy exchange at 4.84, let us say, than to export gold and pay freight and insurance. At 4.82, approximately, gold will flow out. Similarly, when exchange rises to about 4.90, the States will ship gold to London. It therefore follows that if exchange falls to 4.80, and yet no gold leaves London, an abnormal condition exists. There must be a financial crisis which leads the Englishman to pay a big price to keep the gold at home. If the fall is still greater and persists, then it becomes difficult to avoid the conclusion that it is because

England has neither the gold wherewith to pay her debts nor (which is more important) what the States will regard as the equivalent of gold.

One should pause long enough at this point to remark that, for practical purposes, exchange in its world-significance and effects is a matter of bankable credits and not of gold or of ultimate wealth. It is a question of immediate liquid credit. And credit, whereas it may depend on gold resources and physical property eventually convertible, is something quite different in itself. One cannot send one's house in London to New York to pay a debt; one can, however, transfer one's bank account by cheque to an international banker and receive credit in a New York bank which can be transferred to the creditor. On the other hand, one may succeed in finding some man in possession of a London Bank credit with which he is willing to part in exchange for a mortgage or sale of the house. There is of course a limit to thus turning houses into exchange, because after a time the owners of houses may not be able to find owners of bank credits to trade with them.

We are now, perhaps, in a better position to appreciate the reasons why the Englishman has concerned himself so little over this problem of exchange. There is no mystery about it. When one draws aside the veil, the banker is seen studying well-known causes which every one can as readily understand as he. A qualitative analysis is within the power of all, although quantitatively it may be more difficult to estimate the resultants of several forces operating upon the rate of exchange. First of all it will be apparent to the most casual reader of our analysis, that it is the *debtor* who needs to concern himself, not the *creditor*. The creditor receives the currency of his own country; it matters little to him what his debtor pays for it. And, speaking roughly, it has till recently been America who was the debtor, England who was the creditor. We are not forgetting the fact that exchange must somehow be balanced. For, although the Englishman has of course to balance exchange, he has done so by the purchase of foreign investments; and at any moment he has had it in his power, by asking more for the loan of his money, by ceasing to invest abroad, or even by selling a few of his past

accumulations, at once to move exchange in his favour. In August 1914 a most startling illustration of this was afforded when American exchange on London was suddenly forced up from 4.86 to 6.00, and even above.

Now, ever since the States became a nation exchange has been within the control of England, not of America. Moments there have been when exchange moved violently against England, but she had only to use her latent power and a response came. Such has been the experience of Englishmen for generations. The debtor studied the subject, the English creditor ignored it. Of course, the question primarily was, What will it cost to buy a pound in London? not, What will it cost to buy a dollar in New York? And that was the business of the American. The rate of exchange was accordingly quoted in dollars in London.

To-day a change has come over the face of things. England is no longer actually or potentially the mistress of the world's exchanges. The several forces which we have sketched above under eight heads are with one exception operating in unusual force against her. It may enable us more closely to appreciate the data of the problem, if we follow the influences *seriatim*.

1. The rate of interest is generally lower in London than in New York.* There are several causes, the first of which is permanent, the others temporary, contributing to this result.

(a) The disposition of the English people to expect lower rates. This is a greater factor than one might easily realise; custom in England exercises great restrictive influence against high rates.

(b) The issuance of legal tender currency, which is of course an inflation of credit by the amount issued.

(c) The sale of treasury bills and the making them available as collateral security for advances by the Bank of England, which must result again in an expansion of banking credits without any counterbalancing increase of resources.

(d) The contraction of normal business, with the resulting increase of loanable funds.

* The rate of interest on floating capital is at present lower in New York than in London (EDITOR).

2. The purchase of food-stuffs and cotton are inevitably certain to be maintained in immense volume. One may venture to place them next winter at not less than 50,000,000*l.* to 60,000,000*l.*

3. The relation of imports and exports of manufactured goods is not more encouraging. An estimate of the purchase in the next six months of 50,000,000*l.* of munitions is probably inadequate. And there is no doubt that the exports of manufactured goods from England have suffered and must continue to suffer a great decline in volume.

4. The influence on exchange of the buying and selling of securities is the one influence favourable to Great Britain. It is certain that her sales in America have been very large, but it is equally certain they cannot continue at the same rate. And such sales are of course a sacrifice of capital, since the proceeds are reinvested in the War-loan and shot away in shells or consumed as food for the army.

5. Doubt as to the immediate or even ultimate solvency of Great Britain has not yet arisen, or rather, is only beginning to arise with the extraordinary fall in exchange unaccompanied by any except belated efforts of the Government to check it.

6. Speculation has of course helped the decline of exchange. And it is well-nigh unbelievable in Wall Street that the Government should allow the credit of the Empire to be the football of speculators.

7. The American belief in English finance is slowly being transformed into distrust. The tape, it is said, tells the story. And the only answer is that it tells the story of incompetence but not as yet of financial weakness.

8. In so far as Great Britain must share in large measure the finance of France, Russia, and Italy, that will throw a heavy additional burden upon those striving to maintain English exchange.

There have been many times when it would have been most difficult to forecast the probable future course of exchange. To-day it is only too clear to the whole world that England must face an immense adverse balance of trade which will inevitably demoralise the

exchange market unless the most expert and the most determined efforts be made. It is beyond our power to attempt to determine quantitatively the volume of unfavourable exchange with which Great Britain must cope within a year. In an admirable article entitled 'The Economic Position of the Allied Powers' in the July 'Quarterly Review,' Mr Crammond estimated the adverse twelve months' balance of trade against London at 380,000,000*l.* Again, the 'Round Table' for September contains an article in which such balance is placed at 300,000,000*l.* Both articles include an estimate for loans to Allies, and neither attempts a subdivision showing the probable amount due to New York, which amount must be by far the largest factor. It would be rash for the present writer to attempt a criticism of these estimates, particularly with reference to the total trade balance of Great Britain as distinguished from the particular balance with the States. But it is difficult for the practical man, who has not the advantage of being a statistician, to conceive the possibility of Great Britain receiving this coming year 85 per cent. of her usual earnings from foreign dividends, interest, freights, banking profits, and insurance. This would amount to 300,000,000*l.* instead of a previous 340,000,000*l.* as Mr Crammond estimates it, and 350,000,000*l.* as the 'Round Table' writer puts it. Recall the amount of England's Continental and Colonial investments. How can these pay 85 per cent. of what they have heretofore paid? And as to American and Argentine and Canadian investments, is it so certain that no more than 15 per cent. of the holdings themselves have not already been sold? With the immense chartering of British shipping by the Government, with the most cursory scanning of the sailings of liners to New York, can one say that 85 per cent. of the former earnings will be secured? However all this may be, and taking the smaller estimate of 300,000,000*l.*, it would seem obvious that at least 200,000,000*l.* will be the trade balance for the coming year in favour of New York against London. This may be accepted, we fear, as an irreducible minimum. Every practical banker in London whom we have consulted stated that for the next six months 100,000,000*l.* must be the least adverse balance, and anticipated that it might easily be 50 per cent. higher.

We have hitherto analysed qualitatively the problem of exchange, and endeavoured to reach quantitatively a minimum calculation of the probabilities for the next six months. But the meaning and results of a great and prolonged fall in exchange need to be examined; and this proposition is simpler. If exchange falls 1 per cent., then every article purchased costs not 20s. per pound sterling but 20s. 2 $\frac{2}{3}$ d. If it fall, say, to 4.50, that is a drop of about 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and each pound sterling is in purchasing power only worth about 18s. 6d. If English exchange should fall so far as Russian, then the pound sterling would only purchase 13s. 6d. worth of goods in the States. If the imports from the States amount this year to 400,000,000*l.* (not an unlikely estimate) then, with exchange at 4.50, which figure it has touched as one writes these words, they will cost the English people 30,000,000*l.* more. This is of course on the assumption that contracts for the most part have been made payable in dollars in New York for British purchases and payable in pounds sterling in London for American purchases. There may be some advantage in American offers being on the basis of a continued low rate of exchange, but this is more than doubtful.

The direct loss is, however, as nothing when compared with the indirect effect of such a fall. In the first place it is a message from the British Government to an astonished world either that it is incompetent or that British credit is impaired. This is the inevitable alternative, and, whichever one chooses to believe, is very alarming. Those who have accepted contracts payable in pounds sterling are at once face to face with grievous loss, and they will seize the first opportunity to cancel deliveries. Those who have been promised payment in dollars in New York are in a rather better position, but, if their contracts are for goods not yet manufactured, they will begin to doubt whether payment will ever be made, and may also seek to escape their contracts. Worst of all will be the damage to future business engagements. No one can be assured that exchange will not continue to fall indefinitely; and so the most ruinous terms will be exacted, and the most stringent guarantees required. The buyer, usually so courted, will find himself in the position of the harassed debtor who

must have food and raiment and must pay for it almost anything demanded. A terrible position truly for Great Britain, so lately the financial arbiter of the world! Yet such is precisely her position with exchange at 4.50, provided that such a situation is suffered to continue or to become worse.*

It is time—if not past the time—when the Englishman and the British Government should realise that exchange is a subject which can be viewed with comparative unconcern so long as one is a creditor, but which can become a most potent instrument of injury when one is a debtor. Precedents drawn from what you did when everybody owed you money are of sinister value now when you owe money all round. His Majesty's Treasury will do well to consider that one hundred years' experience of the former happy state of things can now only mislead and ensnare. Reference to first principles and scientific examination of the subject, with a view not to consideration but to *action*, are vital to the safety of Great Britain. The drop in American exchange to 4.50 is a disaster as great as the fall of Warsaw, yet it could have been avoided with ease, unless, indeed, British finance and British credit are impaired far beyond the belief of the present writer. The peril was foreseen by every banker. Exchange stood long at the danger-point. It was known that the balance of trade would move heavily against London with the approach of autumn, the movement of cotton, and shipments of munitions from the States. Yet the Government did nothing. Doubtless they considered, but they did not act; and consideration does not influence exchange. The man who first remarked that England 'always muddled through' should have been court-martialled and shot.

One asks the questions: What could have been done? What can be done? The answer again is simple. It is the answer given to every debtor. Either pay your debts, or extend the time of payment to a more convenient season by borrowing. International debts can only be paid in gold, since an increase of exports is out

* Since this was written, exchange has been steady for some time at 4.70; and the Financial Commission sent out to the U.S. for the purpose of restoring it has met a good deal of the criticism. The fall to 4.50 appears to have been largely due to speculation (EDITOR).

of the question. So either England must send gold, or she must borrow in America. There is no doubt whatever that she could have sent gold were it necessary. There is equally no doubt that she could have borrowed—on terms, perhaps, she did not like, but that is beside the point. If exchange should stand for a year at 4.50 without anything being done, which, by the way, is an impossibly optimistic assumption, the loss would be about 30,000,000*l.*; and, as an extra 1 per cent. or even 2 per cent. on the necessary loan of 200,000,000*l.*, to cover the *balance* needed, would only amount to 2,000,000*l.* or 4,000,000*l.*, it is hard to defend the lack of action from the point of view of economy.

If for any reason, good or bad, resort was not had to borrowing in the States, there can be no possible defence for delay in the payment of debts while the whole world stands aghast at the shock to British credit. Great Britain must now pay; she is preparing to send abroad, and is now sending, large amounts of gold. Why do it *after* the catastrophe has come? Can there be a doubt that the terms on which she may now borrow will be less advantageous than could have been had for the asking six or even three months ago? Probably she must now ship gold until exchange has again reached parity and confidence has in some measure been restored. Then she must borrow; for England, France, and Russia together have not sufficient gold to pay indefinitely for all their purchases and maintain intact their national credit and note issues. But with what anxiety must every informed and thinking Englishman watch to see whether the Treasury and the Government are now at this late hour alive to the reality of the menace! Exchange *must* again reach parity; confidence *must* be restored; an American loan *must* be secured. Sufficient gold *must* be sent to effect these results; the necessary terms *must* be made to command the loan. And time is an element. It will not answer to repeat the melancholy story of the Dardanelles—to send too little gold, to do everything just too late. Shall a general confronted by an assailant of equal force consider and debate whether to bring into action this or that brigade when the strength of his whole army will scarce avail to save his country?

Art. 13.—INDUSTRIAL-SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH. ✓

1. *Board of Education. Scheme for the Organisation and Development of Scientific and Industrial Research.* (Cd. 8005.) London: Wyman, 1915.
2. *An Experiment in Industrial Research.* Educational Pamphlet (No. 30), published for the Board of Education. London: Wyman, 1915.

NATIONAL characteristics are exemplified in the history of the industrial applications of science. The success of the Germans in this field, which has been unpleasantly demonstrated by the war, is a token of their faith in education and science, their foresight and patience, their confidence and thoroughness, and their prodigality in the training and use of human material. Mobility of capital and freedom from hampering commercial traditions have also been contributing factors. The Englishman, by comparison, appears complacent and surfeited with prosperity. Before the war, he stolidly refused to be disturbed by the exhortations of professors on the national importance of scientific research; and statesmen were content to whistle for the wind of public opinion. The war showed that Great Britain was almost entirely dependent upon Germany for dyes; and Parliament was induced to offer public assistance in support of a scheme for the establishment of the dye manufacturing industry in this country on a firmer basis. A few months later, Mr Pease, and his successor as President of the Board of Education, Mr Arthur Henderson, were able to formulate and secure acceptance of the scheme for the promotion of scientific and industrial research described in the White Paper mentioned above.

Conditions in the United States show points of similarity and of contrast. One is impressed by the popular enthusiasm for education, but, still more, by the spontaneity of initiative and the sense of individual responsibility which are characteristic of the people. Mr Carnegie, Mr Rockefeller and others who have profited by industrial success come forward with benefactions for the promotion of scientific research with a liberality which renders State assistance of secondary importance;

and the work is taken in hand with a vigour and *élan* which promise surprising results. The pamphlet 'An Experiment in Industrial Research,' describing the work of Prof. R. K. Duncan for the promotion of industrial research, illustrates the same point. Within a space of some eight or nine years before his untimely death, in 1914, Prof. Duncan was able to work out his scheme for associating manufacturers with industrial research in Universities and to secure the co-operation of manufacturers and the support of benefactors. The result is to be seen in the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research in the University of Pittsburgh, a new building, admirably equipped and providing accommodation for seventy research workers, in which research into scientific problems of an industrial character is now in progress.

Any enquiry into methods of industrial research must start with the admission that the most important discoveries have arisen from the work of men of science who have drawn their inspiration from the 'supreme delight of extending the realm of law and order ever farther towards the unattainable goal of the infinitely great and the infinitely little.' Wohler, by his classical experiments on the synthetical production of urea, originated a new branch of science which has formed the basis of innumerable industries connected with dyes, foods, drugs, explosives and other commodities. An English chemist, Sir William Perkin, discovered in 1856 the first aniline dye, 'mauvine,' and thus laid the foundation of a great industry. In his essay on the Functions of a University, Sir William Ramsay remarks that it would have been impossible to predict, when Hofmann set Perkin as a young student at the Royal College of Chemistry to study the products of oxidation of the base aniline, produced by him from coal-tar, that one dye factory alone would at a later date possess nearly 400 buildings and employ 350 chemists and 5000 workmen. Other examples quoted by the same writer are, in the chemical field, the work of Schönbein, a Swiss schoolmaster, whose investigation into the action of nitric acid on paper and cotton resulted in the production of nitro-cellulose; and, in the physical field, Faraday's work on induced currents, upon which are based electric light and traction and the

utilisation of electricity as a motive power and for the transmission of energy.

The history of science shows, however, that the work of the 'pure' scientist generally breaks off at a point before the industrial application of his discoveries is reached, either because he has no interest in or aptitude for this aspect of the work, or because the industrial application has to wait for some scientific advance in another direction. The chemist who discovers some new metal may not consider himself under any obligation to investigate its utility in the hardening of steel; or the discoverer of a new rare earth may have no interest in its applicability for the purpose of illumination. Some pause between scientific discovery and its industrial application is indeed almost inevitable. Consider, for instance, the history of aluminium, which was discovered by Wohler in 1827. For some twenty years the new element remained of academic interest only. In 1855 Henri Sainte Claire Deville's study of the metal, encouraged and subsidised by the Emperor Napoleon III, reduced the cost of production to 18*l.* a pound; and, by improvements in the method of manufacture, the price was further reduced to 2*l.* 10*s.* a pound in 1888. In this year Kastner's new process for the manufacture of sodium brought about a further reduction of the price of aluminium to 16*s.* a pound. But this success was soon eclipsed, for in the following year the electrolytic method of producing aluminium revolutionised the industry. The output of aluminium produced by this method is estimated at 50,000 tons a year and its value at 4,000,000*l.* Another familiar and often-quoted example comes from the artificial production of indigo. The work of Liebig and Baeyer on the constitution of indigo was elucidated and developed through Kekulé's theoretical work in 1869 on the arrangement of the atoms in the molecule of indigo; and in 1880 Baeyer discovered a method for the industrial production of the dye. The problem was taken over by the famous firm of chemical manufacturers—the Badische Anilin- und Soda-Fabrik of Ludwigshafen. It is said that twenty years of patient investigation and an expenditure of about 1,000,000*l.* were devoted to the work. The artificial production of indigo is now carried out on an enormous scale, the value of

the exports to Asia alone amounting in 1909 to nearly 2,000,000*l*.

Occasionally, the scientific worker undertakes the commercial exploitation of his discoveries. The establishment of the celebrated Jena glass works at Leipsic resulted from the investigations of Abbe, assisted by Schott, on the chemico-physical principles which underlie the manufacture of optical glass. Abbe recognised from the first that the position of the optical glass industry, which depended at that time upon a few individuals, was unsatisfactory, in view of the possible stoppage of supplies indispensable to many of the sciences; but he doubted whether private initiative, without strong backing, could meet the case. The researches were, however, subsidised by the Prussian Bureau of Education and the Diet of the Kingdom; and, when completed in 1883, the necessary capital was forthcoming and an important industry was established. Turning to the most familiar English example, we find that the attempt to establish a dye factory in this country, at the time of Sir William Perkin's discoveries, ended disastrously. The real reason why the industry left this country, according to Mr H. A. Roberts,* was the death of the Prince Consort, who had induced Hofmann to accept an appointment at the Royal College of Chemistry in London. After the death of the Prince, Hofmann was attracted back to Berlin; his companions followed him, and took with them much of the expert knowledge of aniline dyes. Mr W. F. Reid, who spoke in the discussion which followed the reading of the paper, controverted this opinion with respect to Hofmann's influence on the dye industry. He said that at that time English chemists controlled the dye manufacturing business by their patents, and made so much money out of it that they ceased to care whether the industry developed further or not; and that, when the thing dropped, the Germans took it up and by skill and patience developed it to an enormous extent.

Enough has been said to indicate how important is the part which the academic worker has taken in the development of applied science. It should not be inferred, however, from the examples quoted, that valuable results

* See his paper read before the Royal Society of Arts, Feb. 28, 1912.

are obtained only from scientific workers of the highest intellectual powers. Many examples could be given of discoveries by young and inexperienced men of factory processes of great commercial value but comparatively simple in character. A young American graduate, Charles M. Hall, whose work was contemporaneous with that of Paul L. V. Héroult in France, discovered the use of cryolite as a suitable solvent for alumina in the electrolytic production of aluminium, a process which has been developed on an enormous scale in works at Niagara Falls and by the British Aluminium Company. The mercerisation of textile fabrics is based on a simple chemical and mechanical process; and the very valuable method of waterproofing paper and canvas to produce Willesden paper and Willesden canvas consists in applying ammoniacal copper hydroxide to the surface of the fabric.

Nor can it be said that discoveries are always the result of deliberate and carefully organised experiment. Chance plays an important part both in applied and pure science. It is said that when Sir William Perkin discovered the first coal-tar dyes, he was really working on the constitution of quinine, but the investigation took an unexpected turn. The commercial manufacture of indigo, one stage of which required the oxidation of naphthalene to phthalic acid, was rendered possible by the accidental breaking of a thermometer, the mercury of which brought about the required reaction. The hypnotic property of sulphonal was discovered by chance; and the physiological action of antipyrine was examined on account of its supposed relation to kairine and allied febrifuges. The profits from the discovery of the therapeutic property of antipyrine are said to have amounted to 60,000*l.* in one year. Prof. Frankland, in his paper on the Chemical Industries of Germany,* quotes the case of the important cyanide industry, which may be said to have taken its origin from the accidental discovery of Prussian blue by Diesbach, of Berlin, in the first decade of the 18th century. Germany's annual production of cyanide is now estimated at 10,000 tons (valued at 650,000*l.*), or

* Read before the Birmingham and District Section of the Society of Chemical Industry ('Nature,' March 11, 1915).

about one half of the world's production. The work of Röntgen and that of Becquerel furnish well-known examples of accidental discoveries in the field of pure science.

As to the methods and results of industrial research in factories, adequate discussion is more difficult, for several reasons. In the first place, there are not many firms in this country in which scientific research is applied to promote industrial success; though the fact that these firms are usually able to pay generous dividends and thus to justify their methods by the most obvious criterion, points to the desirability of extending those methods elsewhere. Further, some measure of secrecy is a necessary characteristic of factory research, for the manufacturer who risks his capital in scientific exploration is entitled to secure for his firm the commercial profits arising from the discoveries made in his laboratories. It has been alleged that this commercial spirit, legitimate enough within limits, has been carried to the extent of deliberately stifling progress by buying-up and pigeon-holing patents and processes which might interfere with existing methods of production. Mr E. L. Rhead, in an address at a conference held in 1914,* rightly condemned this practice as 'a conspiracy of capital against the future welfare of the country.' The patent system has an important bearing on industrial organisation and raises many questions which cannot be discussed in the present article.

In all factory research, a distinction must be drawn between routine scientific testing and experimentation, including the working-out of incidental problems which, though comparatively small, have large effects in factory economy, and those more difficult problems requiring for their solution a highly expert staff and large expenditure. In the conduct of researches of a more advanced and speculative character, there is a danger of extravagant expenditure and duplication of effort in several works; on the other hand, co-operative research between rival firms presents obvious difficulties. The complaint is frequently made that English manufacturers take a narrow view of the value of research, and are unwilling

* North of England Education Conference ('Education,' Jan. 16, 1914).

to abandon old plant and to adopt new processes, preferring the assurance of an immediate profit from old methods to speculative profits from new developments. The production of sulphuric acid in Lancashire, for example, has decreased considerably in recent years owing to the development in Germany and other countries of the 'contact' process, the first patent for which was taken out by an English chemist. The most frequent criticism is, however, that the British scientific industries do not offer sufficient inducements to the best University students to justify them in devoting their lives to industrial research.

This question of the inducements to be offered to men of science underlies the whole discussion. Nobody would suggest that, in order to obtain valuable discoveries in the applications of science, all that is necessary is a sufficiently large expenditure on salaries and equipment. Nevertheless there must be an interplay of competition between the scientific and other professions and between pure and applied science, in which salaries and many other considerations have their influence. It is no doubt generally true that the man of science, whose high privilege it is to

'Probe nature's secrets, wrest them to our need,
Live glorious years in one heroic day',

finds in his work itself an adequate reward. Given his laboratory and equipment, and a fair salary, paid without reference to the apparent success or failure of his researches, the scientific investigator works, as a rule, without discontent or envy, willing that others should share freely the material benefits of his discoveries. Still it can hardly be doubted that the prospect of pecuniary reward will, with the majority of researchers, heighten their zeal. Rewards are sometimes forthcoming, but they are irregularly and unevenly distributed; contrast, for example, the fortunes amassed by Faraday and Kelvin, both discoverers of the first rank. Chance and temperament, the factor of time in maturing discoveries, the inherent character of the work, professional codes, patent legislation and a hundred other considerations

enter into the question. Thus the bacteriologist, who by prolonged and highly skilled experiment isolates the bacillus of some disease and prepares a vaccine for its diagnosis or prevention, may find no means of rewarding himself for his work, whereas a large fortune may result from the discovery of some comparatively simple industrial product or process. Signs of revolt against these anomalies are sometimes to be seen; Sir Ronald Ross, for example, has with justice protested against the meagre recompense he received for his work on the cause and prevention of malaria, a disease which is responsible for great loss of life and reduced industrial efficiency in India and other countries. Broadly speaking, the man of science who devotes himself to research work is not in a good position to secure the full commercial value of his discoveries.

The offer of rewards for scientific discovery produced good results in earlier days, for the Royal Society of Arts, established in 1754 'for the encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce,' was able to do most useful work by offering premiums for specified scientific or technical discoveries. The Society refused to take cognisance of inventions which were the subject of patents; and the rule excluding such inventions remained in force until 1844 or 1845. One of the first suggestions made by the founder of the Society, William Shipley, was for the offer of two prizes, one for the discovery of cobalt and the other for the growth of madder in the kingdom. Problems of agricultural chemistry and agriculture were frequently selected for the Society's awards. A few examples of awards for discoveries in chemistry may be quoted. In 1783 a prize was offered for obtaining soda from sea-salt, a problem which was finally solved by Leblanc, who was rewarded for his work by the Emperor Napoleon I. In 1801, a gold medal was offered for the production of artificial ultramarine. This problem was eventually solved in Germany, and led to the establishment of an industry which still flourishes in that country. Marsh's test for arsenic secured in 1836 a prize offered fifteen years earlier; and Robert Murray received a silver medal and 10*l.* in 1841 for his plumbago method of obtaining a conducting surface for electro-deposition. The practice of offering premiums has now been

discontinued by the Society.* It may be added that the Royal Society of Arts and many other scientific and technical societies play an important part in organising and co-ordinating the labours of scientific workers by offering facilities for publication and discussion of results and in other ways.

The responsibility of the State with reference to industrial research has several aspects. As direct manufacturer, the State controls great industries connected with the Army and the Navy, telegraphs and telephones. In other capacities, it is concerned with sanitation, national health, agriculture and fisheries, mines and manufactures; and in these and other departments of public life, it is clearly under an obligation to encourage scientific research, both by direct and indirect means. Recently the Government, impelled by special considerations arising from the war, has taken the initiative in an attempt to establish a national dye industry. In this connexion, the paramount importance of scientific research has been recognised by the allocation of 100,000*l.*, payable in instalments spread over ten years, for research relating to the industry. It is safe to say that the success or failure of the work will have a marked effect on the future relations of science to industry.

Perhaps the most important method by which the State encourages scientific research is by grants in support of Universities and other institutions in which research is conducted or supervised. Here the chief object in view appears to be the advancement of knowledge without reference to specific industries, except agriculture and certain other industries in which the benefits of successful research can be readily diffused. In the case of such an institution as the National Physical Laboratory, apart from its testing and other routine work, the promotion of research work of direct national utility appears to be the chief object in view; and difficulties connected with the commercial and industrial aspects of the work do not appear to have been insuperable. The establishment of the Development Commission in 1910 initiated a new method for the State promotion of research. The work of the Commissioners in this

* See Sir H. Trueman Wood's History of the Society.

direction has so far been limited to agriculture, in which questions as to the allocation of profits from successful work do not arise. A considerable amount of the funds at the disposal of the Commissioners has been granted to Universities and other institutions for the encouragement of agricultural research; and several special research institutes have been established. As an illustration of the functions which the Commission may subserve, it may be recalled that some years ago an attempt was made to establish an optical institute, particularly to study the composition and manufacture of optical glass. The War Office and the Admiralty were clearly interested parties in view of the possible stoppage, in the event of a war, of the importation of supplies of the optical glass used in the construction of instruments indispensable to the Army and Navy; but no aid was forthcoming from either department. The Development Commission would now be in a position to consider applications of this kind, both in their national bearing and with particular reference to the interests of Government departments concerned.

The exceedingly important departure which has recently been made by the Government, at the instigation of Mr Pease, takes the form of the appointment of a Committee of Privy Council, assisted by an Advisory Council of eminent scientific men, the object being 'to establish a permanent organisation for the promotion of industrial and scientific research.' A liberal public grant has been appropriated for the work. The primary functions of the Advisory Council will be to advise the Committee of Council on:

1. Proposals for instituting specific researches.
2. Proposals for establishing or developing special institutions or departments of existing institutions for the scientific study of problems affecting particular industries and trades.
3. The establishment and award of Research Studentships and Fellowships.

The general tendency of the Government policy for the encouragement of scientific research has so far been to work through existing institutions, such as Universities, not directly controlled by the State. There are, however, important exceptions, due to the magnitude of the

particular work or other special conditions. In the case of medical research under the National Insurance Act, the policy adopted has been to establish a special institution under State control, and to supplement its work with auxiliary schemes of research in other institutions. Workers in institutions of this character rank as Civil Servants; but the management of the institutions is usually delegated to special committees or non-public authorities, thus avoiding to some extent the danger of creating an atmosphere sterile to new ideas and an environment uncongenial to scientific workers.

This question of the most suitable environment for the research worker has been much discussed. As regards Universities, there are alternative policies of associating research with undergraduate teaching and of establishing special institutes devoted entirely to research. The former policy has the advantage of bringing young students into touch with research and of enabling the professors to refresh their minds by the continual presentation of fundamental ideas. On the other hand, the researches of the professors may suffer from the frequent interruptions arising from teaching work. The Royal Commission on University Education in London, in reporting on the question as affecting London, state that they regard it as essential that the higher work of the University should be closely associated with the undergraduate work, thus agreeing with the opinion represented to them in evidence that any hard-and-fast line between undergraduate and post-graduate work must be artificial and disadvantageous to the undergraduate, and tends to diminish the supply of students who undertake post-graduate and research work.

In this respect, conditions in the United States and in Germany are not altogether comparable. In the United States, the undergraduate or 'college' work is kept distinct from the 'graduate' work, which is regarded as the principal work of the University; while in Germany research work is undertaken at an earlier stage in the student's course. In both these countries, as in England, special research institutions have been established; notably, in the United States, the Carnegie

Institution and the Smithsonian Institution, with headquarters at Washington, and the Rockefeller Institute for medical research in New York. In Germany the formation in 1910, on the initiative of the German Emperor, of the Kaiser Wilhelm Society, the object of which is to 'promote the sciences, especially by the foundation and support of scientific institutions of research,' has already resulted in the establishment of a research institute on a large scale in Berlin. Prof. Emil Fischer, in his inaugural lecture, justified the policy of establishing such research institutes on the ground that the problem of training the army of scientific workers required for industries had induced in modern educational laboratories a condition of overstrained activity comparable with that existing in a large factory. In the harassing cares of the day, the teacher loses too readily 'that peace of mind and broad view of scientific matters necessary for solving the larger problems of research.' The result has been a demand for new laboratories permitting of research in absolute tranquillity. The proposed institutes are intended not only for senior workers but also for gifted young men who, under former conditions, became assistants and lecturers in University laboratories and attempted to carry on research 'in addition to the servile labour of teaching.' The policy adopted in the United States is somewhat similar, in that the establishment of research institutions apart from the Universities is accepted as contributing in a useful way to the advancement of knowledge.

Universities and Colleges have two fairly distinct responsibilities towards the promotion of scientific research; first, in regard to the preliminary education and training of students as research workers, and, secondly, in the actual conduct of research. These two aspects overlap to some extent because research itself is a means of education and training. The distinction between the two departments of work is, however, of financial and administrative importance on account of the statutory definition of technical education. Some years ago, the London County Council were prohibited from financing research work on insanity at the Claybury Asylum because the expenditure could not be sanctioned from funds available for technical education. Similarly,

scientific research conducted in Universities for the sake of the economic value of its results would not be 'technical education' because it would not be education at all; but, if conducted for the purpose of training students in methods of research, it could be accepted as technical education, even if the results were of economic value. The outcome appears to be that local education authorities have a very wide discretion in using educational funds for the promotion of research, provided that the guidance of the teacher is part of the process.

It cannot be said that British Universities have seriously undertaken the specialised training of 'technical' or 'industrial' chemists. This is surprising, seeing that the professional or technical training of engineers has for many years been regarded as proper work for the Universities. Mr W. A. Caspari, in an article published in the 'British Review' (November 1913), while admitting that our Universities and Technical Colleges of University rank are so staffed, organised, and equipped as to give a scientific training which is perhaps the best in the world, asks pertinently whether English Universities and Colleges realise how many of their chemistry students go into the chemical industries. He estimates the proportion at two-thirds, an estimate which agrees fairly closely with that made by Mr H. A. Roberts with reference to Cambridge students. Sir William Ramsay has stated that out of a hundred students who were his pupils in a period of about twenty years from 1890 and whose subsequent history he knew, 60 were engaged in industry as analysts, managers or proprietors. An analysis by Sir Robert Blair of the careers of students who were awarded '1851 Exhibitions' in chemistry, in the period 1891-1906, shows that 50 out of 112 are engaged in industrial chemistry. He concludes from this and other enquiries, that the number of highly trained chemists who find their way into industrial chemistry is insignificant compared with the number in Germany or the United States.

'In 1904 and 1905,' he says, 'an average of 400 chemists received the doctor's diploma or the Technical High School diploma in Germany; with the materials at my disposal I have been unable to convince myself that there were in 1908

300 students in all faculties of applied science taking a fourth year day-course in British Universities and Technical Colleges.'

A general educational course of science subjects extending over at least three years, and leading, in the case of the University students, to the Bachelor's degree, appears to be a necessary part of the training of the industrial chemist; and there is not much need for criticism of this course as organised in British Universities, provided it is not regarded as a complete training. A technical chemist, who is at present employed in a large works in the Midlands, and is able to speak from experience of University graduates who have taken up industrial chemistry, considers that the usual Honours Course in Chemistry is mentally exhausting and too narrow in scope, because it obliges candidates to specialise too early. He says that the works chemist, whether employed in routine or in research work, requires some knowledge of many branches of science to enable him to tackle the diverse problems which arise in the course of his work. In addition to Chemistry, knowledge of such subjects as Mathematics, Physics, Geology, Botany, Physiology, Metallurgy and Mineralogy, and some acquaintance with engineering and the testing of materials, will be found useful.

The more pressing question, however, is that of post-graduate instruction, including training in research. The technical chemist, whose opinions have been quoted above, maintains that the usual synthetical organic researches of post-graduate courses are a distinct failure as a preparation for commercial research. He would prefer an extended course of quantitative analytical work upon commercial materials with a view to the improvement of existing methods, as regards accuracy, speed, and cheapness; and he suggests that the greatest importance ought to be attached to rapid and accurate quantitative analysis, particularly in connexion with common organic materials such as resins, oils, fats, and waxes. The devising of better methods of analysis for the various values and properties of such substances would, he thinks, provide post-graduate training of both commercial and academic value, demanding as much original thought and resourcefulness and producing as

great confidence and accuracy as the usual synthetic organic chemistry researches. He insists strongly that the science graduate destined for industrial work, in addition to acquiring proficiency in one or more foreign languages, should take up the study of some special subject, such as metallurgy, electro-metallurgy, physical chemistry, mineral chemistry, geology, botany, agricultural chemistry, pharmaceutical chemistry, or physiology. The economic aspects of many of these subjects are of great importance. Agricultural chemistry, for example, offers a wide field for study and investigation in connexion with feeding stuffs and artificial manures; and pharmaceutical chemistry in connexion with drugs, preservatives, essential oils, scents, insecticides and inks. Like many other writers on the subject, he emphasises the importance of engineering knowledge, particularly of materials of construction and cost of equipment.

'Many University men (he says) are grossly ignorant on the engineering side, and are in consequence looked down upon by works managers and proprietors, and are frequently found muzzled and tied up in their laboratories working for small salaries and entirely under the thumb of engineers, secretaries and commercial managers, who are sometimes indifferently trained for such positions and are consequently unsympathetic towards chemistry.'

In all his specialised work, the student must have impressed upon him the essential fact that in all commercial work the conditions of time, cost, and commercial feasibility are of paramount importance, since the object of the industrial chemist must always be to make money out of chemical processes. The idea that the success of the scientific industries depends only on the admission of highly trained 'pure' chemists to the works laboratories, with unfettered discretion to engage in researches relating to the particular industry, our informant regards as chimerical. The college-trained chemist must first gain a knowledge of working plant and the routine duties of the works laboratory, after which he may be transferred to the research laboratory to work on problems he has come across, with a view to improvements and inventions.

We may examine a little more closely the position of

the manufacturer *vis-à-vis* the University professor and the University-trained student. The manufacturer contends that the average University graduate has been trained on too strictly academic lines, along with students for teaching and other professions; and that, when admitted to the works, he is not worth a liberal salary. In the worst cases, the University course does not produce a spirit of energy and enthusiasm. University vacations and the freedom of University life are difficult to reconcile with the long hours and short holidays of the works. In the best cases, a long interval must elapse before the University man becomes accustomed to industrial methods, and realises the need for quickness and cheapness combined with practical accuracy. The graduate who has spent some time in research is in a better position to become of value to the industry, though much depends on the character of the research he has undertaken. Frankly, the opinion of many manufacturers is biased altogether against University methods. Mr Caspari, in the article already quoted, complains that the Universities, as at present conducted, are not competent to train industrial chemists:

'It is not the curricula that are at fault; it is the atmosphere, the habit of thought, the tradition; in the final analysis it is the personality and outlook of the teaching staff. For some mysterious reason, the old scholastic view of education—science for science' sake—remains strongly entrenched in even the most modern of our chemical departments.'

The manufacturer alleges that the University-trained student seldom grows out of this academic influence. He is given no opportunity, during his course, of becoming acquainted with the conditions under which the industrial chemist works, such as the disturbing influence of mass, the time factor, and commercial feasibility; and he is usually ignorant of engineering, including the construction of plant and the interpretation of drawings.

In attempting to draw up an answer to this indictment, it would be futile to ignore a certain incompatibility of ideals between the scientific manufacturer and the University whose chief object is the advancement of knowledge for its own sake. Professors of science, as a rule, have no particular sympathy with the applications

of science. Huxley, in his essay on the Progress of Science, refers to the applications of science as the 'flotsam and jetsam of the tide of investigation,' good only to be turned into the wages of workmen and the wealth of capitalists. This attitude towards research in applied science has no doubt helped to establish in many British Universities and Colleges a tradition unfriendly to industrial research. So recently as January 1914, Mr J. H. Reynolds, a recognised educational authority and formerly Principal of the Municipal School of Technology of Manchester, suggested in a public speech that Universities should not trouble themselves particularly with technological research, remarking that

'the advancement of scientific knowledge was their concern. The scientific man was one thing, the technologist another. Some men must find out the truth, leaving its application to other men—clever men, but of a lower calibre.'

This point of view ought not to be hastily condemned. Issues of far greater importance than personal prejudices are involved in the relations between Universities and industrial research. Apart from the real danger that the encouragement of industrial research in Universities may detract from the prosecution of 'pure' research, having for its sole object the advancement of knowledge, questions arise, on which public opinion in this country is sensitive, as to the appropriation of educational endowments and public funds to industrial purposes. Charges of unfair competition with private workers and industrial concerns may be advanced; and difficult questions of internal University organisation have to be faced in regard to the salaries and emoluments of professors and others engaged in remunerative industrial research, and the relations between pure and applied science departments. Governing bodies are naturally reluctant to associate themselves with such work, unless the interest of the nation clearly justifies their action.

If the industries are to be supplied by the Universities with the type of investigator they require, it is evident that a prolonged and severe course of education and training must be devised, extending over at least five or six years. The training of physicians and surgeons, it should be remembered, takes at least as long. As in the

case of engineering, some works experience should be obtained before or during the course. There is no general demand at present that the undergraduate course should be differentiated from the ordinary science course, which is taken also by students destined for teaching and other professions, except possibly in the direction of making the course as comprehensive as possible, with due regard to educational considerations. It is in the arrangements for post-graduate work that the greatest difficulties arise, to some of which reference has already been made. Sir William Tilden, in a letter to the Engineering Supplement of the 'Times' (June 11, 1913), points out that, unless the student has a very clear lead in the shape of a promise of a post in connexion with some manufacture, there would be nothing to guide him as to the nature of his further studies.

'For (as he remarks) the applications of chemistry are so diverse, and the nature of the operations involved in the production of one substance may be so completely different from those of another, that without a definite prospect before him the student cannot safely make a choice. Contrast for a moment such an industry as that of sulphuric acid or alkali manufacture with that of a brewery, or the manufacture of artificial manures (say superphosphate) with the business of a tar-distiller, or again, the manufacture of alkaloids and other fine chemicals with the work in an explosives factory. If we had any colour-making left in this country we might even go further, and contrast the operations involved in making artificial alizarine with the production of many of the so-called aniline dyes, so concentrated is the specialisation requisite in the chemical industries.'

The difficulty to which Sir W. Tilden draws attention is most serious, in view of the prolonged and expensive training which the industrial chemist ought to undergo; and it is difficult to see how it can be overcome except by establishing a close association between Universities and the scientific industries.

We come, therefore, to the question of the relations between institutions of higher education and industrial corporations. Much of the success of Germany in the development of scientific industries is undoubtedly due to close co-operation between University professors and the chemical industries. Professors frequently accept

industrial appointments, and *vice versa*; and the works chemist is sometimes employed to carry out routine work for the University professor. Ehrlich, for instance, availed himself of the services of the staff of a works laboratory in preparing the long series of organic compounds, among which No. 606 has become famous as salvarsan.

One obvious suggestion for bringing about a closer association between the Universities and the industries is the introduction into Universities of a much larger number of chemists who have had works experience. A corresponding policy was adopted with excellent results when engineering was introduced into the University curriculum. Another suggestion which has been put forward is that advisory committees of technical experts should be appointed to supervise the work of applied science departments of Universities. Exception has been taken to this suggestion on the ground that University professors would not submit to control from technical men. Sympathetic administration is, however, essential for the success of applied science departments; and control by technical experts would be preferable to control by men of exclusively academic interests. In so far as research work of economic value relating to specific industries is carried on, the manufacturer may reasonably be expected to participate by offering both personal service and financial assistance. Under Professor Duncan's scheme of industrial fellowships, the manufacturer provides the emoluments of a Fellow to investigate some industrial problem proposed by the manufacturer, who is assured of a fair share of any commercial profits resulting from discoveries made by the investigator. The Fellows are appointed by the University, and work in the University laboratory under the supervision of the Director; and the scientific and library resources of the University are freely placed at his disposal. A wide range of industrial problems is at present under investigation in the University of Pittsburgh, including such subjects as laundering, glass, copper, stone, fats, acetylene, fertilisers, leather, yeast, soap, glue, enamel, cement, natural gas and crude petroleum.

The reader who has pursued so far what may appear to be a somewhat desultory discussion, will look for some

general conclusions and some suggestions for reform. In the final analysis, the two main aspects of the question under discussion appear to be educational and economic. Clearly, our Universities and Colleges must train a vastly larger number of students if the requirements of industrial development are to be adequately met; and, to this end, secondary and elementary schools must inspire in their pupils a stronger ambition for higher education and a greater willingness to make sacrifices to secure it. On the other hand, the scientific industries must offer a career to University students who have been properly trained for industrial work. The vicious circle in which we are at present moving must by some means be broken down. Universities must make definite provision for the training of industrial chemists, as they have successfully done for engineers; and co-operative relations must be established between the Universities and the scientific industries.

The economic aspect of the question is more inscrutable. Direct Government subsidies for new scientific industries seem a desperate and, at best, a partial remedy. Well-informed opinion is already asserting that, in order to withstand German competition in the dye industry after the war, some form of protection will have to be introduced. To be candid, it requires no great feat of mental gymnastic to pass from one form of State assistance to another. The point has probably not been overlooked by the authors of the White Paper; but, as they say, 'we cannot hope to improvise an effective system at the moment when hostilities cease.' For the time being, at any rate, the war is giving the infant industry a virtual protection; and whether the national benefits, direct and indirect, of establishing in this country the more highly specialised scientific industries would justify the imposition of protective tariffs, is a question which will have to be discussed 'when hostilities cease' and the economic war begins again. For the present, we may rest content with the hope that the policy of the Government, assisted by a quickened sense of responsibility in teachers, administrators and manufacturers, will produce good results.

THOMAS LLOYD HUMBERSTONE.

Art. 14.—ALLENS, WEDGWOODS, AND DARWINS.

Emma Darwin: A Century of Family Letters, 1792-1896.

Edited by her daughter, Henrietta Litchfield. Two vols. London: Murray, 1915.

THE existence of this book is a powerful argument in favour of keeping old letters. Let us, however, distinguish. The letter-writing of clever people in days before railways and the penny post was a very different thing from the letter-writing of the present time, when haste and brevity are the soul of correspondence. The Allens, Wedgwoods, and Darwins, whose letters, collected by Mrs Wedgwood of Maer and carefully preserved by her daughter, the late Miss Elizabeth Wedgwood, who died at a great age in 1880, were people who took their correspondence seriously, and who discussed the affairs of themselves, their families and the world with proper deliberation, and yet with a brightness of outlook and a lightness of touch that are beyond praise. To read their correspondence between about 1792 and 1845 is to become intimately acquainted with a number of interesting people, and with their friends in the great world, and to obtain a number of new views about the history of the time and the opinions held by a singularly intelligent class of English society.

If Mrs Litchfield, Charles Darwin's daughter, had been content with arranging, editing and annotating only these early letters, she would have earned our gratitude, but she has done much more. The bulk of the second volume deals with her own immediate family, her illustrious father, her mother, who was Emma Wedgwood, and her distinguished brothers; their life in London and at Down in Kent; and the fourteen years of her mother's widowhood, a great part of which was spent at Cambridge. The interest of this last volume is not inferior to that of the first, though of course it is different. On the one hand it supplements the well-known *Life of Charles Darwin* by showing us in some detail the domestic and truly human side of a great man of science; on the other, it paints a charming picture of Emma Darwin, the best of wives and mothers, and at the same time a woman of high intelligence and wide

cultivation, with definite views on politics and literature, and with the gift of expressing them in a clear and pointed style. In a word, she is revealed to us not only as the worthy helpmeet of Charles Darwin, and as the worthy mother of Sir George and Sir Francis, but as the true kinswoman of the many delightful ladies whose acquaintance we have been allowed to make and cultivate in the first volume.

The marriages of Allens, Wedgwoods and Darwins were decidedly complicated, so that the reader has no little difficulty in keeping the different individuals and their relationships clearly in his mind. Fortunately each volume provides a guide in the three pedigree tables which are prefixed; these, if he takes the necessary trouble of referring to them from time to time, will enable him to distinguish between the different Elizabeths (who are many), the different Carolines and Catherines, the different Toms and Johns, and to avoid confusing the three Josiah Wedgwoods, father, son, and grandson. This being premised, we may proceed to speak of the three families in order. The Allens appear to have been settled for some centuries in Pembrokeshire, and, since about 1730, to have owned the estate of Cresselly. At the time the book opens, the head of the family was John Bartlett Allen, who had fought in the Seven Years' War, and who in his old age appears to have retained something of the manners of a Prussian Grenadier. He was fortunate, however, in having a number of charming and clever daughters, with several of whom this book is intimately concerned. Of these, Elizabeth married Josiah Wedgwood (1792), second surviving son of the founder of the works at Etruria; Louisa married John Wedgwood, his elder brother; Catherine married the celebrated Sir James Mackintosh; Jessie married the historian Sismondi; and the youngest, Frances, always known as Fanny, remained unmarried, but has enriched the world with many of the best letters in this book, full of vivacity and good sense. Of these sisters, Elizabeth (Bessy) was the eldest, and whether as elder sister to Jessie and Frances, or as mother of her own large family, or as the centre of an interesting society, she is one of the most attractive characters in the book.

To her and the Wedgwoods we may return presently, but meanwhile some at least of her seven sisters claim a certain notice. We may pass over Harriet, unhappily married to a Mr Surtees, and Emma, who is not interesting except for her passionate affection for her eldest sister Bessy. Among the others, Louisa, who was reckoned the beauty of the family—she must have been beautiful indeed if she surpassed the original of Romney's picture—was happy, though not in a worldly sense fortunate, in her marriage with John Wedgwood, Josiah's brother; he was a partner in Davison's Bank, by the failure of which he lost his fortune, but he retained everybody's respect, and did many quiet public services, being among other things the founder of the Horticultural Society. Another sister, Caroline, married the Rev. Edward Drewe, who died young, leaving her with two daughters, who made interesting marriages. One became the wife of Lord Gifford; the other married Mr Alderson, a distinguished lawyer, afterwards a judge. Their daughter, in 1857, married Lord Robert Cecil, afterwards the famous Lord Salisbury.

The other three Allen sisters have a more personal interest. Catherine, commonly known as Kitty, waited till she was thirty-three, and then became, in 1798, the second wife of Mr Mackintosh, who a few years later was knighted and went to India as Recorder of Bombay, to return with his wife to England about 1810, and there to enter upon the life of literary and political activities and ambitions, of vigorous and often brilliant conversation, and unfortunately of financial confusion, in which he passed his remaining years. Mackintosh's life and character would be a fine study for the modern psychological novelist; he was so near to greatness and so near to happiness, and never achieved either. He was one of the first and ablest of the 'Edinburgh' reviewers; Charles Darwin thought him the best talker he had ever heard, better even than Carlyle or Macaulay; and he was freely spoken of as a probable member of Canning's Coalition Cabinet of 1827. His exclusion was the great disappointment of his later life. But there was a flaw in him somewhere. Many years before, Coleridge had written about him to Tom Wedgwood:

'I never doubted that he *means* to fulfil his engagements

with you; but he is one of those weak-moraled men with whom the meaning to do a thing means nothing. He promises with his whole Heart, but there is always a little speck of cold felt at the core that transubstantiates the whole resolve into a Lie, even in his own consciousness' (i, 249).

He adored his wife, the charming 'Kitty'; but, good and honest creature as she was, she could never quite return the affection. A year before his death and not long after Kitty had died, her sister Jessie Sismondi had written thus about him:

'I think of his life which I now look on as almost finished, with the greatest pity; not without blame, it is true, but it is almost lost in pity. He had an understanding to comprehend all the beauties of the high moral feelings and those of affection, but not the heart ever to feel them, so that he knew their heaven, sighed for it, yet, as if a curse was on him, could never put his foot into it. He loved passionately and fondly only one person (his wife) in the world, and she never could love him, though he was the only person in the world that truly loved her' (i, 248).

The writer of this letter occupies a larger part in the book than any of her sisters except Mrs Wedgwood and Fanny. Born in 1777, Jessie Allen was thirteen years younger than Bessy, twelve years younger than Catherine, and four years older than Fanny, and was therefore more like an elder sister than an aunt to Bessy Wedgwood's children. In the autumn of 1815, just after the Peace, she and her two younger sisters went to stay at Geneva, remaining there nearly three years; and it was there that she met and greatly impressed the historian Sismondi. He soon proposed, but she refused him; and it was not until after the return of the sisters to England, at the end of 1818, that she relented. The sisters and he had seen one another constantly at Geneva; and, before they left, he had renewed his offer (said Jessie) 'with an affection and a warmth of feeling that might have made me happy, if half a hundred other affections had not drawn me another way.' In point of fact, she was already forty-one; her brother John at Cresselly and her many sisters loved her, and, as she thought, filled her heart; and it was a dangerous experiment to leave England and her family and to marry a foreigner living

far away. But the family behaved very well, and put no difficulties in the way; and, though for a time after the marriage Jessie bitterly felt the separation from her old home, Sismondi's fine character and deep affection gradually conquered, and till his death in 1842 she enjoyed a much greater share of happiness than falls to the majority of mankind. Two years after the wedding we find her paying a short visit to her friends in England and returning with two sisters, Emma and the lively Fanny, to Chêne, the house near Geneva which the historian 'had been as busy as a bee to get in order'; a nice bright house with pretty wall-papers, plenty of books, white beds and comfortable furniture.

Still, for one reason or another—perhaps it was mainly an affair of health, for Jessie was more or less of an invalid for some years—it was a long time before she could quite feel the devotion to her husband which he had all along felt for her, though after his death in 1843 her sister Fanny wrote, 'she makes an idol of him; it is her nature to do so.' Life in the early days, alone with a husband who was always busy with his books, threatened to become monotonous; but Madame Sismondi, who had to the full her family's taste for talk and society, started Thursday soirées, which were so successful that she had great difficulty in preventing them becoming crowded. Her rule was, so far as possible, to have men and women in equal numbers, not too many, all told, for general conversation, and not too many to be dealt with by the one parlourmaid, 'my poor little gentle Marcette.' Among the frequenters of these gatherings were certain survivors of Madame de Staël's circle, such as Mme de Candolle, wife of the famous botanist, and such men as Dumont, Bentham's disciple, Adolphe Pietet, and several others who were devoted to their 'affectionate and agreeable' hostess. With them came one lady of a certain celebrity, Mrs Marcet, whose little 'Conversations on Political Economy' were well known to our grandmothers; but, though she was natural and sensible, she was afflicted with a voice so loud that it made conversation impossible.

This life, varied by trips to England and by visits from her English relatives, proceeded evenly enough till 1843, when Sismondi died. Then Jessie, who was destined to live another ten years, came back to Wales, to be with

her own people; and, as she was always a good traveller and a good correspondent, she saw and heard much of the younger generation, especially of the Darwins who were already settled at Down. We must, however, leave the letters of this period unnoticed, except one which she wrote regarding the French Revolution of 1848, and two in which a few years later she commented upon the proceedings of Louis Napoleon. Of the first event she wrote with enthusiasm; it is,

'as far as it seems at present, the most sublime political movement that has ever taken place in any country. . . . I cannot help thinking the hand of God is immediately in this revolution. It is so great, so sudden, so unforeseen, so unmeasured even by those who seem to have made it, that it has the effect of a miracle on the soul' (ii, 115, 116).

Less than four years passed by, and enthusiasm had given place to despair. In a letter to Emma Darwin, seven weeks after the Coup d'État, this is her language:

'I write again to accuse myself of being a duped fool to my last hope for France, and to ask your pity. I should feel humiliated for myself, if the feeling was not lost in sorrow. The Beast (Louis Napoleon) has taken the wrong turn, tho' the right was straight before him, and the only possible one that could lead to any glory for him' (ii, 144).

But things remained quiet in France, and Jessie's feelings towards Louis Napoleon calmed down. In February 1853, a month before her death, she writes that she is 'very much pleased by his romantic marriage, and his declaration of his parvenuism,' and also by the speeches which 'argue him a man so much more clever than I thought him.' She remembered that she had known him as a young man in Geneva, and had even considered him in a certain sense a pupil of Sismondi. Three weeks after this last letter, her heart began to fail, and she died on March 3. The story of her end should be prized by those who interest themselves in 'last words'; it is as authentic as such stories can be, as it comes direct from the Doctor who attended her:

'She was giving directions to both sisters about her last wishes; then she waited a little, and said quite quietly, "I think that is all,"—a pause, and then like a flash, "Sismondi,

I'm coming," and she looked up as if she saw him there present before her, and died. Dr Dyster said he had never known consciousness so absolutely retained till the last moment.'

We come now to Fanny Allen, the youngest and cleverest of the family, whose letters, even if they stood alone, would attract and retain the attention of every reader. She was born in 1781, being thus four years younger than Jessie, and she lived in the full possession of her remarkable faculties to the great age of ninety-four. The book contains more than forty of her letters of all dates, so that the reader may be said to retain her friendship for something like seventy years; and if he does not find it a sincere and growing friendship, we can only say that he is hard to please. Fanny is remarkable alike for her family affections, extending over quite three generations, and for her public interests, which were those of the Liberal party of her day, sometimes Whig, sometimes Radical. For instance, a month or two after Waterloo she rejoices that her elder sister, Bessy Wedgwood, retains 'a humane sentiment respecting Buonaparte'; and in the same letter she declares that she 'would rather not see Paris in its present state'—that state being one of Legitimist reaction. Fifty-three years later, in 1868, just after the last Reform agitation, she speaks of 'my political hero John Bright . . . the master spirit of England'; and midway between these two dates she declares her dissent from the opinions of her friend Sydney Smith about the Ballot, because, according to her, he ignores the moral aspect of the question. She had strong views, indeed, and knew how to express them not only in the sphere of politics but in literature, and in other matters as well. Her language about Tennyson, for example, is shockingly irreverent, in spite of the attempts of the younger generation to bring her round. To Mrs Litchfield she gave a copy of Burns inscribed 'To wean you from Mr Tennyson—there's sarcasm for you!'; and in her eighty-eighth year she wrote that, after reading Shakespeare's historical plays, 'Tennyson's "bland and mild" Shakespeare grated like gravel between my teeth; one who could so measure such a genius has no wings to soar into the higher regions of poetry; he must content himself to write such things as *Locksley Hall*.' One might

remark by the way that to call Shakespeare 'bland and mild' is no worse than to speak of 'sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child' as Milton did; the parallel may console the Tennysonians.

But Fanny was not always either politician or critic. Her character had other sides, or she would not have retained through a long life the devoted affection of sisters, cousins, and nieces. The romance of her life was an incipient love affair with William Clifford, of Perristone in Herefordshire, a handsome 'intellectual,' whose letters, according to Mrs Litchfield, reveal a character closely akin to that of Edward Fitzgerald. Unfortunately he was weak and undecided, and Fanny wrote of him in 1815, 'he feels a very tender friendship for me, but I do not think it is love. If he had given me his heart, he should have had mine; there is no man out of my own family I love so much.' So nothing came of the affair, and henceforth Fanny concentrated her affection upon her family. In 1828 she took her brother John to Geneva, and proved 'an incomparable companion.' Her sister, Jessie Sismondi, writes enthusiastically both of her self-abnegation and of her ability:

'Her conversation is rich, flowing, spirited, without the least effort; if John is tired of reading, she is always ready to refresh him. . . . This constant exercise of her understanding keeps it in great force, and I have no doubt she will preserve its power later than any other person, as well as accomplish herself in being the first companion in the world, and by that be the best consoler in sorrow, and the best comforter in sickness' (i, 213).

But her companionship was welcomed, then and always, by many people outside her family. Her letters give lively accounts of her meeting with the famous Mrs Norton, soon after the abortive Melbourne scandal; of her visit to Sydney Smith and his wife in 1844, when Sydney read to his guests a pamphlet 'so clever, full of fun, good sense, and real eloquence occasionally, that the evening passed off very pleasantly'; and of dinners in London, especially one at the Aldersons' in 1847, where she met (and cordially disliked) Bishop Philpotts and cordially liked F. D. Maurice and H. H. Milman. Of her reports of political talks, here is one, written from

Cresselly, in 1851, which deserves the attention of the biographer of Disraeli :

'What a curious state we have been in politically lately ! Patty Smith [sister of Mrs Nightingale] gives a good deal of political chat, from her sisters in town this morning—"Dizzy," as he is called, seems to be the butt of his aristocratic friends. Lord Stanley says, "I can't feel I have wasted this week. I have made Dizzy cut his hair." The old Duke says, "At all events we have put a Jew's harp out of tune." I hope this has not been told you before, for it is not worth a repetition. It is said the Queen gave such a look at Dizzy, that some one who observed it, said it would make him a republican for the remainder of his life . . .' (ii, 128, 129).

In view of the mutual admiration of Queen Victoria and Disraeli thirty years later, such a story, even if it is only gossip, has a certain piquancy.

Here we must leave the Allens and pass to Emma Wedgwood, her kindred, and her husband and children. But first, if only space permitted, it would be interesting to dwell upon some of the many eminent names which are dotted about the first volume, either by way of description or of criticism. It is sad to learn from Bessy Wedgwood in 1832 that 'Miss Austen's works do not sell well, though Mackintosh rates her above them all, even Scott himself, I think.' It is less surprising to hear from Sarah Wedgwood in 1817 that she, being something of a Puritan, though she admired 'Glenarvon' in a supreme degree, could not forgive Lady Caroline Lamb for having written and published it; and that the public feeling aroused by Byron's conduct to his wife had greatly interfered with the sale of his last volume of poems. The same lady is inclined to think Wordsworth over-rated, and, like her niece Emma Darwin, she cannot abide the prose writings of Coleridge. Such being their opinions on the people they read, there are plenty more on the eminent people they met, or talked about. Fanny, the Radical, was delighted with Brougham, that 'sublime quack' as Lady Granville called him; she gloried in his speeches, especially in one (1824) which she heard, and in which 'he handled Scarlett and Canning to my soul's content—tossed them about like a cat a couple of mice from one paw to another, teased them, and threw them

into the air, with equal grace and strength.' Again, we might refer to meetings in Paris with Madame Recamier, and with Madame de Staël in London and Florence; we might say a great deal more about the relations between Sydney Smith and the whole group of Allens and Wedgwoods; we might quote the gossip about an expected marriage (1848) between Monckton Milnes and young Florence Nightingale; we might speak of that remarkable character Tom Wedgwood, brother of Josiah the Second, and friend of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Dugald Stewart; or lastly, we might quote the vivid first-hand account of the Battle of Waterloo written by his nephew, the younger Tom Wedgwood, an ensign of seventeen.

All these we must pass over, but we may allow ourselves one quotation, for it gives the fullest extant account of a celebrated scene, the first meeting between two famous men who for five-and-twenty years had been literary enemies, Jeffrey and Wordsworth. It will be remembered that in 1807 Jeffrey, in the 'Edinburgh,' had fiercely attacked the volumes containing the 'Ode to Duty,' and seven years later had said of 'The Excursion,' 'This will never do!' The scene took place at a party given by Sir James Mackintosh and his daughter Fanny in 1831; it is thus described by Elizabeth Wedgwood:

'Fanny had a grand dinner yesterday, Bishop Copleston, Sir T. Denman (whom I admire very much—he has all the dignity of virtue in his look and manner), Jeffrey, Lord Nugent and Sheil, and for ladies Lady Gifford and Miss Thornton. There was a party in the evening too which was made memorable by bringing Wordsworth and Jeffrey together. When Sir James proposed to Mr Wordsworth to introduce them to one another he did not agree to it: "We are fire and water," he said, "and if we meet we shall only hiss—besides he has been doing his utmost to destroy me." "But he has not succeeded," Sir James said, "and he really is one of your greatest admirers," and upon that he took Mr Wordsworth by the shoulders and turned him round to Jeffrey and left them together. They immediately began talking, and Sir James came very proud to tell us what he had done, and to fetch us to see them; and Mr Wordsworth looked very happy and complacent. Mr Lockhart said it was the best thing he ever saw done, The two enemies liked

one another's company so much, that when the rest of the party broke up at past 11, they remained talking together with Sir James, discussing poets, orators, and novelists, till one o'clock, with Mr Sheil listening with all his ears, and Mr Empson and Fanny and Uncle Baugh as audience.'

With the second volume we come upon new friends, new interests, and new associations. The central character is henceforth the youngest of the nine children of the Bessy of whom we have heard so much, and of her husband Josiah Wedgwood of Maer, third son of the famous Josiah who founded the works at Etruria. Emma was born in 1808, and, like so many of her relatives, lived to a great age, dying so recently as 1896. She was an example indeed of two characteristics of the Wedgwood family, longevity and the marriage of cousins. Josiah the First had married Sarah Wedgwood; his granddaughter Jessie Wedgwood married her cousin Henry; and Emma and Josiah the Third married their first cousins, two children of Robert Waring Darwin of Shrewsbury, whose wife was the eldest daughter of Josiah the First. This is against all the laws of physiology, but in the case of the Wedgwoods it certainly did not prevent the marriages turning out singularly happy. Emma had of course known her cousin Charles Robert Darwin from the beginning, since they were not only cousins but almost neighbours; but it was not till she was thirty and he was twenty-nine that he proposed and was accepted. He had lately returned from his long voyage as naturalist to the 'Beagle'; his own Autobiography tells us that he was living in Great Marlborough Street, was one of the Honorary Secretaries of the Geological Society, was seeing a great deal of Charles Lyell, and beginning to make notes of facts in relation to the Origin of Species. The same page of that book tells us the interesting fact that he was not giving himself wholly to science, but that he was 'taking much delight' in the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge—very proper schooling, for a young man who was meditating love and marriage. The engagement gave great pleasure to the families on both sides, and Emma's uncle Sismondi wrote a charming letter to his 'jolie nièce, si faite pour le mariage.' The cousins were married on Jan. 29, 1839, and went at once to London, to live in the

house that they had taken in Upper Gower Street, cheap, central, convenient for Regent's Park, with a perfectly quiet study and a little garden described by Charles as 'worth its weight in gold.' In every way except one their life in these peaceful quarters was for some time ideally happy; children began to come, Charles steadily made his way in the scientific world, and friends gathered round them, though Charles never liked dinners and parties. The great drawback was his health, for that cruel delicacy which grew upon him till the end of his life was already beginning, and within a year of their marriage we find the wife lamenting his 'distressing state of languor,' and his vain consultation of doctors. On this we must content ourselves with the remark which was so often made when the 'Life and Letters' first appeared, that the wonder of Darwin's scientific achievements is increased tenfold when we remember that practically all his work was handicapped by the most distressing and continuous physical disability.

Life in London was evidently too much for him, and it gave little pleasure to his wife who, as her daughter says, was not so 'essentially sociable' as her husband. So in 1842 they received from Charles's father, Dr Darwin, the welcome present of the old house at Down near Chislehurst, which remained their much-loved home from this time till Charles Darwin's death in 1882. It was comfortable if rather shabby, with eighteen acres of land, including a pleasant quiet garden, shaded by trees of various kinds, among which a fine row of limes was conspicuous. In this retired spot, if we may quote the words spoken by Darwin's eldest son at the Cambridge banquet held to celebrate the centenary of his birth, 'he began the routine of life which continued for forty years. Every morning he worked to the end of his tether, so that he would often have to say in the middle of a sentence: "I am afraid I must leave off now."' The printed result of that labour is known to all the world. 'Coral Islands' was already done; in 1845 the *Journal* was finished; in 1859 the work of years was condensed into that most famous of single volumes, 'The Origin of Species'; in 1870 'The Descent of Man' appeared; and at intervals there came the other volumes and papers which everybody interested in science knows so well.

Mrs Litchfield passes lightly over the publication of these books, and upon the controversies to which some of them gave rise; her business is rather with the home life of her parents, with their relation to their children and friends, with their rare visits, and with some part at least of their large correspondence with each other, with their kinsfolk, and with the outer world. Very naturally a good deal of space is filled with the children, who continued to appear almost annually till 1851. If there was a favourite among them, it was Annie, the second child, who was born in 1841, and who, just ten years later, fell ill of fever at Malvern and died. It is difficult to read with dry eyes the page written about her by her father a week after her death, wherein he speaks of her 'buoyant joyousness tempered by sensitiveness and strong affection,' of 'her whole form radiant with the pleasure of giving pleasure,' her manners so 'cordial, frank, open, straightforward, natural, and without any shade of reserve.' He adds, as so many parents have added in like case, 'we have lost the joy of the household, and the solace of our old age'; and indeed it is certain that neither parent ever forgot their loss. Yet the children who remained and the boy who was born three weeks afterwards were and happily continued to be a constant source of joy, and of joy-giving occupation, to both parents. The father especially delighted in them, and they in him. He played with them, read Scott's novels to them, wrote amusing letters to them when they went to school. 'Whatever my father did with us,' writes his daughter, 'had a glimmer of delight with it unlike anything else.' As many of the sons and daughters are fortunately still with us, we will say no more of them as a group than to quote the words of the happy father written to his son George in 1876, when George was thirty years of age:

'One line to say how I, and indeed all of us, rejoice that Adams thinks well of your work, and that if all goes well will present your papers to Royal Soc. I know that I shall feel quite proud. I do hope and fully believe that in a few days you will be up to work again. Dr Clark was very nice, when here, and enquired much about you.

'Horace goes on Monday to lecture on his dynam. at Birmingham. Frank is getting on very well with Dipsacus

and has now made experiments which convince me that the matter which comes out of the glands is real live protoplasm about which I was beginning to feel horrid doubts. Leonard going to build forts.

'Oh Lord, what a set of sons I have, all doing wonders!'

George, to whom this letter was written, had been Second Wrangler and ultimately became Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge and was knighted. He died in 1912, deeply regretted by a multitude of friends, for he was remarkable alike for his social qualities and for his power of work, though the latter, as in his father's case, was sorely obstructed by perpetual ill-health. William Erasmus Darwin, the eldest son, died last year, mourned alike by friends in England and in America, where he had married the sister-in-law of Charles Eliot Norton. The other sons mentioned in the letter survive, and it is to Sir Francis that the world owes the admirable 'Life and Letters' of his father. The eldest son of Horace, the brilliant young Erasmus Darwin, was killed in Flanders last April; a sketch of his fine character is contributed by his cousin Bernard.

Though Emma Darwin was a year older than her husband, she outlived him fourteen years, spending the winter in a pleasant house just outside Cambridge, in the close neighbourhood of three of her sons. The last fifty pages of the book are filled with her letters, written mostly to her daughter Mrs Litchfield, during these fourteen years, that is to say between the age of seventy-four and eighty-eight. In every way they are a wonderful instance of wide interests and keen intelligence retained to the very end of a long life, for they deal not only with family matters great and small, but with literature and politics, all of which are handled with the vigour and good sense of a person in her prime. She helped her son Francis to bring the Biography to a successful conclusion; she delighted in all her grandchildren, and, if at any time she differed with their young mothers on questions of bringing up, she was careful not to interfere. She read constantly, especially biography and novels, and confessed with a certain shame at eighty-six years of age that she was consuming novels at the rate of a volume a day. In this she was like her husband, for he, as his daughter declares, was always 'falling in love' with one

heroine or another; but Mrs Darwin was more critical, knowing Miss Austen by heart, making fun of Miss Yonge, discriminating between the good and bad in Mrs Gaskell, and positively 'hating' Thackeray's women. She was deeply interested in the life of F. D. Maurice, but confessed to finding some difficulty in 'The Foundations of Belief'; she enjoyed Greville and the Princess Lieven, but did not enjoy 'wading through' Emerson. Of poetry she read little; attempted 'Paradise Regained' 'out of compliment to Mr Bright who used to read it through every Sunday,' and with regard to Wordsworth greatly preferred the 'caustic and amusing' essay of Lowell to the mild enthusiasm of Principal Shairp. In politics, again, she followed with the keenest interest the events and debates in and about Ireland all through the Land League time and the first Home Rule crisis. She was an ardent Unionist, having been, like most of her kindred, a staunch Whig-Liberal all her life; and at a critical moment in the 1886 debates, she writes, 'I am in a fever of anxiety that Chamberlain and Trevelyan don't give way, and then I think Gladstone must collapse.' But with all this literary and political keenness to the end of her days, her character remained what it always had been, clear-sighted on moral questions, deeply affectionate, scrupulous not to hurt or offend, and absolutely unselfish. She embodied, in fact, all the best characteristics of the three families which she represented, and of which this book gives us the history in such a pleasant form. Captious people may object that to a certain extent they formed a mutual admiration society. If they did, it was excusable; but it is much more true to say that they formed a society for mutual affection; and affection is what each and all of them deserved.

HUMPHRY WARD.

Art. 15.—NATIONAL SERVICE. ✓

THE retreat of the Russian armies before the flood of Teutonic invasion roused a great part of the nation to the grave danger which would confront the country if a similar misfortune should befall the Allied armies in France. Six months ago the Russians had entered on a career of conquest in the Carpathians; and their positions on the remainder of the front, having withstood repeated attacks, seemed impregnable. The change was sudden and dramatic. Within two days of the first boom of the German guns on the Dunajetz, the great retreat which still continues had begun.

Many people, who for months had lived in a world of dreams and illusions, created by optimists who depicted Germany as in a state approaching military and economic exhaustion, and Russia as possessing unlimited resources, began to wonder whether it was wise to rely on our Allies to win the war for us, and to ask what we had done to help them. It had already been publicly asserted that a deficiency of munitions had hampered our army in the field and exposed it to excessive loss; and inconsistent and evasive ministerial utterances did not allay anxiety. The public statement referred to was corroborated by the information, which leaked out from private sources at the front, that the shortage of artillery ammunition was so great that batteries had been placed on a very limited allowance per diem, which they could not exceed without special orders. It was realised that, just as our preparations for war had been inadequate, so, after nine months of war, the arrangements for providing the army with means to fight were still seriously defective.

It was not to be supposed that the Government had been ignorant of this deplorable state of affairs; and they were blamed for their remissness in a matter so vital to the success, and even safety, of the army. A prominent member of the late Government made the astounding admission that, if our preparations had been defective, the people, and not the Government, were to blame, because the public had not made its voice heard on the subject. Those who should have led had waited

for a lead. Now, in response to public pressure, the Ministry was reconstructed and a Munitions Department was established, which took in hand the organisation of our manufacturing resources.

But public attention had been concentrated on the Army; and a great many who had been content to play at follow-my-leader along the pleasant path of self-deception, began to think that leaders who had proved remiss in some important respects might be equally wanting in others. It was found that recruiting had fallen off, despite successive urgent appeals and the exercise of various forms of pressure. It was also found that numbers of skilled men had been taken from indispensable industries, restricting the output of munitions and the export trade; and that a large proportion of married men had been enlisted, causing hardship to individuals and a large expenditure on account of separation allowances; while thousands of young bachelors, who had responded neither to appeal nor pressure, were profitably filling the vacancies of the more patriotic. Anxiety was felt as to the ability of a system so unfair and inefficient to provide and equip an army strong enough to fulfil our obligations to the Allies, and to safeguard our own interests in the struggle for the freedom of Europe. It was seen that we are fighting a great nation in arms with a fraction of our resources. If the Government wanted a lead they were given it by a section of the Press which asked whether it was wise to risk defeat, when, by developing our full power, victory might be made as certain as anything can be in war. Our Allies had accepted the obligation of personal service for all citizens of military age. We alone had untouched reserves. What right had we to evade a similar obligation?

The mention of obligatory service raised a storm of opposition in another section of the Press which had always opposed preparation for war, and which was pledged to the voluntary system as an article of political faith. Ignoring the fact that the question at issue was purely one of military expediency, they discussed it with all the heat and partiality which characterise political controversy. The more responsible papers on this side

opposed the suggestion with time-worn academic arguments which, long since discredited, have been refuted by recent experience. We hear less of the once popular assertion that 'one volunteer is worth three pressed men,' for the so-called 'conscript armies' have shown their mettle on many battlefields, and it would imply too outrageous an insult to our valiant Allies. But other stock arguments were paraded in full strength. Compulsion, it was said, is opposed to the genius—presumably the inclination or prejudice—of the nation. But inclinations must yield to necessity; and our independence is more important than our prejudices. It was urged that National Service would dislocate our industries, the fact being ignored that this is precisely what the voluntary system has done; and that Germany, while keeping vast armies in the field, has worked her essential industries at far higher pressure than in peace, and maintained a superiority in all the material of war. It was further objected that to alter our system during war would be as foolish as to change horses when crossing a stream. This objection, like the proverbial philosophy on which it relies, leaves untouched the vital question, What should be done if the horses break down? Is it better to leave the waggon in mid-stream, and fall to wringing one's hands helplessly on the bank, or to make a manly effort to replace the exhausted team? Again, it was pointed out that the voluntary system had done much more than had been expected; that a great army had been raised by voluntary effort; that we had already done more for the Alliance than we had undertaken to do; and lastly, that it was not proved that the system had failed to supply our needs. It was, however, obviously irrelevant to point to what had been done, the question being, Had we done enough to ensure victory? and if not, what more could be done? And it was clearly impossible for the Government to give proofs of either the adequacy or inadequacy of our recruiting system without disclosing information concerning the state of our resources, present and prospective, which would be of infinite value to the enemy.

When argument had failed, a less scrupulous section of the Press set itself to oppose the new movement tooth and nail, regardless of consequences. Finding that the

working classes were more inclined to listen to the appeals of responsible speakers than to academic arguments, and showed a disposition to respond to any call the Government might make, these papers strove to rouse the prejudices of the ignorant and undiscerning. The movement was denounced as an attempt to Prussianise the nation, in which the Munitions Act was the first step and the National Register a second. The failure of the Munitions Act to cope with the strike in South Wales was cited as an example of the inability of the Government to oppose the more powerful forces of organised labour; and, having thus pitted Trades Unions against the Government, they proclaimed that any attempt to introduce what they called 'conscription' would divide the country into hostile camps. Those who advocated National Service were vilified and abused; and finally, to counteract any tendency that might remain to listen to rational and patriotic counsel, they concocted scandalous and unfounded rumours of plots in the Cabinet, in order to undermine such influence as the Government might possess, and equally unfounded rumours of plots outside, in order to blacken the character of 'conscriptionists' by attributing motives of personal ambition or party rancour.

It would be superfluous to notice this sordid campaign were it not for its effect in unbalancing the public mind with regard to a question which involves vital issues and needs calm consideration. Its ostensible motive was to prevent the Government from being influenced in favour of National Service. Its actual result has been to let loose forces which are little amenable to reason, and to cause serious embarrassment to those responsible for the conduct of the war. Some of its effects were seen at the Trades Union Congress, where several speakers appealed to prejudice and passion, and, while the Congress declared itself resolved to help the Government to win the war, gave the impression that organised labour would reject, at any cost, the principle of legal obligation to render personal service.

It would be rash for a mere soldier, who has no liking for politics and its controversial methods, to venture into such a political tornado were it not that the question, calmly considered, is a purely military one. It is not to

be supposed that any sane Englishman would regard with equanimity the prospect of Germany being victorious, or object to any measures that might be necessary to avert such a calamity. Unhappily, the efforts of those who oppose a complete organisation of our resources, military and other, have been assisted by statements, till lately frequent in the Press, that Germany was near the end of her resources, statements which, though disproved by events, have left their impress on minds that cannot readily rid themselves of preconceived ideas. There are still many who do not realise that Germany, having organised all her resources for war, is practically self-contained and self-supporting; while we are using only a portion of our strength, and are largely dependent on other countries for supplies, payment for which constitutes a strain on our finances which, with a growing reduction in our exports, cannot be indefinitely sustained.

Those who ask for proof that the voluntary system is inadequate to supply our needs forget that there is no certainty in war, and that the prudent course is to provide for possibilities. It cannot even be said that superior numbers will win, for many victories have been gained with inferior forces. At the outset of the present war Russia had nearly as many trained men as Germany and Austria combined; and the Triple Entente had a considerable superiority in numbers. The participation of Italy increased the disparity. Yet Russia has been invaded; a deadlock has existed in France and Flanders for many months; and the Italians have made little progress. During thirteen months of war the enemy have been continuously on the offensive in one or other of the two principal theatres, and have gone nearer to achieving decisive success than have the Allies. What number of men and what amount of material accessories are required to reverse this state of affairs, and to drive the Germans out of Russia, France and Belgium, no mortal can say.

The only safe course is to do as others have done; to mobilise all our resources, and concentrate our whole strength on the prosecution of the war. It is said that the voluntary system will prove equal to the occasion, but results do not bear this out. Recruiting is almost at

a standstill; and the industries on which, next to the army, success depends are admittedly being worked far below their maximum capacity. It is also said, somewhat inconsistently, that further expansion of our military forces would be impossible without depleting our indispensable industries. On the other hand, Mr Lloyd George has stated that there is no dearth of unskilled labour for munition factories; and that what is lacking is skilled workmen, many of whom have been drafted into the army under our indiscriminating system. The problem of so organising our industries that as many men as possible may be made available for military service is one for experts in the various trades. It requires a careful investigation of our industrial requirements, of the extent to which boy and female labour could be used to replace men, and kindred questions. This enquiry, it may be hoped, will be much facilitated by the National Register, the analysis of which should provide the requisite information within a short time. Such industries as mining, the railway service, and metal trades have probably yielded as many recruits as can be spared, while those specially connected with the export trade would need special consideration.

When we come to the requirements of the army, we are still on treacherous ground. Some idea of the numbers required to replace wastage is obtainable from the statements which have been made in Parliament from time to time with respect to casualties. The losses of our Expeditionary Force during the period of severe fighting prior to Nov. 1, 1914, were 57,000, or approximately one-third of the force in a little over two months. On this basis an army, in the course of a year, would need nearly twice its original numbers to keep it up to strength. The statements made since that date are of little use, because the army in the field was gradually expanded, and because there is no published information of the strength of the reinforcements or the dates of their arrival. The casualties between Nov. 1, 1914, and Feb. 4, 1915, numbered 47,000; between Feb. 5 and April 11, 34,347; and between April 12 and Aug. 21, 243,635; the total for the twelve months being 381,982. The battle of Neuve Chapelle, lasting three days, accounted for

12,811 casualties, the great majority of which were in two army corps (the 4th and Indian Corps), a force not exceeding 70,000 men. In the Dardanelles, during the period of severe fighting between April 25 and May 31, the losses were 38,636, or nearly half the average strength in a period of five weeks. The casualties for the year probably exceeded the average strength during that period; in addition to which it must be remembered that the statements do not include the numbers invalidated for sickness and other reasons.

Except in the Dardanelles, our armies have been mostly on the defensive, and have only occasionally been involved in severe fighting. It will, therefore, be instructive to consider the losses of the Austro-Hungarian army, which has been continuously engaged on one or more fronts, and concerning which detailed figures have been published, on apparently good authority. The casualties during the first year amounted to 1,153,100 killed and missing, and 1,915,000 sick and wounded. These figures represent the gross casualties, and require correction in order to arrive at the net wastage which had actually to be replaced. The killed and missing are permanently non-effective; but a proportion of the sick and wounded, which may be taken at one-half, return to duty after a period of convalescence which we will assume to be three months. On this basis about 960,000 sick and wounded Austro-Hungarians have, or will, again become effective; but from this number we must deduct 240,000 who, having been admitted to hospital during the last three months of the year, were still non-effective on Aug. 1. We thus find that the net wastage which had to be replaced during the year amounted, in round figures, to 2,350,000, made up as follows: 1,150,000 killed and missing; 960,000 permanently incapacitated; and 240,000 not yet recovered.

The Austro-Hungarian army began the war with an effective strength of about 900,000 men, which has been gradually increased. The numbers now in the field are not accurately known, but they are probably in the neighbourhood of 1,500,000. It is safe to assume that the net wastage for the year amounted to approximately twice the average strength of the army during that period. If this result be compared with the information

available regarding British losses, it may be concluded that, for the replacement of the wastage of war during one year, there must be an average of more than one man in reserve at home for every man at the front. This, however, makes no provision for replacing those invalided for sickness or other causes; nor does it provide for the heavy losses likely to attend the continuous offensive fighting which must be expected if the Germans are to be driven out of France and Belgium. Two men at home for every man at the front would perhaps be the lowest safe estimate; and this, in fact, is the proportion generally accepted.

When we come to enquire into the adequacy of the present system of recruiting to maintain the army in the field, we are still in the region of uncertainty, because, for obvious reasons, no exact statements have been published either of the strength of the forces we intend to maintain in the field, or the numbers enlisted. If, for the purpose of argument, we put the former at about a million, we shall probably not be wide of the mark. Whether such a force will be adequate, considering the difficulties before us, and the inevitable wastage that will occur in the armies of our Allies, we shall not attempt to discuss. The question can only be answered by means of information which only those in high military authority possess.

Forces of this strength would need, according to our estimate, drafts amounting to two million men to replace the wastage of one year; and at the end of the year there should be an additional number of recruits in various stages of training, to provide for wastage during the first months of the following year. With regard to the numbers already enlisted Mr Asquith made a cryptic statement on Sept. 15. He put them at 'an aggregate not far short of three millions of men, first and last, who have offered themselves to the country.' It would appear from the wording of this statement that the aggregate included, besides those actually enlisted, the men who were rejected on examination, and those who have been discharged for various reasons since enlistment; and it explicitly included those 'who were serving, or were called up to serve, in the Army and the Navy at the outbreak of the war,' as well as those 'who have

since enlisted in both services.' In order to arrive at the numbers available on Sept. 15, 1915, to replace the wastage in the assumed army of one million during the year ending Sept. 14, 1916, we must therefore deduct from the aggregate 1,000,000 serving at the front, some 300,000 in the Navy, and about 400,000 casualties,* leaving an available number 'not far short of' 1,300,000, nearly half of which would be needed for home defence. It is obvious from what has already been said, that this number is 'far short of' what will be required if we are to keep an army of one million men, or anything like it, in the field, even during the year ending Sept. 14, 1916; and it makes no allowance at all for the prolongation of the war beyond that date.

Our object is to indicate the complexity of the question with which the Government have to deal, and not to suggest definite conclusions which could only be based on figures and probabilities of which none but the responsible authorities have accurate knowledge. It is apparent from Ministerial utterances that the state of recruiting is unsatisfactory. Thus Lord Kitchener stated in the House of Lords on Sept. 15 that, while 'every effort has been made to obtain our requirements under the present system,' the problem of maintaining the army up to strength during 1916 'has cost us anxious thought, which has been accentuated and rendered more pressing by the recent falling-off in the numbers coming forward to enlist.' 'We shall,' he added, 'require a large addition to the number of recruits joining.'

How the necessary stimulus is to be applied without imposing legal obligation to serve is, doubtless, one aspect of the question which is engaging the attention of the Government. Where appeal and pressure have failed, it is hard to see what further expedients can be adopted that would leave the voluntary system any vestige of title to its name. It is not only necessary to get recruits, but to obtain them in batches adapted to our facilities for training; and these batches must become available at least six months before they are required to

* Estimated to Sept. 15. No allowance is made for convalescents returned to duty, but an unknown number of sick is not included.

take the field. These requirements demand a kind of organisation to which the voluntary system does not lend itself. In critical times recruits have been plentiful; but the crisis must be foreseen and provided against six months ahead, if operations are not to be frustrated by want of reinforcements. The Trades Unions have declared their readiness to assist; but their organisation does not include the whole field of recruiting, and its power is exercised by compulsion, enforced by methods not recognised by law, and not amenable to Government control.

If a system of legal compulsion is to be adopted, no time should be lost in evolving the necessary organisation; for, if it is to be established on an efficient and equitable basis, months will pass before it can become operative. While it would aim at developing to the utmost the fighting and industrial powers of the nation, which would involve the subordination of private interests to the needs of the State, just claims to individual exemption from military service should not be ignored. Rules to govern exemptions should be drawn up beforehand, in order that there may be no inequality. The requirements of indispensable industries would need exhaustive consideration; and the allotment of individuals to industries and to the army would be a task requiring careful discrimination if both are to attain the highest possible efficiency. And, when these and other preliminaries had been completed, the recruits would have to be put through an ample course of training. Instead of submitting to the guidance of those who urge the Government to 'wait and see' the present system collapse, it is necessary to look a year ahead. A haphazard scheme of compulsion, hurriedly extemporised, would infallibly be tainted with the worst defects of indiscriminate conscription.

A heavy responsibility rests upon the Government, heavier than the late Government bore when it declared war. At that time it was a question—so at least it appeared to the public—of fulfilling international obligations; and the public, with few exceptions, supported the Government. Now, as everybody knows, it is a question not of fulfilling treaty obligations, but of saving Europe from Prussian domination, and the British

Empire from destruction. It is deplorable that, at so grave a crisis, there should be any uncertainty as to the means requisite to ensure success, or any hint of opposition to National Service if it should be deemed necessary to adopt such a measure for the duration of the war. The prolonged deliberation of the Government suggests doubt or divided counsels; and the delay in announcing their decision is causing disquietude to the more thoughtful part of the community, and giving time for pro-German influences to work to the detriment of the national safety. It is to be hoped that their decision will soon be announced, and that if, as seems likely, it should involve the temporary abandonment of the voluntary system, there may be no half-measures which, besides operating unfairly and causing dissatisfaction, would fall short of developing the full power, military and industrial, of the nation. For we believe, with many others who have had opportunities, in recent years, of acquiring some knowledge of German organisation, and of the spirit which pervades and actuates the German army and people, that nothing less than the full development of the national resources will ensure the decisive victory which can alone lead to a lasting peace. Those who, during the past half-century, have guided the destinies of Germany, were well aware that in a war of nations it is the spirit of the people that makes the army formidable; and, while perfecting the military organisation, they did not neglect to imbue the people with national aims and aspirations. The fruit of their labours has ripened during war to a degree that, probably, no one anticipated. As a recent neutral visitor to Germany remarked ('Times,' Aug. 18), 'Germany at war has an intensity about it almost impossible to realise. The country is at war, and is doing nothing else, and thinking of nothing else.'

Art. 16.—THE WAR.

I.—BY LAND.

At the beginning of July, the period at which we resume our review of the war, the Russian army in Courland was in occupation of the line of the rivers Windawa, Wenta, and Dubissa. West of the Middle Niemen the continuation of the line lay approximately through Kalvaria and Augustovo to Ossowetz, and thence, on the Narew front, through Kolno and Przasnysz to the Vistula. On the Vistula front, north of the Pilitza, the Russians continued to occupy the positions on the rivers Bzura and Rawka which they had taken up in December. Between the Pilitza and the Upper Vistula they were falling back slowly in conformity with the movement of the armies in South-Eastern Poland, which were retiring from the Galician frontier towards the Ivangorod—Kovel railway; and on July 1 Austrian troops occupied Josefov. Between the Vistula and the Bug heavy fighting was proceeding on the line Josefov—Krasnik—Zamosc. In Galicia the Russians were retiring towards the Upper Bug and the Zlota Lipa; and, below the confluence of the latter river with the Dniester, they held the left bank of the Dniester except at Zaleszyki, which had been occupied by the Austrians on June 11.

The operations had just entered on a new phase, of which the principal scene lay in Eastern Poland. Mackensen, after occupying Lemberg on June 22, had wheeled his right wing to the left so as to come into line with his left wing, which, under the Archduke Joseph Ferdinand, had been covering the advance on Lemberg from a possible flank attack from the north. In the general advance which followed, the River Wieprz formed the line of demarcation between the right and left wings, Cholm and Lublin being the respective objectives. Concurrently with this movement the army of Woyrsch, operating between the Pilitza and the Upper Vistula, pressed forward towards Ivangorod; the effect of these combined movements being to threaten the connexion between the Russian armies operating in Southern and Eastern Poland, separated, as they were, by the broad stream of the Vistula. Ivangorod, the

permanent defences of which had long been obsolete, was the critical point, as it guards the only permanent bridges over the Middle Vistula above Warsaw. Its capture by Woyrsch would lay open the rear of the Russian army east of the river, while, if it should fall to Mackensen, the army opposing Woyrsch would be similarly exposed. Moreover, it formed a connecting link between the German strategic railways and the Russian system in Eastern Poland. Its capture would therefore be an important step towards gaining possession of the line of the Vistula.

It soon became apparent, however, that the Germans cherished more ambitious projects than the acquisition of the line of the Vistula. Reports published towards the end of June indicated that considerable hostile forces were assembling on the Narew front between Kolno and the Mława railway. An army under Gallwitz captured a position north of Przasnysz on June 25; and on July 6 a second army under Scholtz, composed of reserve and *landwehr* troops, took the offensive in the Orzec valley. By the middle of July the Russians had fallen back to the Narew on the front between Łomża and Pultusk. In the meantime the army of Below in Courland, having been reinforced, began offensive operations on the entire front between the Baltic and the Lower Niemen. Before the end of July Below's left wing had occupied Windau, and had reached the line of the rivers Aa and Eckau, within twenty miles of Riga on the west and south; and his right wing had advanced to within forty miles of the Petrograd—Wilna railway between Dwinsk and Swentsiany. About the same time there was a renewal of activity on the Niemen front, the objective of which was the fortress of Kovno. These operations, considered as a whole, pointed to the design of occupying the whole of Poland as far as the line of the Bug, and of gaining possession of the line of the Niemen and the Dwina, including the important port of Riga, which would be used as a fresh base of supply.

Mackensen's advance, and the Russian retreat towards the Ivangorod—Kovel railway, tended to separate the armies in Eastern Poland from those in Galicia and to weaken the link which connected them on the Bug. This, together with the transfer of the principal scene

of operations to Poland, led to a considerable withdrawal of the forces of both sides from Galicia to the north, followed by a lull in the fighting on the Upper Bug, the Złota Lipa, and the Dniester. This pause continued, with minor interruptions, till the end of August. The whole of Linsingen's command, which had formed the backbone of the Austro-German armies on the Dniester, appears to have been gradually withdrawn and brought into line on Mackensen's right, leaving only the armies of Boehm-Ermolli, Bothmer, and Pflanzer, which consisted chiefly of Austrian troops with a stiffening of Germans, to hold the front in Galicia. The ultimate effect of this transfer of troops, together with the progress of events, has been to concentrate the bulk of the Russian forces, and nearly all the German army corps, on the north of the Pinsk Marshes, whither the Austrian armies under Woyrsch and the Archduke have also been drawn by the course of the operations.

The simultaneous advance of Gallwitz and Scholtz from the north, and of Mackensen from the south, seriously threatened to intercept the retreat of the Russian army west of the Vistula, and to envelop the central group of Russian armies in the great salient between the Vistula and the Bug. The Russians, however, had the advantage of operating on interior lines, which conferred on them the power of moving their troops freely within the salient, and of concentrating either on the Narew, the Vistula, or the Lublin front more speedily than the enemy. The distance to be covered, the lack of communications, and the obstacle offered by the Vistula, made it practically impossible for the Germans to reinforce any of the three fronts by transferring troops from the others. Mackensen and Gallwitz, who sustained the brunt of the operations, were, in fact, unable to render mutual assistance. Each was obliged to work out his own salvation with the forces originally under his command, aided by such reserves as might be available in the rear.

The Russians appear to have taken advantage of these circumstances by concentrating the bulk of their forces against Mackensen, while availing themselves of the strong defensive line of the Narew and the difficult country between it and the Bug, to keep Scholtz and

Gallwitz in check. If they could defeat Mackensen, and throw his army back in disorder into Galicia, they might then contain him with an inferior force, and throw their weight on the side of the Narew with a view to dealing similarly with Scholtz and Gallwitz. If, on the other hand, their offensive against Mackensen should fail, they would be in danger of being driven back on both fronts and of being hemmed in by the hostile armies advancing from the south, west, and north. The disaster of Sedan might be reproduced on a much larger scale in Poland.

The disadvantage at which the Germans were placed by operating on exterior lines was accentuated by the dearth of railway communications in rear of their armies on the northern and southern fronts. It used to be accepted as an axiom that large armies could not be kept supplied without an efficient railway service, by which food, forage, and ammunition could be brought up within a short distance of their front. The general correctness of this view has been supported by the fact, referred to in previous articles, that the principal operations during the present war have invariably followed lines of railway. The armies of Gallwitz and Scholtz, when they reached the Narew, were for the most part forty miles from the frontier railway of East Prussia; and the difficulty of bringing forward supplies by road doubtless hampered their operations between the Narew and the Bug, where they were held in check for three weeks by a vigorous Russian offensive. The case of Mackensen was still more difficult, because his forces were more numerous, and the supplies had to be transported across a wider belt of railless country.

The experience of the war has dealt somewhat rudely with many ideas which used to be generally accepted. This is no new phenomenon, for on other occasions the effect of fundamental changes in the conditions under which war was waged has not been clearly anticipated. Among the changes which have materially affected operations during the present war is the introduction of motor transport; and the Germans, partly through foresight and partly by promptly reaping the fruit of experience, have taken full advantage of its possibilities. Still, with the few and inferior roads available, the supply of Mackensen's large forces during a month of strenuous

fighting in a railless region must be considered a *tour de force*; and it might have been seriously interrupted by adverse weather. The construction of a line of railway to bridge the gap between Sokal and Wladimir Wolynsky was put in hand at the earliest moment possible; but, even if completed, it could be of no service till the junction at Kovel and the railway from that place through Cholm and Lublin had been captured and put in working order.

Considerations such as the above probably led the Russians to throw their weight against Mackensen in the first instance. The Kovel—Ivangorod railway, amply connected with the railway systems of the northern and southern provinces of Russia, lay conveniently in rear of their armies, facilitating the transport of supplies and reinforcements. The country to be traversed by the Germans had been denuded of supplies as the Russian forces fell back; and there was some prospect of Mackensen being embarrassed by lack of food and forage for his armies, and by the difficulty of bringing up ammunition for the large force of artillery to which he owed his superiority in battle. Our Allies, following the principle of striking where the enemy seemed weakest, concentrated their forces chiefly against the Austrians under the Archduke, who was attempting to advance from Krasnik towards Lublin, and in the neighbourhood of Sokal on the Bug, where, as already observed, the link between Mackensen's right and the left of Boehm-Ermolli's army in Galicia might be expected to be somewhat strained. The attack in both quarters caused the Germans some anxiety. Mackensen was obliged to suspend the advance of his right wing, which was at the time heavily engaged near Krasnostow, in order to reinforce the Archduke; and fresh troops were hurried up to reinforce the danger-point at Sokal. Ultimately the weight of superior numbers and artillery proved decisive. The Russian offensive was checked after a fortnight of stubborn fighting; and Mackensen, after having made unsuccessful attempts at various points between the Wieprz and the Bug, ultimately broke through at Grubieszow on July 22. This event was decisive. The Russian offensive had failed; while on the same day their defence of the Narew line was seriously impaired

by Gallwitz forcing the river in the neighbourhood of Roshan. There was no course open to our Allies except to continue their retreat and withdraw their armies from Eastern Poland to a safer position between the fortresses of Brest-Litovsk and Grodno—an operation of no little difficulty and danger under the pressure of concentric attacks from the north, west and south.

It would be impossible in the space available to follow the details of the operation, which was conducted with consummate skill, and effected with comparatively slight loss. Not only had the armies to be withdrawn from Eastern Poland, but time had to be gained to allow the population to escape, to carry off or destroy the crops and other supplies, and to remove the stores and armament of fortified places, rase the fortifications, blow up bridges, and render lines of railway as far as possible unserviceable. The Russians were betimes in making their preparations; and the evacuation of all important places was well advanced before it became evident—at least to observers in this country—that a continuance of the retreat was inevitable. Three days before the German success at Grubieszow and the capture of the Narew crossing, the force covering Warsaw was withdrawn from the Bzura—Rawka line to a position nearer that city, while the troops south of the Pilitza fell back on the advanced works of Ivangorod, indicating that these places were almost ready to be abandoned. The Russians evacuated Ivangorod on Aug. 4, and Warsaw on the following day, blowing up the bridges over the Vistula. Meanwhile the armies on the southern front were falling back slowly, fighting rearguard actions. The Archduke occupied Lublin on July 28; and on Aug. 1 Mackensen entered Cholm.

Concurrently with the offensive operations against Mackensen, the armies of Gallwitz and Scholtz were kept at bay on the Narew front. The defence of a river-line is always a matter of some difficulty. The defending force, which is naturally the weaker, cannot be so distributed as to be strong enough at all points to prevent a crossing being effected by surprise. The only practicable method of defence is to keep careful watch on the whole extent of the front, and to guard the points at which

attack is most likely by means of detachments, whose duty, if attacked, is to delay the enemy as long as possible. The bulk of the defending force is kept in reserve and distributed at central points in the rear, with a view to the speedy reinforcement of any detachments that may be attacked. If the enemy should succeed in forcing a passage before the arrival of the neighbouring reserves, the latter, if properly posted, should at least come up in time to fall upon the troops which have crossed, before they are firmly established, and to destroy them, or throw them back across the river.

Topographical conditions affect the problem of attack and defence. The existence of roads parallel to the river facilitates the concentration of troops for attack and of reinforcements for the defence. Railways at a safe distance in rear of the fighting forces assist supply. Artillery positions may prove decisive in favour of the side possessing them. A salient in the river-front of the defence is vulnerable, because it lends itself to converging fire, especially that of artillery, besides being often accompanied by a command of the exterior bank over the interior, due to erosion by the current—a circumstance favourable to the attack. Tributaries on the assailant's bank enable pontoon bridges to be put together secretly under cover from fire, whence they can be floated down and thrown quickly across the main stream. When the river is broad, islands are useful to afford a lodgement for advanced parties, by which the defenders' fire may be kept down at closer range, besides reducing the quantity of bridging material required. Other obvious factors of importance are the character of the banks, the depth and strength of the stream, and the nature of the bottom.

In the case under consideration, while many of these factors are unknown, some are discernible on large-scale maps. With regard to roads, the Germans had the best of the position. A main road passing through Pultusk runs approximately parallel to the Narew, on the right bank, from Ostrolenka to the Mława railway. On the left bank there is no lateral road near enough to be of service. The Warsaw—Ostrolenka railway was useful to the Russians for purposes of supply; but for the transport of large forces over short distances railways

are valueless, owing to the time spent in marching to and fro, and in entraining and detraining guns and horses. The angle between the Narew and the Bug is densely wooded, which deprived the Russians of the support of their artillery in that region. The Orzec falls into the Niemen eight miles above Pultusk, at the point chosen by the Germans for their principal attack, and was probably utilised for the construction of bridges.

The procedure followed in the attack was normal. Feints were made at numerous points below Ostrolenka, one of which actually gained a temporary lodgement on the left bank at Roshan. The main force was rapidly thrown across the Niemen near its confluence with the Orzec. But no sooner were the Germans across than their difficulties began. As happened to Linsingen at Zuravno,* their troops became broken up in the woods, and their guns ceased to be of service. The crossing was effected on July 24. On the following day large Russian reserves came into action from the direction of Ostrov, and by a vigorous counter-offensive checked the enemy's advance till Aug. 1, when they were obliged to give way before strong reinforcements and volumes of poisonous gas. Gallwitz and Scholtz were, however, unable to unite their forces on the left bank and begin their advance in force till another week had elapsed, by which time the safe retreat of the main Russian armies had been ensured.

The only serious misfortune during the retreat occurred at Novo Georgiewsk. This place, which, alone among the defences of Western Poland, had been brought up to what were supposed to be the requirements of a first-class fortress, covered the principal line of advance against Warsaw from the north, flanked the approach from the west, and formed the key of the Vistula and the Bug—Narew line according to the ideas in vogue before the war. It was expected to afford a secure base from which an army might operate against the flank of a hostile force attempting to cross either river, while the position at the angles formed by the rivers enhanced the value of its fortifications by causing an army which might attempt to invest it to

* Vide 'Quarterly Review' for July, p. 272.

be divided into three sections, which would be exposed to defeat in detail.

But the circumstances which rendered its position strong against attack made it difficult to withdraw the garrison as soon as Gallwitz had gained possession of the Narew, and Prince Leopold of Bavaria (who commanded the army-group on the Vistula front) had entered Warsaw. The withdrawal, having to be effected by way of the narrow strip of country between the Bug and the Vistula, was liable to be intercepted by the enemy's concentric movement. At the same time it was necessary to hold the place up to the last moment, in order to prevent the evacuation of Warsaw from being interrupted by Gallwitz' advance. The force left for this purpose in Novo Georgiewsk was doubtless reduced to the smallest dimensions compatible with the needs of the situation. Finding its retreat cut off, it was either destroyed or captured after a gallant defence. The incident has been criticised as an instance of faulty arrangements, but the difficulties of the situation are obvious, and it is wiser to reserve criticism until the circumstances are known.

After the abandonment of the line of the Vistula, the retreat became more rapid. There being no further prospect of defeating the Germans in Eastern Poland, there was no time to be lost in evacuating the salient, and getting the armies into a safer position on the Grodno—Brest-Litovsk line, where the general front would be straight and the forces more concentrated. The retirement was effected by a successive withdrawal from positions from west to east. Scholtz was held back about Lomza, and Mackensen's advance in the Grubieszow district was stubbornly resisted, in order to prevent their closing towards Brest and enveloping the forces retreating from the west. On Aug. 13 the Russians evacuated Sedlec, and by Aug. 20 their armies were deployed on the Bielystok—Brest—Wlodawa railway.

It is uncertain whether our Allies entertained the project of offering battle on the Grodno—Brest—Bug line after the enemy's converging movement in Eastern Poland had begun to develop early in July. It seems more likely that they decided, about that period, to

continue their retreat if they should fail to defeat the enemy in the operations then impending. However that may be, it is at least certain that they made timely preparations to evacuate Brest; for, when the Germans entered the place on Aug. 25 after the Russians had blown up the forts, they found no booty worth reporting.

As soon as the Germans found that their scheme for enveloping the Russian army in Eastern Poland was doomed to fail, they began to prepare for fresh operations of a similar nature on a larger scale in the region between Brest and Wilna. A day or two before the occupation of Warsaw, Eichorn began to force his way towards Kovno, a first-class fortress which, with Grodno, a place of equal rank but of more recent construction, guards the Middle Niemen. On Aug. 17 Kovno fell, after ten days of almost continuous assaults delivered against the front between the Lower Niemen and the River Jessia, which adjoins the Insterburg—Kovno railway. The Germans suffered heavily through Eichorn's impetuosity in launching the earlier attacks before his siege-guns had come up; but the capture of Kovno was probably considered worth the sacrifice, for it not only opened the way to Wilna, but also rendered the whole line of the Middle Niemen untenable, and removed any possibility of the Russians making a stand between Grodno and Brest. Ossowetz was abandoned on Aug. 22; and on the following day Austrian cavalry under General Puhallo seized the railway junction at Kovel, threatening Brest from the south-east. On Sept. 1 Grodno was evacuated; the whole of the Middle Niemen was in the hands of the Germans; and the Russians were falling back on the region between the Upper Niemen and the Pinsk Marshes.

The fall of Kovno seems to have been the signal for the resumption of the offensive by Below's army in Courland, which had meanwhile been reinforced. Attempts to advance on Riga from the south and west had failed; and a German fleet, which tried to enter the Gulf on two occasions (Aug. 8 and 18), had been driven off with loss. Below now turned his attention in the direction of Friedrichstadt, and on Aug. 27 came in contact with the defences of the bridge, which he carried on

Sept. 3. This accomplished, he concentrated the bulk of his army towards the right, and advanced on Jacobstadt and Dwinsk in co-operation with a general movement of Hindenburg's group of armies towards the Dwinsk—Wilna—Lida railway. These operations comprised a concentric attack on Dwinsk, an enveloping movement on Wilna, and an advance in several columns from the region of the Middle Niemen on the railway junction of Lida, and on the line between that place and Wilna. The right flank of Hindenburg's army-group moved by both banks of the Upper Niemen, maintaining contact with Prince Leopold's left, which was directed on Novo Grodec. Between Dwinsk and Wilna a large body of cavalry, unofficially stated to comprise twelve or thirteen divisions supported by infantry in motor vehicles, advanced across the railway north of Swentziany. Detachments of cavalry were thrown forward rapidly to cut the railway from Molodetchno to Polotzk, and to cover the left flank of the main body, which wheeled to its right and seized the Wilna—Minsk railway west of Molodetchno, severing the direct line of communication between Wilna and Minsk. Covered by this cavalry movement, Eichorn threw his left flank forward across the Upper Wilia in order to envelope Wilna on the north and east, while his right wing advanced on the west and south-west; and Scholtz, prolonging the front, pressed forward towards the Lida railway and attempted to secure the junction at that place. Outflanked on the north, and attacked from the west, the situation of the Wilna army became critical.

The Russian General Staff has been criticised for having postponed the retreat until, as many thought at the time, its safety had been jeopardised; and the apparent procrastination has been ascribed to the action of the new Chief of the Staff, General Alexieff, who had succeeded General Yanushkevitch when the latter was transferred, along with the Grand Duke Nicholas, to the Caucasian command. This criticism appears to be based on the assumption that the Emperor had been dissatisfied with the Grand Duke's cautious strategy, and wished to put an end to the general retreat. The prolonged retention of Wilna is, however, easily explained on strictly military grounds; and there is no reason to suppose that

either the Emperor or his Staff was actuated by other considerations. A glance at the map will show that the main armies, operating between Wilna and the Pinsk Marshes, depended on the railway passing through Minsk for their supplies; and that, if the enemy had succeeded in seizing that important junction, their position would have become dangerous. The course of the operations about Wilna makes it clear that the enemy's design was to gain possession of Minsk, and then to hem in the Russian armies against the Pinsk Marshes. Minsk was, in fact, the objective of the cavalry; and the defeat of the armies between Wilna and the Upper Niemen was only the first item in a much more ambitious scheme. It was, therefore, necessary to retain Wilna as long as possible, in order that the retreat of the main armies should not be jeopardised. The alternative was to accelerate the general retirement—a course which could have been adopted only as a last resort, because the fundamental object of the retreat was to retard the enemy, and gain time to provide the reinforcements and munitions necessary to enable the armies to resume the offensive, while sacrificing as little territory as possible. Moreover the defensive value of the numerous tributaries which flow into the Pripiet was not to be neglected; and the approaching rains, by flooding the vast expanse of low-lying country west of the Beresina, would seriously embarrass the enemy.

The arrangements for evacuating the town were taken in hand before the fall of Kovno, and had doubtless been completed before it became necessary to withdraw the army. From the rapid progress of the German cavalry it may be conjectured that the Russians were unprepared for such a movement; if so, the omission was quickly rectified, and the enemy were thrown back from the Minsk railway, portions of which they had captured in the first onset. Eichorn's left wing was kept at bay on the Upper Wilia; and his right wing, with Scholtz' army, was held in check west of the railway to Lida while the troops were being withdrawn from the dangerous positions about the apex of the salient. The operation, which was a small-scale reproduction of the withdrawal from Eastern Poland, was successfully carried out; and on Oct. 1 the army occupied a front

covering Molodetchno. On its right the cavalry protected the railway to Polotzk; and the German cavalry, having failed in its mission of cutting the Russian communications with Minsk, had withdrawn in the direction of Dwinsk. On its left the general front extended east of Novo Grodec and Baranowischi to Pinsk, where Mackensen, having sustained a repulse, had fallen back on the defensive.

Meanwhile the attack on Dwinsk had assumed formidable proportions. By suspending the offensive about Friedrichstadt, and drawing the bulk of his forces towards the right, Below established a better connexion with Eichorn, and obtained the use of the railway from Libau for supply. The capture of Dwinsk would probably lead to the possession of the entire line of the Dwina, obliging General Russky to fall back towards Petrograd. If the Russians should also be cut off from Minsk, the separation of Russky's northern group of armies from Evert's central group would be definitely accomplished. The acquisition of the line of the Dwina would, moreover, give the Germans a good defensive position on their northern flank, if, as seemed likely, they should decide to suspend active operations in Russia during the winter, and turn their attention to another theatre of war. The struggle at Dwinsk was, therefore, even more important than that about Wilna; for, whereas the retention of Wilna was not essential, the loss of Dwinsk would materially affect the general situation. The procedure in the attack was similar to that adopted at Wilna. Below first closed on the positions covering the bridge between the north-west and south-west, and then gradually extended his right wing with the view of reaching the river above the town. He came in contact with the advanced positions covering the bridge about Sept. 15; but despite desperate attacks he made little progress, and on Oct. 1 his troops were still ten or fifteen miles from the bridge on the north and west, and more than twenty miles distant on the south.

It remains to notice briefly the operations which, in the meantime, had been proceeding on the front south of the Pripet. The principal objective of the German armies in this quarter was probably the railway junctions at and south of Rovno, the possession of which would

give them the use of the permanent lines to Brest-Litowsk and Baranowischi for purposes of supply, and as a means of communication between the armies south and north of the Pinsk Marshes. A concentric advance was begun on Aug. 26 (the day following the occupation of Brest), from the front Kovel—Wladimir-Wolynski on the north-west by Linsingen's group of armies, and from the region of Brody on the south-west by Boehm-Ermolli. Lutzk was occupied on Aug. 31, and Dubno on Sept. 8; but Boehm-Ermolli made little progress in the Brody district. Meanwhile Bothmer pushed the Russians back from the Zlota Lipa to the Sereth, and Pflanzer made an abortive attempt to advance towards Tarnopol from Zaleszyki.

About Sept. 10 General Ivanoff, having apparently received a supply of ammunition for his artillery, assumed the offensive along the entire front, and in the course of a fortnight's fighting inflicted a succession of defeats on the Austrians, recovering Lutzk, pushing Boehm-Ermolli back towards Brody, and driving Bothmer across the Sereth west and south-west of Tarnopol. The Germans, alarmed by these reverses, despatched reinforcements to their allies, enabling them to resume the offensive. Lutzk again fell into the hands of the Austrians on Sept. 25; and by Oct. 1 the Russians were retiring slowly on the whole front north of the Galician frontier. The situation in Galicia continued unchanged.

The retreat of the Russian armies from Galicia and Eastern Poland must, as a whole, be considered the greatest operation of its kind in the annals of war. Never before have numbers so immense been withdrawn on so extensive a front and for such great distances in the presence of an active and enterprising enemy. The mere withdrawal of a million or more men spread over several hundred miles of front without confusion or the interference of contiguous bodies of troops, would be a high test of the proficiency of the Staff. The execution of such an operation while in contact with an enemy elated by success, involving a continuous succession of rear-guard actions and the maintenance of an unbroken front, must have taxed to the utmost the coolness and resolution of the Commander-in-Chief and the ability and endurance of his Staff. It was inevitable that

detachments should occasionally be cut off, or even deliberately sacrificed to obviate greater disaster. The vital object—the maintenance of the armies intact—has been achieved. The enemy has occupied much territory, but won no decisive victory.

But the credit due to the Russian Staff is due in equal measure to the Russian troops, for, had their valour and determination failed, the most perfect Staff arrangements must have proved abortive. Throughout the prolonged hardships of the retreat and the incessant strain of rear-guard fighting, the Russian soldiery have retained their stubborn courage. They have never succumbed to the discouragement which is even a greater menace to the discipline and efficiency of a retreating army than the enemy's attacks, and they have always been ready to respond to the call of their leaders when the enemy's progress at any particular point had to be met by a counter-offensive. To turn about and fight to recover ground which every man knows must again be relinquished is one of the severest tests of discipline and courage. And, throughout the whole stupendous ordeal, the troops have been short of rifles and ammunition, and exposed to the ravages of the German artillery, with which their guns were powerless to cope.

The course of events in Russia since the end of June points to a settled purpose on the part of the Germans to crush the Russian armies before the autumn rains should enhance the difficulty of operating with large forces in the marshes and forests of Western Russia. The lack of munitions from which our Allies have suffered presented an opportunity not to be neglected; while the suspension of active operations during the winter, which will be almost unavoidable, would give the Russians time to repair their deficiencies in this respect, and to train the fresh troops required to fill the ranks of their field armies. Had the Germans succeeded in their attempts to defeat the Russian armies in Eastern Poland and about Wilna, they might have been in a position to join the Austrians in a new invasion of Serbia, with the object of opening up communication with their Turkish allies. The failure of these attempts has involved them in a predicament from which they may find it hard to escape. A further advance would

increase the difficulty of securing their lines of communication and supplying their armies, without offering any reasonable prospect of obtaining a decision. Petrograd and Moscow are beyond the practicable range of operations before the winter. It would seem that, as the only possible alternative, they will endeavour to establish a line of defence on which to maintain themselves during the winter months. The possession of the line of the Dwina would be essential to guard their left flank; and the numerous tributaries which flow into the Pripet might afford suitable positions for the rest of the Austro-German armies east of the Rovno—Wilna railway, which would facilitate the distribution of supplies. It is hard to see how they can hope to withdraw any considerable force for operations elsewhere. The brilliant offensive of the Allied armies in France, which began on Sept. 25, has made the position more embarrassing for the Germans.

The situation in the Dardanelles has naturally caused anxiety, and aroused misgivings in many minds concerning the wisdom of the expedition as a military enterprise. Undertakings which have failed to achieve the success anticipated are readily criticised; and errors in execution are apt to be mistaken for unsoundness in the original design. Some reasons were given in the April number of this Review for considering the conception of the expedition fundamentally sound; and, although expectations have not yet been realised, subsequent events have not modified, but rather strengthened, the view then expressed. The great advantage which Germany derives from her central position has been amply illustrated during the past three months. She has been able to reinforce either front at will, and, while holding the Allied armies in the west, to mass her forces against Russia, who, isolated from her Allies, has had to bear the onset unsupported. The misfortunes of Russia have been due principally to want of munitions, a deficiency which could only be supplied by circuitous and inconvenient routes, which will become more precarious in the winter. The opening of the Dardanelles would solve this and other problems, in which communication between Russia and the Mediterranean is

the dominant factor. The defeat of Turkey would decide the wavering attitude of the Balkan States, and, besides bringing reinforcements to the Allies, would open the way to the only vulnerable flank of the Central Empires against which operations might be directed with decisive effect, releasing Russia from the grasp of the invader, and perhaps bringing the end of the war within sight. The command of the sea gives the Allies the power of choosing the decisive locality, which, according to strategical principles, is to be sought where the enemy is weak, not where he is strongest. The choice of Turkey as the objective appears sound both for the reasons already given, and because she is Germany's weakest partner; while, like Russia, she is, so long as the Balkan States remain neutral, beyond the reach of active assistance.

These views derive support from the anxiety which the Germans have shown to win over or intimidate the Balkan States, and while keeping Russia isolated, to open up communication with their Turkish Allies. That purpose achieved, they would endeavour to make their lines as formidable in the east as they are in the west; and the war would become one of endurance, the end and result of which could not be foreseen. It is customary to be optimistic on this subject; but optimism, however valuable as a sentiment, is apt to be a bad guide in war, and it has frequently led us astray. The power of endurance varies in nations as it does in individuals; and the withdrawal of one Power from the Alliance would turn the scale, which has not so far been decisively weighted in our favour. Of this the Germans are well aware, and they have spared no effort, by intrigue and force of arms, to break up the Coalition.

But, though the Dardanelles expedition was rightly conceived, it has been marred in the execution. Ships were sent, without military assistance, to attack the formidable defences of the Dardanelles, although it was the opinion of many who had studied the question in the light of history and of recent developments, that such an enterprise could not succeed. The result has justified this opinion; and the experiment has been costly. The Turks were warned of what was impending, and had ample time to throw up defences and assemble strong

forces to oppose an attack by land. The Expeditionary Force, had it been available in February, would probably have gained possession of the whole of the Peninsula, though it could hardly have advanced on the mainland. When it arrived in April, the essential factor of surprise was wanting; and its strength was inadequate to do more than gain a precarious foothold on the extreme point of the Gallipoli Peninsula. Since that time reinforcements have been thrown in by dribblets, in sufficient numbers to replace wastage and to enable partial successes to be won, but never strong enough to obtain a decision. There can be no doubt that the official information regarding the numbers which the Turks could put in the field was erroneous in the first instance, and that in other respects the difficulties of the task have been underestimated.

Read between the lines, Sir Ian Hamilton's despatch, published in the 'London Gazette' on Sept. 21, provides ample evidence of the inadequacy of the Allied forces to deal with those with which they have been confronted. After the first critical days the existing formations had to be broken up and reorganised in order to provide a general reserve on the southern front; and a British brigade had to be placed at the disposal of General d'Amade, whose force was insufficient to hold the front assigned to him. On several occasions attacks which prospered at first were held up for want of support at the critical moment; and on others, notably on May 7 and 8, troops which were already exhausted had to be launched again to the attack. There were also instances of troops which had made important progress having to fall back owing to the inability of those adjoining to advance far enough to secure their flanks. The operations on Aug. 7, when a fresh force was successfully landed at Suvla Bay, furnish another instance of the failure of a promising attack to attain its objective, which was probably largely due to lack of reserves. The disembarkation, which was effected before daybreak, was a masterpiece of Staff management, and took the Turks completely by surprise. But, during the advance which followed, a stage was reached when the attack lost its momentum and came to a standstill. Such phases occur repeatedly in every attack against positions defended

with modern weapons; and they are likely to be more frequent when the troops are inexperienced. The fighting line becomes exhausted from nerve-strain; and reinforcements must be thrown in to provide the impetus necessary to carry it forward. There is little doubt that on this occasion a victory was within sight which would have secured possession of the ridge of heights above the Anafarta villages, commanding the whole breadth of the Peninsula. The Turkish forces to the south would either have been cut off or forced to retreat, and the forts of the Narrows would have fallen. But the opportunity, once lost, did not recur. The Turks, quickly reinforced, entrenched themselves strongly on the heights; and, when a fresh attack was made on Aug. 21, the position proved impregnable.

It is not to be supposed that the Commander-in-chief or his subordinates have been to blame. There is, on the contrary, ample reason to believe that, throughout the whole course of the operations, they have done all that could be done with the forces at their disposal. The troops, for their part, have faced the continuous fighting and incessant bombardment of the past four months with the utmost courage and resolution. The fault lies in our inadequate preparation for war; and our short-sighted politicians, and the nation, which refused to be warned, must bear the blame. It is not in numbers only that the forces have proved deficient. The abortive attack against the Anafarta heights on Aug. 7 proves that inexperienced troops, however excellent the material, are apt to be at a loss when circumstances are abnormal. The ground over which the attack was made is close and broken, causing the men to lose touch with each other and with their officers. They had not acquired the self-reliance and initiative which would have carried experienced troops forward without waiting for orders. The military instinct which enables men unhesitatingly to take the right course in such a situation can hardly be created in the time available for training troops improvised during war, and devoid of any leavening of experienced soldiers.

Of all the misguided counsel that has been volunteered, the suggestion that the Allies should abandon the enterprise is the most fatuous. Such a course would be fatal

to their prestige, and could not fail to weaken our own position in Egypt and the East, besides affording the Germans more encouragement than any of their empty victories in Russia. There is no course possible but to go forward, whatever may be the cost; and, if adequate forces are employed in a suitable area of operations, there is no reason why success should be long deferred or the cost be great. The Turks have massed their available forces in the Peninsula, and, favoured by the character of the country and the small extent of front, secured on either flank by the sea, have made their positions impregnable to assault. But a large extent of seaboard is open to the Allies, and there are localities where the conditions are less unfavourable.

Our Italian Allies have been engaged, for the most part, in overcoming the initial disadvantages of their political frontier. The operations on the Alpine frontier have aimed at gaining possession of the cordon of commanding positions, defended by permanent forts armed with heavy guns, which the Austrians designed to dominate all the practicable routes. It has been impracticable to bring up artillery of adequate power to demolish the fortifications or to cope with the guns of the defence. Despite these difficulties, frequently enhanced by adverse weather, the Italians have established themselves in all the principal passes, and have made progress towards Trent by the Val Guidicaria on the south-west, by the valley of the Adige, and from the direction of Arsiero on the south, and by the Val Sugana on the east. They have also gained ground towards the Klagenfurt—Franzensfeste railway at Toblach by the Sexten and Rienz valleys, and at Tarvis from the west and south. On the Isonzo front a prolonged offensive in July made them masters of the first line of entrenchments on the Carso plateau, south-east of Gradisca; but the defences of Gorizia have hitherto defied their efforts. Our Allies have fought with great courage and resolution, and, besides making their own frontier secure, have diverted large Austrian forces from the Russian front.

W. P. BLOOD.

II.—AT SEA.

DURING the past three months no incident has occurred to interfere with the world-wide influence exercised by the British Fleet to the inestimable advantage of the Allies. The nations associated with this country have continued to draw strength—military, financial and industrial—from the sea. Our command of maritime communications is more assured, indeed, than ever. 'The British fighting fleet,' as the First Lord of the Admiralty remarked in a letter published on Sept. 5,

'has become relatively stronger than it was [at the opening of hostilities] and there is no reason to suppose that during the future course of the war this process is likely to be arrested.'

This statement, in association with the disclosure that the expenditure on the Navy, instead of being 146,000,000*l.* during the current year, as was estimated in May, will be 190,000,000*l.*, suggests that our naval power is still being increased and consolidated.

In German newspapers, drawing inspiration from the Marineamt, it has been repeatedly stated that the Grand Fleet has remained in 'hiding' during the period of the war and that the enemy's ships have looked in vain in the North Sea for any evidence of British naval power. In contrast with such statements, Mr Frederick Palmer, the accredited representative on the Western front of the leading newspapers of the United States, has supplied the world with a picture of the ways and means by which the enemy's fleet—second in strength only to our own—is being neutralised, and of the elaborate machinery by which the command of the waters round the British Isles is exercised. One statement, in particular, reveals the completeness of the measures adopted to 'contain' the enemy's fleet and to exercise economic pressure :

'In all, England has 2300 trawlers, mine-sweepers, and other auxiliaries, outside of the regular service, on duty on the blockade from the British Channel to Iceland and in keeping the North Sea clear. Their reservist crews have been most zealous in performing their important part in overcoming the kind of naval warfare which Germany has waged.'

These ships are the frail tentacles of British sea-power; they are engaged by day and by night, in 'feeling for' the enemy's mining vessels and submarines. With confidence in the power which lies within instant call, they are continually cruising in the waters which surround these islands and thus keeping the Near Seas open for the commerce of this country and our Allies.

If we are exercising an irregular form of long-distance blockade, as has been suggested, it can at least be urged that it is no 'paper blockade,' but is, in fact, more 'effective,' to borrow the adjective used in the Declaration of Paris, than any measures hitherto concerted by a maritime State. The conditions of warfare have changed radically since the Nelsonian period, owing, in the main, to the evolution of the submarine, the development of the torpedo and mine, and the increased range of the guns of shore-defences; and consequently there has been a variation in the methods of applying economic pressure against the enemy. But the changed character of blockade operations reflects not the 'navalism' of the world's greatest Sea-Power, but—as the Order in Council of March 16 last emphasised—the considered action of the Allies, whose men-of-war are assisting in the most colossal task of its kind ever attempted. This distinction is one of some importance, because 'navalism,' as distinct from 'militarism,' is on its trial. This is the first great war waged with the new instruments which science has placed within the grasp of the naval officer. The claim which the Allies have made in reply to protests by neutral nations, whose commercial activities are necessarily restricted by the action of British and French warships, is that they are committing no act which is opposed to the sense of the law of nations as applied to modern warfare at sea.

The blockade is rendered effective by the ubiquitous operations of small auxiliary craft; these weak vessels search the seas in virtue of the overwhelming strength of the Grand Fleet under Admiral Sir John Jellicoe. The battleship, not the submarine, ensures command of the sea. According to Count Reventlow, who draws his inspiration from Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, that vast force amid the northern mists is twice as strong as the High Sea Fleet of Germany. That admission

reveals the extent of the 'margin of safety' which exists and makes the blockade fully operative.

In spite of the enemy's submarines, we command the North Sea, the Grand Fleet periodically sweeping these waters and challenging the enemy to action. Mr Palmer has supplied a pen-picture of the great aggregation of British naval power putting to sea :

'While we were on board Sir John Jellicoe's flagship a message was brought to the Commander-in-Chief, who called his flag secretary and spoke a few words to him, after which we learned that the whole Fleet was ordered to proceed to sea. Later, on board a destroyer at the entrance to the harbour, the guests watched that unprecedented procession of naval power make its exit, led by the graceful light cruisers and the flotillas of destroyers.

"Are not German submarines waiting outside?" we asked. "No doubt. Two or three are always there," an officer replied. "But the destroyers know how to keep them off."

'Blithely cutting the choppy waves, and with broad, foaming wakes, the destroyers, attendant satellites of the great fighting ships, ran in and out among them by virtue of superior speed, as confident in their evolutions as the hovering gulls on their wings. Indeed, wherever we had been on our trip we had seen the destroyers always on the move, flotilla blinking its signals to flotilla. . . . Entranced, one still watched the spectacle, with the head of the Fleet lost in the mist of approaching nightfall and the black clouds from the funnels. Eight, sixteen, twenty Dreadnoughts were counted as they went past with clockwork regularity, and out of other smoke-clouds in the harbour more Dreadnoughts were coming, before the King Edward VII and other pre-Dreadnought classes had their turn. . . . Our last glimpse as we rounded the headland was of that seemingly endless column of ships, which stood between German ambition and the seas of all the world, still not free of the harbour, on its way to its unknown errand in the North Sea.'

Whatever credence may have been given in neutral countries to the misrepresentations of German writers, it must have been removed once and for all by this description of the British Grand Fleet putting to sea in face of all the enemy's submarines and to the humiliation of the second greatest navy of the world, sheltering behind its minefields and shore guns in the 'wet triangle' of which Heligoland forms the apex.

The revelations of this American journalist, in association with admissions made by the First Lord of the Admiralty, indicate the failure which has attended the enemy's war of attrition, waged with the aid of the submarine against our men-of-war, our transports and our merchant ships. The Grand Fleet has not been deprived of a single unit by this new agent; not a soldier has lost his life while crossing the Channel, though the transport 'Royal Edward' was destroyed in the *Ægean* Sea; the number of merchantmen sunk has been relatively small; our supplies of food and raw material have not been apparently decreased. Owing to our unrivalled ship-building resources, the Grand Fleet is far stronger now than it was when the war opened, and the British mercantile marine has been able (as Mr Balfour has said) to make good every vessel lost. Resorting to a form of attack on merchant shipping as inhuman as it is illegal, the Germans have done us absolutely no military injury; they have murdered about 2,000 non-combatants in cold blood—many of them neutrals—besides destroying about 150 merchant ships—for the most part small, slow and old craft. The losses represent less than 1 per cent. of our Merchant Navy.

On the other hand, the enemy has suffered serious military injury by this policy of outrage and murder. He has antagonised neutral States, for his 'blind' operations have inflicted almost as serious damage on the nations not at war as they have done upon us. Friendly relations are of military value; Germany confronts the world as an outlaw State—a State which has denied the law of nations and the dictates of humanity; she has no friends. The character of the crimes committed at sea, not merely when the 'Lusitania' and the 'Arabic' were destroyed without warning, but when merchant ships have been torpedoed at sight, was exhibited by the United States Government in its Note of May 15:

'It . . . assumes . . . that the Imperial Government accept as a matter of course, the rule that the lives of non-combatants, whether they be of neutral citizenship or citizens of one of the nations at war, cannot lawfully or rightfully be put in jeopardy by the capture or destruction of unarmed merchantmen, and recognise also, as all other nations do, the obligation to take the usual precaution of visit and search to

ascertain whether a suspected merchantman is in fact of belligerent nationality or is in fact carrying contraband under a neutral flag.

'The Government of the United States desires to call the attention of the Imperial Government with the utmost earnestness to the fact that the objection to their present method of attack against the trade of their enemies lies in the practical impossibility of employing submarines in the destruction of commerce without disregarding those rules of fairness, reason, justice and humanity, which all modern opinion regards as imperative. It is practically impossible for officers of submarines to visit a merchantman at sea and examine her papers and cargo. It is practically impossible for them to make a prize of her; and, if they cannot put a prize crew on board, they cannot sink her without leaving her crew and all on board to the mercy of the sea in her small boats. . . . Manifestly, submarines cannot be used against merchantmen, as the last few weeks have shown, without an inevitable violation of many sacred principles of justice and humanity.'

That condemnation applies to every ship which has been sunk by German submarines; and the more recent undertaking by Count Bernstorff to the United States Government, that warning will in future be given to 'liners' in order to enable passengers to take to the boats, in no way robs the American indictment of its wide implication.

Happily the enemy has suffered for his inhuman and illegal acts materially as well as morally. While we have had to deplore the sinking of merchant ships, which we can replace, Germany's losses of submarines, with their highly trained crews—which are irreplaceable—have been, as the Admiralty have announced, 'important,' while Mr Balfour has described them in a letter to a correspondent as 'formidable.'

The British Navy, suddenly opposed by an enemy recognising no law, developed with a speed and sureness of purpose unparalleled in the history of naval warfare, a defensive-offensive organisation, the efficiency of which will increase with the passing of time. Captain Persius, writing in the 'Berliner Tageblatt,' has confessed that 'the results of the activity of our submarines in their war on commerce are viewed in many quarters as, shall

we say, extremely modest'; and that the Germans now realise that the British 'know how to defend themselves' and have 'devised many kinds of protective measures.' The hope of the peaceful shipping of the world resides in those improvised methods of the British Fleet as offering the only means of escape from a state of anarchy at sea whenever maritime war occurs.

The submarine has arrived, and its development will persist. It may be that in a few years the navies of the world will possess under-water ships of 3000 or more tons displacement, carrying powerful armaments of quick-firing guns, in addition to torpedo tubes, with surface speeds exceeding twenty knots—being faster, therefore, than most battleships—and with the added defensive power derived from the ability to evade attack by submergence. Were such vessels able to pursue piratical tactics unimpeded, then indeed these islands might be exposed to the danger of starvation by a real blockade. But the skill and inventiveness of the Navy has hitherto conjured this danger with astonishing success.

Apart from the deplorable incidents which have distinguished the progress of Germany's 'blockade,' in only three of the naval theatres have incidents occurred which call for notice—the Baltic, the Sea of Marmora, and the Black Sea. In each of these naval theatres the enemy had the advantage of superior naval power and in each he has suffered. The occurrences in the Baltic are still shrouded in the mist of war, and it is by no means certain what actual injury the Germans sustained. There is presumption for concluding, however, that the enemy endeavoured to translate his assumed naval power in these waters into military power, and in so doing—in the earlier operations against Windau and in the attacks on the Gulf of Riga—suffered heavy losses. These include the battleship 'Pommern,' sunk by a British submarine (Commander Max Horton, D.S.O.), the mining cruiser 'Albatross,' and a number of destroyers. The Russian naval staff have also claimed that a British submarine torpedoed the battle-cruiser 'Moltke,' but whether that ship was sunk or only damaged is still unknown. The Russians also asserted that the Germans had several cruisers 'damaged or sunk' during the effort to obtain command of the Gulf of Riga.

In the Sea of Marmora the enemy has also been reminded that he has no monopoly of the power to use submarines. Early in August a British submarine, on the admission of the Turks, sank the battleship 'Hairredin Barbarossa,' a vessel of over 10,000 tons, which the Germans sold to the Porte in 1910 for 450,000*l*. Nor is that all. Owing to the activity of British submarines, the enemy's use of the Sea of Marmora for military purposes has been seriously curtailed; and a reign of terror has been created at Constantinople owing to the sinking of transports and storeships and the damage sustained by the wharves. Much the same conditions have been created by the Russian fleet in the Black Sea. Not only have Turkish positions of military importance been bombarded, but several hundred sailing vessels, carrying war and other material, have been destroyed. In these three theatres, where the enemy thought himself immune from serious danger, he has not only been placed on the defensive, but has been compelled by the risks involved to deny himself the military advantages which he thought to enjoy in virtue of his superiority in naval materiel.

To sum up, in Mr Balfour's words :

'No German ship is to be found on the ocean; Allied commerce is more secure from attack, legitimate and illegitimate, than it was after Trafalgar; the German High Sea Fleet has not as yet ventured beyond the security of its protected waters; no invasion has been attempted of these islands; British troops, in numbers unparalleled in history, have moved to and from across the seas and have been effectively supported on shore. The greatest of military Powers has seen its colonies wrested from it one by one, and has not been able to land a man or a gun in their defence.'

ARCHIBALD HURD.

CORRIGENDUM.—In No. 444, p. 272, last line, for "right bank" read "left bank."

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